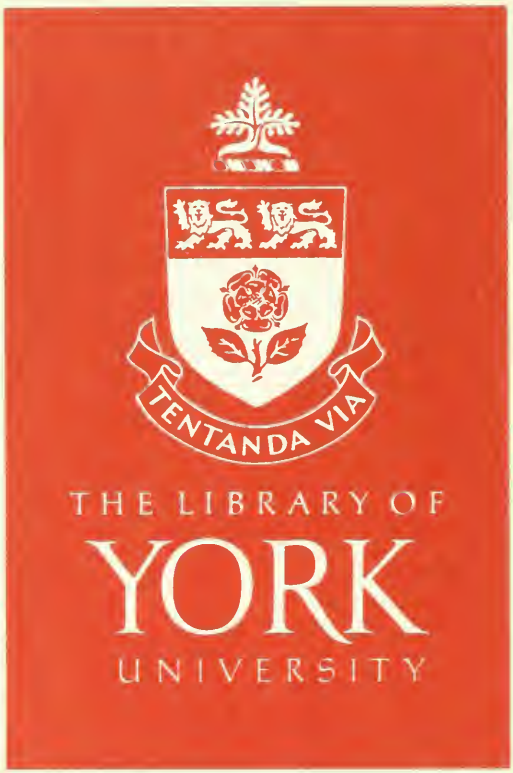

Fine Binding

MY GENERATION

BY

SARAH ANNA EMERY

AUTHOR OF "THREE GENERATIONS" AND "REMINISCENCES OF A NONOGENARAN."

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PREFACE.

After the publication of "The Reminiscences of a Nonogenarian," I was told that I ought to write my own recollections. I considered it best to do this, with a mingling of fact and fiction, like "Three Generations." In what I have endeavored to make an interesting story I have given many valuable historical facts, and have striven to faithfully and impartially depict the manners, customs, dress, religion, and politics of the period. My aim has been to give a perfect delineation of the time of which I have written.

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MY GENERATION.

CHAPTER I.

THE BRIDAL.

THE spacious mediæval church was solemn in twilight obscurity. Nave and aisle were dim with shadow. In their dusky niches apostle and saint loomed spectre-like through the gloom, the ancient frescoes took a ghastly hue, and the storied windows grew murky and indistinct. The few candles upon the high altar but added to the weirdness of the building, as their fitful light, deepening the shades, glinted here and there upon the brilliant decorations, or buried itself in the crimson draperies.

The officiating priest, in his sacerdotal robes, took a goblin aspect, and the bridal group around the rails grew more and more, ghastly and unreal. Fantastic shapes flitted to and fro, unearthly sounds moaned from the fretted roof, and sighed through the pillared aisles, sobbing away into long, mournful wails amid darkening choir and arch, playing eerie melodies upon the rich filagree of iron and net-work of stone. Slowly, with subdued, husky accents, the service went forward—the holy sacrament of marriage—till the benediction had been invoked, and the tall, dark-eyed American, "His Excellency Joseph Dummer Archer and the most noble Contessa Anna Maria Tereza Sforza" were pronounced one,—one before God and man.

As the small party turned down the altar steps, the setting sun burst from an enshrouding cloud, casting a glory around the lovely bride, irradiating painting and sculpture, arch and pillar, sepulchral slab and royal sarcophagus. With a fond smile, the bridegroom turned to the angelic being by his side, and with proud steps led her down the nave and through the dusty portal of the church.

A lumbering family coach, heavy with tarnished armorial bearings, awaited the newly married pair. A few words of kindly courtesy to the friends who had graced the occasion, a handful of pauls scattered amid the ragged, but admiring and hilarious crowd, and the carriage moved slowly forward. The sun had set behind the purpled hills, the irregular arches of the heavy bridge—flanked by its square, massive tower—stood out in bold relief against the red, lurid sky,

and were reflected, mirror-like, in the golden water of the broad river. Lines of palaces and houses grew gorgeous in the sunset which gradually faded to gray shadow. On creaked and rattled the clumsy vehicle, through the city's suburbs, out on to a plateau rich with vineyards, villas, farms and convents half hid in trees. Then came an aveuue bordered by a broken wall of red stone, picturesque with clematis, popies, sunflowers, and masses of dark, glossy ivy. Nightingales were singing in the trees that overhung a brook babbling by the wayside, and a cuckoo called from some park-like oaks, uprising in the midst of a wide field of grain. Women and girls, coming from the meadows, bearing bundles of hay upon their heads, stopped to drop a curtsy, or to murmur a benediction. A rusty iron gate grated hoarsely on its hinges, walks overgrown with mould and green moss are disclosed, and alleys arched with myrtles, weedy, dark and damp; in the background a spacious palace, redolent with that incomplete magnificence and decay, which characterizes the sunny land of Italy. Slowly the coach drives to the broad stone steps of the principal entrance, around which, with smiling faces are assembled the few, and mostly aged, servitors of the house. Amid laughter and tears, blessings and sobs, the bride leads the way over the tiled floor of the hall, grim with statues, and dim, rattling windows, up the magnificent double flight of stairs to the state apartments. No relative is there to greet the lone lady—the last of a regal and noble race. "I have only thee," she exclaimed, as her foot is suddenly arrested, as if by the thought, in the entrance of the first, great cheerless saloon. "Only thee," she repeats with her pretty Italian accent, and the young husband draws her passionately to his breast, with words of tenderest endearment.

What other should she, what other ought she to need? Why is this disquietude in thy breast, fair lady? Why this haunting presentiment of evil in thy soul, noble gentleman? Thou art leal and true,—she chaste and faithful; prosperity is thine with youth and health. Avaunt, thou haunting demon. Why should thy fell presence pollute this blissful season and darken these bridal chambers! Depart forevermore.

CHAPTER II.

THE DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

"Miss Blake, Miss Blake—consarn the woman, where is she?" And Deacon Blake's shrill, quaking treble resounded impatiently throughout the entry and up the front staircase of the old-fashioned farmhouse.

With a furtive glance in the small mahogany-framed looking-glass, above the four foot birchen table in the winter kitchen, which reflected a small, withered, lynx-eyed man, aged before his time, in Sunday trim of blue homespun, and tightly-cued hair. The red bandanna and well preserved beaver were taken in hand, and with a reverberating twang upon his thin, hooked nasal protuberance, as further admonition to his dilatory spouse, the Deacon proeeeded to unhitch old Dobbin, who for the last

quarter of an hour had been patiently dozing between the shafts of the low, roomy, yellow-bodied chaise. Slowly and heavily, with a premature stiffness engendered by overtaxed muscles, the worthy man sank into his side of the carriage, and with outstretched head he vigorously renewed his adjurations to haste. "Do hear the Deacon holler; he won't have consumption this month," said one of the men mowing in the field opposite to his companion, as he stopped to whet his scythe.

"Darn it, 'Siah," he returned, straightening himself and wiping his brow with his dingy cotton handkerchief, "don't that woman beat all nater? But, darnation, what can you do with a body that is allers good natered? Between ourselves, I believe she begrudges this good hay weather as much as the old man." "That's so," 'Siah replied, "but she is not onsensible to the honor belonging to his office, and would not keep him from the preparatory lecter this afternoon for nothing, though she will not waste any more of her time than she can help upon it. Here she comes, she is a jewel of a woman if she is a leetle tight-fisted." As the man again bent to his work, a stout, buxom dame, dimpled and smiling, in a brown silk, black lace mantle, and a tasty bonnet, tripped lightly forth, and with the agility of a girl sprang to her seat, cheerily answering her lord's growlings and mutterings with a sweet "Yes, sir, yes, sir, there is the bell, oh yes, sir, there is plenty of time, plenty. I knew you would be in season. You are never tardy, never!" The Deacon's grim visage took a still sourer twist, as much as to say, do hear this woman, but what can I do, I a poor victim to impurtabable good nature; and as the horse turned from the door, he discharged some of the pent-up wrath by shaking his whip at the mowers in the field with injunctions to haste. Pretty Hannah Blake, the inheritor of her mother's beauty and her father's force and will, had followed the dame to the entrance, and now stood—a sweet picture framed in the door-way, shading her eyes from the July glare. The click of the rifle and the swith of the scythe, mingled with the hum of insects on the afternoon's sultriness. The cows, knee-deep in the shady pool by the willows, lazily chewed the cud; the sheep had congregated in the shadow of the great rock in the orchard, the geese and ducks swam leisurely to and fro, while the other fowl droopingly enjoyed a siesta on the shady garden pales. The lights and shades chased each other over the fields to the dense woods beyond; the surf sparkled in the sunlight that whitened the sands of the distant beach, and the sails of vessels dotting the blue line of sea bordering the eastern horizon. The girl's gaze wandered across the wide expanse and rested upon the ocean view. As she looked her eyes grew soft and luminous, a questioning expression stole over the pretty face, as if asking for old ocean to unveil the mysteries of her fate. Suddenly her sight came back over the huddle of large and small barns, cider mill and pig stys, with the outlying chevaux de frise of broken ploughs, sleds, old wheels and other agricultural debris, burrowed amid a wilderness of burdocks, nettles and smart-weed, and rested upon another girl approaching from the road. Clapping her hand, she bounded forward,

exclaiming, "Oh, Fanny, where did you come from? When did you leave Boston? Have you come to stay? Oh, I am so glad to see you!"

Returning her fair interlocutor's caress, the showily-dressed girl laughingly replied, "What a string of questions. Where did I come from? Aunt Bolton's. When did I leave Boston? Yesterday. Have I come to stay? For a few months. Now, my dear, what next? Your face is a perfect interrogative mood. "Oh, you will help me trim my new muslin—that comes first on the carpet, "Hannah somewhat shyly replied, for her old neighbor had acquired a new dignity in a six months' sojourn in the city. "Even so, ma chere" was the somewhat patronizing rejoinder, as Hannah divested the visitor of scarf and bonnet, in the cool, shaded parlor, expatiating the while upon the comfort of having her time and the house to herself. "We shall have a quiet hour; the dress is cut out; I would like to have it trimmed like Mrs. Archer's."

"Harner, Harner, won't ye just look to these pies," and a head that might have rivalled Medusa's, with locks partly tied at the top, partly twisted round a high comb, the remainder garnishing cheeks and shoulders in a tangle of dishevelment, a pair of twinkling, shrewd gray eyes and a brown, weazened face that might have been taken for young or for old, as the facial developments screwed and unscrewed themselves, appeared from behind the half-opened door leading to regions in the rear. "Don't bother Nancy. Here's Miss Fanny Bolton. You can take out the pies."

"No, Nancy, you cannot do any such thing," Miss Fanny exclaimed." "Why don't you come and shake hands?" And the girl hastily drew aside the door, disclosing a short, lank figure clad in a brown homespun short gown and petticoat.

"Te, he he, La, Miss Fanny," this woman returned, coming forward, "how handsome you be, te, he he. Neat, nice and handsome, and I'm glad o'nt. Got a beau to Bosting, or be ye gwine to take Archie Archer arter all?"

"Oh, that's telling, Nancy,—but those pies,—and whisking into the long, whitewashed outer kitchen, with its heavy oaken tables and flag-seated chairs, Miss Fanny seized the long-handled oven shovel, and removing the red wooden oven lid, she whirled out half a dozen huckleberry pies, the purple juice gushing above the white paste, with an agility never to be acquired by a novice.

"Pooty well, pooty well," said Miss Nancy, as she twisted her face into various contortions of approval. "Ye had better take Archie and stay to home, te, he he." "Don't be a goose, Nancy, such a wise woman as you. Now bring on your gown!" the visitor gaily directed. "O, I must eat one of those short cakes. What a wife you will make for Ned Wheeler, Hannah." "Ned Wheeler," the girl derisively exclaimed. "Yes, Miss Contemptuous. That indignation is vastly becoming. What will Sir say to all this flouncing?" "Oh, he will draw down his face Sabba Day solemn and wonder that worms of the dust should not show more shamefacedness and sobriety. Just as if a body could not well keep the commandments without wearing clothes made before the flood, as antiquated as Eve's grand-

mother's, if she had had the good fortune to possess one." Hannah impatiently replied. "Oh, Hannah, Hannah, I fear you are a degenerate lamb," Fanny returned, and the large room resounded with the merriment of the light-hearted girls. "Here is the afternoon stage," said Miss Fanny, as she pushed aside the shutter and seated herself with the ruffles at the open window. "It is coming here. You are to have company." "Oh, dear, Hannah exclaimed, "Aunt Patience, I'll warrant. What a shame! It seems as though there was a spell on this gown! I believe it was foreordained before the world was, that it never shall be finished." "A just judgment, pater familias would say, but something is the matter," Fanny said, springing from her chair. As she spoke the three-seated leathern vehicle, with its gaudily bedizened yellow carriage and four white steeds whirled to the open door. Jehu swinging from the box, rushed forward without ceremony, and announced that a passenger had been taken very ill and must be brought in directly. "He's been spitting blood dreadfully this hour, but declared he could reach Archer Place, where he was going, but he has sunk into such a dead faint I daren't carry him farther. Haven't you a bed below, Miss Blake? It would be handier."

Two apartments at the upper end of the roomy old house—a parlor and a sleeping room, had been left in dower to a maiden daughter by the father of Deacon Blake. As the lady usually resided in the neighboring town, only paying flying visits to her old home, these rooms were generally closed. Thither Hannah led the way, the fainting stranger having been laid upon the bed. Josiah was despatched for a physician.

"Don't be scared," said the kind hearted driver to the frightened girls, "he's coming out of it. Bathe his face, and if he bleeds give him salt. Dr. Ingalls will be here soon. He is at home. He was raking hay when I came past. This fellow's name is Langdon; he belongs to the Langdons of Fort Hill. His mother was a West Indian heiress. Tip-top people. The Deacon will be paid well for all trouble. Send for the Archers. I will get Johnson of the down mail to tell his folks. Somebody will be here to-morrow. Good day. I mustn't stop longer, passengers and mail can't be behind time." Hurrying out, Jehu, with assurances to his sympathizing passengers that the gentleman would come round, he was in good hands, sprang to his seat. Taking the reins, the white steeds dashed away at the top of their speed.

"Hannah, this is an old acquaintance," whispered Fanny, as she bent over the corpse-like figure. "Don't you remember the dark, Spanish-looking young man that attended the Academy and boarded at the Archers' when we were little girls?" "Can this be him?" musingly queried the young girl as a vision of a tall, handsome youth, who used to call her his little wife, and taught her the Spanish for several terms of endearment, rose to memory. "Oh, Fanny, what shall we do?" she exclaimed, "I believe he is dying." "No, get some cold water and camphor," she replied. "Here is Josiah and the Doctor-Hasn't Si' been quick? Send him for Archie Archer." Dr. Ingalls' genial face grew sombre as he gazed at his pa-

tient and listened to Hannah's few low words; but consciousness was brought back without a return of bleeding before the entrance of Deacon and Mrs. Blake. The worthy couple were surprised and dismayed, but the Deacon was too just and his wife too kind for complaint, besides neither were insensible of the eclat the invalid brought, — though, to use Mrs. Blake's words, "the house was turned clean upside down." This was enunciated with such an air of heightened importance, that the parish gossips decided "That Mrs. Blake was not half as much put out as she pretended, if she did have a strange nuss and lots of city strangers in the house. They was great folks, and humble-like as she talked, Betsy Blake was just as proud as any woman that ever trod shoe leather."

That which to the mother was merely a revolution in domestic affairs, became a new life and revelation to the daughter, bringing a sphere for which she had long unconsciously yearned. Disenthralled by the confusion of the household from the strict regime her father had established, and brought into close intimacy with well-bred, highly educated people, many of them young, Hannah unwittingly took a new tone in body as well as mind. Her eyes, while they gathered a fresh intelligence, grew brighter; her step grew lighter, more elastic; the soft voice warbled still more sweetly; her whole mein and language evinced a new grace and refinement. Long, weary weeks of watching and pain had passed and the patient at length had began slowly to rally; then followed delirious days of convalescence—days enlivened by reading, music and pleasant social intercourse, when Fanny Bolton and the young Archers became constant visitors. Though the Deacon grumbled at the "flightiness, the sinful flightiness of dying creeturs," and pronounced Mr. Langdon an "Antinomian, and a slave-hold-holding aristocrat," even his leathern visage relaxed, when on a bright October morning the sick man emerged into the autumn air, and took his first ride with Hannah for a driver. O, the bliss of those soft, dreamy October days, the rides and walks amid the rich old woods garnished with nature's varied hues, the gathering amid fun and laughter of the graceful red berries for winter preserves, the visits to the apple orchards, the lingerings at the cider mills, the visits at the Archer Place and Mrs. Bolton's, the long pleasant evenings by the crackling fire in Aunt Patience's snug parlor, which sped so quickly. Little wonder that time fled uncounted, and that November, and the period for Guy Langdon's departure came both unawares and unwelcomed. The first of November was ushered in dull and lowry. Parting calls having been made at Archer Place and Mrs. Bolton's, Mr. Langdon and Hannah were proceeding homeward by the more circuitous, though in summer pleasanter route through the woods. Neither had spoken for some time. Old Dobbin proceeded slowly over the sodden leaves thickly strown upon the narrow path. Dark neutral clouds rolled gloomily over the gray sky, the wind soughed drearily through the gaunt tree-tops, wholly divested of their recent regal livery. No sound broke the silence save the cawing of a lone crow and the soft tread of Dobbin's feet. Mr. Langdon was the first to speak. Turning to

his companion, a faint smile on his pale, thoughtful face, he said "A penny for your thoughts, Miss Hannah." "The same for yours," the girl shyly returned without raising her eyes.

"I would so gladly tell you did I not fear that it would be a great act of selfishness," he tenderly replied. "Perhaps it would be more so to withhold them," murmured the maiden.

"Dear Hannah, could I but hope so! Oh, my darling, my darling, how am I to live without you?"

The pent-up agony expressed in these words must have been heard to be appreciated. Tears freely coursed down the girl's cheeks as she faltered a reply. The reins were cast over the dasher and the staid steed was left to his own discretion for the next half mile.

"Hannah, your father will never consent to our union," said her lover, as he took the reins. "Neither your mother nor father will willingly part with you. I fear I am a decided object of dislike to your Puritan sire, besides I am certain they design you for Mr. Wheeler.

"Yes, though I wish to obey and please my parents, before you came I felt that I could not in this case—that I could never marry Edward Wheeler. I had resolved that nothing could alter this decision. Mother, after much ado, would yield; if father is resolute in his opposition, grievous as it will be, I must come to you without his blessing." Hannah firmly replied. "Hannah, shall you never repent? Are you sure this is right?" Mr. Langdon asked in a sad, serious tone.

"Very sure—you need me more than they," she still more firmly returned.

"But my precious," her lover rejoined, remember, you leave home for a strange land, with only a poor invalid as a protector, one who thenceforward must, at the best, hold but an uncertain tenure of life."

"We all do that, Guy," she said, "and with you any place would be a home." What could he do but press his lips to those of his betrothed, and promise to speak to her father after prayers that evening. That was a sleepless night to Hannah, as well as Mr. Langdon, and in the early dawn she crept down to the parlor to learn her fate. As both had anticipated, if she went it must be secretly without a parent's consent. "Consider well, my love," said Mr. Langdon, as he concluded the recital of the last night's colloquy, "take time for reflection."

The dark eyes grew resolute under their tears, her father's stern look gathered around the little mouth. "I have thought, Guy," she replied, "I have considered. You must take me. I cannot stay—it would be perfect misery. You must let me have my way and go. Believe me, I have counted the cost. Father and mother can spare me better than you." There was untold anguish in Mr. Langdon's voice, as he impetuously returned "If I was only well, as robust as most men, I should not hesitate, Hannah. I do not wish to distress you, but this is no time for concealment: remember that you may only become my wife to be made a widow."

The sweet girl twined her arms tenderly around him, and leaning her pretty head upon his breast, murmured, "I shall be *your* widow, there is comfort even in that; and, dear Guy, do you think death can wholly sever our souls?"

"No, darling, no, never; nothing can ever part us now!" the young man ardently exclaimed, as he drew the fair girl in a closer embrace. "It shall be as you desire,—you shall go;" but a sad gravity mingled in the tenderness with which his plans and directions were unfolded and given. Then the two separated, to part to Deacon and Mrs. Blake's satisfaction, as cherished friends amid the farewells of the family.

Three strange, confused weeks followed—weeks in which Hannah must have sunk in despair, had not her fervent love for Guy Langdon sustained her. There were secret conversations with Archibald Archer, who was in constant communication with Mr. Langdon. Long talks with Fanny Bolton, dress for a pretext. Next, queer, half-demented, but quick-witted Nancy was taken into confidence, though strange and odd, dependence could be placed in her affection and secrecy. On Monday afternoon in the fourth week after Mr. Langdon had left, Fanny Bolton came to ask Mrs. Blake's permission for Hannah to pass the remainder with her. She should leave her aunt soon and desired a visit. Mrs. Blake, always glad to give her daughter pleasure, made no objection, and it was arranged that Hannah should go to Mrs. Bolton's the next morning. Edward Wheeler came in the evening, and to Hannah's surprise staid over prayers. What did it mean? Her father appearing with an extra armful of wood, and her mother lighting her bed-room candle, gave Hannah an inkling of the truth, when she affrightedly fled to her chamber, whither she was followed by Mrs. Blake.

"Why, Hannah, how impolite you are!" she exclaimed; "Mr. Wheeler wishes to speak with you."

"I do not wish to listen, mother," Hannah quickly replied. "It is no use," she hurriedly added, as her mother again opened her lips. "I know what you and father wish, but it cannot be; do not ask me, as you love me—do not ask it." "La, Hannah, how you fluster me," Mrs. Blake exclaimed, taking a chair. "Nobody wants to hurry you, child, but Edard Wheeler is a good match, and you would be so near us. Sir and I have sot our hearts on seeing you his wife." "Mother, I do not love him," Hannah somewhat impatiently replied. "O, well, child, love would come," Mrs. Blake returned in a coaxing tone. "I didn't love your father when I married him. You know I was promised to James Ellis, but he died. Mr. Blake used to come and pray with him in his sickness, so I learned to respect him, and I thought his prayers might help me to heaven: besides, if I married him I should be as well off as Cousins Clara, Susan and the rest. I can't deny but what my heart was lone and sad for a time, but you was born, and we've lived real comfortable. You see enough love will come if you marry a man you can respect, and one that can give you a good home and a respectable place in society."

Perturbed as Hanah was, sad, sick at heart, she could not forbear smiling. "Well, mother," she returned, after a moment's consideration, "We won't discuss this subject to-night. Tell Ned I have a headache, and as I am to spend the rest of the week with Fanny Bolton he must see me at some future time." Greatly molified, Mrs. Blake descended

to communicate her pleasant tidings. "I telled ye, Ned, she'd come round," said the Deacon, displaying his irregular yellow teeth. "We'll agree about swapping that paster, my son-in-law, and I shan't quarrel; and with a hearty hand-shake the suitor departed—a new hope in his heart.

O, the agony of that sleepless night. Hannah was up at dawn, but she felt that the could not face her father, and lingered above till morning service and breakfast were over; then she took what might be a last look from her window, as he went forth to the day's toil. To her myther and Nancy her words were few, gasped forth she knew not how, with those ringing ears and that throbbing heart. "All's right," whispered Nancy, as Hannah vainly endeavored to swallow a few morsels. "I took the trunk out by the willows, while yer marm was taking the butter from the churn. Archie will be here soon. "Don't break down, honey," she cautioned amid direful grimaces. "Write as often as you kin, and don't forgit Nancy." Then the faithful handmaiden rushed out to bury her grief in the remotest corner of the dairy cellar.

"Hannah, Hannah," called Mrs. Blake, her hands still in the butter, "here's Archie Archer says he is going over to the store and can take you to Fanny's as well as not; I hope you'll have a pleasant time," she added, wiping her hands, as Hannah came down stairs. "Got everything you'll want? Give my love to Mrs. Bolton, and mind and be home before sundown Saturday, because you know Sir is so put out if that night is not kept as holy time." Lightly returning her daughter's caress the good woman returned to her butter and Hannah was handed to Mr. Archer's barouche. The carriage wheeled from the door, while Hannah leaned back in such a paroxysm of grief that Mr. Archer was really alarmed.

"Don't, Hannah, don't," he exclaimed. "You will be back in a few months. Father and mother will soon get it over; summer will be here before you think of it. Don't sob so! You will come to see Fanny married. She had her bonnet on when I left; we shall take her up soon. I told her to walk slow. Langdon was in Salem last night. You will be with him in a few hours. Haven't we planned complete. Mrs. Bolton thinks Fanny is going to spend the week at our house. The bans have been cried three times in Christ Church, but the old clerk mumbled the names so that no mortal could tell them. What a fuss this will make. How folks will talk. That's right, wipe up and look like a bride. Won't the Deacon and his lady be proud of their elegant daughter, Mrs. Langdon, a month hence?"

"You do not know father, Archie," Hannah piteously returned," but I had to go. Guy is too feeble to be alone, or I would never have braved all this. No, I never could have done it had he been well."

A moisture gathered in the young man's eyes; though Hannah was still grave, she required no more comforting. The trunk was taken from its hiding place and strapped behind the carriage. Miss Bolton was overtaken, and the two mettled horses sped fleetly over the smooth road. Mr. Langdon was waiting to hand the ladies out, as

the party drove up to the hotel in Salem. Having baited the horses and dined, accompanied by Mr. Langdon, they started for Boston. The November afternoon was on the wane when Fort Hill was reached.

Guy Langdon's father married twice. His first wife, Guy's mother, was a Spanish lady. From her father Guy inherited his West Indian estate. The second wife, a Boston lady, had two sons. The elder Mr. and Mrs. Langdon were dead, but James Langdon, the oldest son of the second wife, occupied his late father's residence. Hannah had endeared herself to this gentleman and his wife, and to a circle of young cousins in the family. These met her and Miss Bolton in the hall, with a warm welcome. Mrs. Langdon threw her arm around Hannah and led her up the stairs, whispering loving words of encouragement. Bonnets and cloaks were taken off before a blazing fire, in a spacious chamber. Refreshments were brought, but Hannah could not eat. Mrs. Langdon laughed and said, "You will feel better at supper," and forced her to take a glass of wine. "As the rector of King's Chapel is to be here at six, you girls must dress directly. Guy said you had a white muslin. I have procured a bridal veil and orange blossoms. Here is something my husband begs you to accept with his best wishes," she added, handing a small jewel casket to Hannah. With trembling fingers she undid the clasps when a magnificent set of opals was displayed. Hannah flushed crimson, For the first time the reality of the station into which she was entering struck her. "O, Mrs. Langdon," she cried, "do you think people will say I married Guy for his money? You know I do not. You know my true motives." "Certainly, my dear," the lady replied, astonished at this outburst. "Never mind what people say. We know your motives, and love and reverence you for this act. What shall I tell my husband—do the jewels please you?

"They are very beautiful; tell him they will be very precious, not only for their beauty, but as a token of his brotherly love," Hannah feelingly returned. The young ladies having examined and praised the jewels, began to array Hannah and Fanny and a cousin of Guy's in the bridal habiliments. All looked lovely. Fanny and the other bridesmaid each wore a pair of rich gold bracelets, Guy's gift. The clergyman was punctual. As the clock struck six the small party of guests assembled in the brilliantly lighted drawing-room. Guy, Archie and William Langdon, the youngest brother, took their places. Miss Bolton and Miss Parks entered, followed by Mr. James Langdon (who stood for the father) with the bride. The ceremony was then performed in a most impressive manner according to the ritual of the Episcopal Church. Congratulations followed, then supper—a sumptuous entertainment. Every one was merry, and there were many jokes at Fannie and Archie's expense. The next morning, amid tears and tender farewells, the bridegroom and bride sailed for their Cuban home. That evening Archie Archer carried to Deacon Blake a letter from Mr. and Mrs. Guy Langdon, beseeching a parent's blessing, with the information that they were on the broad Atlantic. Words are

inadequate to express the surprise of the worthy couple, the sorrow of Mrs. Blake or the rage of the Deacon. The thrifty matron was soon comforted—her daughter had made a great match; but to the Deacon she had committed the one unpardonable sin—omitted to honor his will and pleasure above every other law. Henceforth she was to be disowned, her name must never be spoken in his presence; she was to be regarded as one that never existed. The mother's entreaties would not soften this decision. "As she has made her bed so she must lie; she knew how he would look upon the matter; she was gone from him, and was none of his."

CHAPTER III.

THE WAIF.

The surf thundered upon the beach, the wreck was scattered along the strand, but the storm was over. The corpses that had come ashore had been gathered into the seaside cottages. One beautiful woman lay enshrouded for burial. Kind hands had thus cared for a stranger, a foreign woman whom they never knew; still tears of tenderness and grief had dropped on the white rigid face, so very lovely in the beauty of death. A little girl lay in a crib in an adjacent room. She had been borne through the billows by an aged man, whose life's last gasp had gone as he reached the shore with his precious burthen. He now laid, ready for the grave, beside the mother of his little charge. The crib that the child occupied had been the bed of little Mary Minot Archer through the summer—William Archer's only child. She had been carried from London to this remote hamlet for the benefit of goat's milk and sea air. Pining and pining her four years of life in this world, ended on the day of the great storm. That storm that wrecked so much property and grieved so many hearts. Poor Mrs. William Archer had scarcely closed the eyes of her only babe, when this little waif, cold, almost perished, had been handed to her. With motherly care the little wrecked one had been nursed back to life. The fire smouldered in the grate, the candle was dim. William Archer, a tall, handsome man, opened the door and hastily burst into the room. "Hush," murmured the mother, with a glance at the tiny coffin on the table, and to the crib. "Mary, Mary," exclaimed Mr. Archer, heedless of her more refined feelings and motherly instincts, "Here are letters from America, bringing unexpected news. Aunt Patience Blake is dead and she has left a legacy to our daughter."

"Why, Miss Patience was no relative, and our daughter is dead," Mrs. Archer sadly exclaimed.

"Miss Patience would have married my uncle William had he not died," Mr. Archer replied. "She fancied me and taught me to call her aunt. Hear this will. 'The interest of my property is to be annually divided between the son of my beloved niece, Hannah Langdon, and the daughter of my dearly beloved young friend William Archer, with the hope that when they come of age they will consolidate the whole by marriage;

but if either refuses to ratify this desire, the principal shall be given to the Orphan Asylum in the place of my late residence.' Isn't that just like a romantic old maid? Hannah Langdon's boy will be rolling in gold. Much he'll care for Miss Blake's legacy; besides, they say he has inherited his father's consumptive temperament and is not likely to live many years."

"Mr. Langdon is still alive?" Mrs. Archer listlessly asked. "Yes, thanks to Hannah's care. I shall always admire and respect that woman," her husband replied. "Perhaps she will rear the boy; she can better than any one I know. She has proved a superior woman. Now, wife, about this will! The moment I took her from the dead man I determined to adopt this little wrecked one. Henceforth she is our daughter. These people will tell no tales, and we sail for France so soon, not returning to London, the change can never be known. We shall get the interest, quite an addition to the year's income; and if in the future she add young Langdon agree to fulfil the terms of the will all be right. She can do as she pleases. I shall never control her wish in that respect." "Why, William Archer, what do you mean?" Mrs. Archer quickly demanded, springing from her chair, surprise and fright in her tone.

"I mean that the fact of our daughter's death is to be concealed, and this little mermaid is to take her place and secure the legacy. Henceforth she is Miss Mary Minot Archer,"

"Why, William, what a falsehood we shall be acting," Mrs. Archer exclaimed in a terrified tone, "besides, this little girl may be claimed."

"There will be no trouble unless you make it," Mr. Archer impatiently returned. "I will bear all the sin, so don't worry your tender conscience, and with a kiss the stalwart gentleman strode from the room, and the pale, wan lady sank into the chair, and burying her face in her hands sobbed piteously. The little stranger crept from the crib. Her thoughtful black eyes had been very wide open through the preceding colloquy, but Mr. and Mrs. Archer had been too preoccupied to notice them. Softly opening the door she tiptoed in her bare feet and white night dress to the coffin of the man. The watchers were dozing and did not notice the child. One kiss on the wrinkled face, then a long, lingering look to the beautiful dead mother, with solemn kisses on forehead, eyelids and lips; then the small white feet stole noiselessly back to the inner room and tiptoed over to the table where lay the little being she was destined to represent. With one sweet kiss of childish affection on the baby face, thus forever imprinted in memory, the sweet child timidly approached the sobbing woman by the fire. Throwing her arms about her neck and pressing her lips to hers, in childish phraseology and broken English, spoken with a foreign accent, she made Mrs. Archer comprehend that she would be her little girl, for a little girl must have a mamma, and hers could neither speak nor move. Mrs. Archer clasped the child to her breast with an outburst of affection unusual to her passive nature.

"My dear," she said, "you say your name is Maria Teresa, that this dead lady is your mamma, and the man old Lorenzo. Do you know anything of

your papa?" "Me do," she eagerly replied. "Papa hung on the wall, me kiss him morning and night."

Mr. Archer entered. Taking the iittle one on his knee he questioned her about herself. She was evidently of high birth, and very intelligent for her age. Her name was Maria Teresa; then came a name that with her pronunciation neither Mr. nor Mrs. Archer could comprehend. "She was four last birth-day. Her mamma was going to her papa. Old Lorenzo, her nurse and mamma's maid was with them. A big wave washed these two into the sea; Lorenzo tied her to him, then he tied her mamma and himself to a plank; he said he said he could get us to the land."

In reply to Mrs. Archer's questions respecting her home, she gave a pretty description of a large house amid trees and flowers. There was a river and a beautiful city near. Having obtained all the information she could give, Mr. Archer tenderly laid her on her bed, and with a kiss bade her "go to sleep and wake up his and mamma's little Mary Minot."

An anxious expression passed over the grave face. "But papa, he be no drowned!" she exclaimed. "How he know his Maria Tereza?" "Oh, he will know when he sees you," Mr. Archer replied. With a second kiss he told her "to shut her peepers." The child seemed disinclined to sleep, but she had evidently been accustomed to obey, and kind as it was, something in Mr. Archer's manner compelled obedience. Mrs. Archer sat weeping, but her husband coaxed her to retire. After a time the little stranger fell asleep.

The October evening was chilly. Mrs. Blake lighted a fire in the winter kitchen; placing a candle on the round stand seated herself with her knitting. The Deacon took his arm chair, and fllling his pipe smoked while he toasted his feet. Not a word had been spoken for an hour,no sound had broken the silence save the crackling of the fire, the ticking of the tall clock in the corner and the click of Mrs. Blake's needles. Suddenly the Deacon knocked the ashes from his pipe and abruptly asked "How old is Hannah's boy?" It was the flrst time he had spoken his daughter's name since she left, and Mrs. Blake nearly sprang from her chair. "La, Sir," she exclaimed. How ye started me! I've dropped a stitch. He'll be six next New Year. He was a New Yea's present!" "And the leetle gal, what is her age?" he asked. Mrs. Blake thought a moment, then replied "she is about four. It is four years since Mrs. Archer told me, coming out of lectur, that both Joseph Dummer and William had leetle gals, and what was most singular, both were born on the same day." "That was strange," her husband returned. William married the furren woman?"

"No, he married Judge Minot's darter Mary; it was Joseph Dummer that married the Italian Countess. The news has just come that she, her child and her servants have been drownded on the coast of England. The ship was wrecked and every soul perished. "Is Joseph Dummer in England?" the Deacon asked.

"No," Mrs. Blake explained, "He has been in Calcutta some time. His wife was going to him. She was going to England to take passage for Injee, when she was lost. William has been in business in England two years, but

Mrs. Archer tells me that he is going to France, the climate in England does not agree with his wife's health. She is a delicate creeter."

"Well, Patience must have been distraught," said the Deacon rising and placing the large Bible on the stand. Miss Blake, call Josiah and Nancy; I will set the house in order and go to bed."

CHAPTER IV.

THE RETURN.

Seven years of wedded bliss were accorded to Mr. and Mrs. Langdon. Years in which soul grew to soul in indissolluble bonds, bringing that perfect marriage, that heavenly union which nought of life or death can sever. Then the reaper came and gathered the ripened grain ready for the harvest; the beatified soul, purified from earthly dross, went to its angelic home and the worn-out body was borne over the ocean and deposited in the ancestral tomb in Boston.

A letter from Mrs. Langdon to her mother, written on her arrival in that city, Mrs. Blake ventured to slip under her husband's "Presbyterian," which he usually read Saturday evening. Though the Deacon made no remark, his wife felt sure that the missive had not been disregarded.

Over-exertion in harvesting through an inclement week brought on an attack of rheumatism, which confined the thrifty farmer, much to his discomforture, to the house for several days. Pain and rigid muscles did not, I am sorry to say, improve his temper, as much as might have been expected from one who considered himself so rich in heavenly grace. Thump, thump, went the stout oaken cane: "Miss Blake!" "Nancy!" "Josiah!" were so frequently and vociferously shouted,—there were such peremptory orders and counter orders, the three were kept so constantly running hither and thither that Nancy in the evil of her unregenerate heart (she had been baptised and confirmed in Episcopacy) declared "she wished the old fellow would split a blood vessel or sumthin to stop his pounding and yelling, he'd be the death of 'em all; no danger of his dying, he'd live to bury everybody and then keep tavern."

Weary and worn, as the evening drew on, Mrs. Blake sank into her low rocker, not to rest, but to do the week's mending. Her lord had refused to join the family at supper: "how did they s'pose he could relish anything when in such misery;" but his patient spouse had scarcely threaded her needle when in querelous accents he exclaimed, "Miss Blake, seems to me I could eat a piece of pie, if I could get it."

"Why, Sir, I will fetch you a piece," his wife answered, rising with all the alacrity which her tired limbs permitted. As the door closed behind her the Deacon was startled by a sigh. Vainly striving to turn his head, but with the half-consciousness that some one had come in through the door that opened from the front entry in the rear, he ventured to ask "Is anybody here? I'm real estate, can't move, come in, will ye?" At these words a tall, pale woman, clad in widow's weeds, leading a

delicate child by the hand, glided before him. The old gentleman's eyes dilated in their sockets; springing up with the agility of youth, he affrightedly exclaimed, "Hannah! Hannah! is it you or an apparition?"

"It is your own daughter in the flesh," the lady replied, throwing her arms about his neck and imprinting a kiss on the stern lips. "Here is your grandson," she added, pushing the shy lad forward just as her mother reentered. Dropping pie and candle she sprang to her daughter's embrace with such a scream that Nancy and Josiah rushed from the kitchen to join in the outcry of surprise and joy, during which the Deacon was carefully scanning the intellectual face and thoughtful black eyes of the little lad between his knees. "Langdon all over!" was his mental decision, as he handed the child to his grandmother, who now came to claim him. Explanations followed.

Mrs. Langdon had arrived at Archer Place the previous afternoon; leaving her servants and luggage there, accompanied by Col. Archibald Archer she had come home over the footpath across the fields which had been so often trod in her girlhood.

Mrs. Langdon remained with her parents until the New Year, then she returned to her husband's relatives in Boston. During her visit arrangements were made for the erection of a handsome residence near her father's, which was completed the following summer. Here with three colored servants, a man and two women, endeared by love and faithfulness to their deceased master, by sympathy in a mutual bereavement and by their eager desire to share the fortunes of "the dear mistress and little massa," she began a life of quiet usefulness and genial hospitality. No morbid melancholy or useless repining was ever indulged, but with a chastened cheerfulness her days were filled with the management of a large estate, home affairs, social and benevolent duties, pleasant studies, avocations and books; but first and foremost the care and training of her son. "A Langdon all over" had been Deacon's Blake's decision at first sight, and this contemptuous conclusiou was not reversed. Shy, shrinking, accustomed to gentleness and love, his stern grandfather grew a perfect terror to the boy, while his grandmother was loved with a passion bordering on idolatry. A widow's only child, every one felt called to assist in his rearing. "Of course he would be spoiled they must free their conscience by wholesome advice. He was neither robust nor ruddy; he must be toughened; his mother cossetted him too much, made him too nice and genteel, he must play in the dirt, live more out of doors, eat coarser food, and go to the district school, mix with other children more and be encouraged to run and romp."

Reluctantly Mrs. Langdon yielded to the general clamor. Under this toughening system, in a few weeks, the little lad sank into a slow fever, by which he was so greatly prostrated, that even his grandfather acknowledged, "that he sposed Hannah knew best how to manage him, he was'nt born anything and would never make anything, he would have money, so would pass, but he never would be worth the salt to his porridge."

Thus Mrs. Langdon was left to her own discrimination for the future, but

poor little Guy was no favorite, his elders failed to notice such a stiil, uninteresting child, and by those who should have been companions and playmates he was treated with scorn and contempt.

Mrs. Archibald Archer, nee Miss Fanny Bolton, had been one of the most zealous in corrccting her friend's mismanagement. Her three strong, hearty children could do this, and so Guy must do the same. In vain Mrs. Langdon expostulated and pleaded; finding every effort useless, she at iength desisted, but a slight coolness and restraint arose between the two households.

Another occurrence set the countryside to gossipping. The first Sunday Guy went to meeting after his illness the pastor had exchanged with a clergyman from the neighboring town, an Englishman of peculiar appearance, loud voice and abrupt manners. The minister had taken his seat when Mrs. Langdon and Guy entered. Jumping up in the high pulpit like a Jack from a box, his heavy black curls falling around a broad, swarthy visage, his prominent black eyes staring their widest, with uplifted hands, in stentorian tones he shouted "Let's pray!" Bang went up the seats, the congregation rose, but above the din came Guy's screams of terror, he could not be pacified, and his mother was obliged to carry him out. No persuasion could induce the boy to accompany his mother the next Sunday; week after week passed, stlll his disinclination conrinued. A great hue and cry arose from one end of the parish to the other. "Deacon Blake's grandson not go to meeting! Hannah Langdon's leetle boy allowed to stay away from meeting!" Finally the Deacon felt called to interfere. "His grandson must attend divine service the next Sabba day." Little Guy had a will as strong as his grandsire's, but loving coaxing from grandmamma and mamma prevailed. Unfortunately the child had scarcely been seated in the square pew when who should walk up the aisle but the identical English parson who had caused him such a fright. His mother's earnest whispers that he was a good man, only queer, coupled with his grandmamma's encouraging smiles, prevented any outburst, but shiver after shiver shook his frame, and his self-possession was not wholly regained throughout the service. Every shout brought a nervous tremor, and to his dying day Guy never forgot that Sunday morning, but it was a good lesson; henceforth he became firmer and less demonstrative, putting the necessary restraint upon his extremely sensitive organization.

The spring following Mrs. Langdon's return, the mansion of the late Judge Minot in the adjacent town, which had been closed during his daughter's sojourn abroad, was opened for repairs. After a thorough renovation of both house and grounds. Mr. and Mrs. William Archer and their little daughter, Miss Mary Minot, arrived for a permanent residence. The house, a pre-revolutionary structure, elegant and spacious, stood upon an elevation which commanded an extensive prospect of town, country, river and ocean, mountains looming dim in the distance. A lawn shaded by elms extended to the broad, handsome street and an avenue ending in a paved court-yard led to a eapacious stable; in tne rear stretched a terraced,

box-bordered garden, orchards and fields.

With a retinue of domestics, some former servitors in the Minot family, a magnificent stud of horses, carriages to match, all the appurtenances of gentility of that period, Mr. and Mrs. Archer took their place in the vanguard of the elite of the aristocratic seaport, noted as it was for its intelligence and refinement.

CHAPTER V.

LA FAYETTE'S VISIT.

In August LaFayette on his American tour visited the town. Grand preparations were made for his reception. A battallion of cavalry escorted him from Ipswich. At the boundary line they were joined by a company of light infantry and artillery. Amid the waving of flags and the booming of cannon, the pealing of bells, the beating of drums, braying of trumpets and the huzzas of the multitude the General and his suite were escorted to a palatial mansion on State street, the same at which Washington had been entertained on his visit to New England. Here the nation's guest was received with an address of welcome and by the notability of the town and vicinity and by several of his former companions-in-arms. After LaFayette had shaken hands with the crowd supper was served, and at a late hour the General retired to rest on the bed where the Father of his Country had previously reposed. The next morning the children belonging to the public schools, decorated with badges bearing a likeness of the General, paraded on the Mall. A morning levee was held, at which many gentlemen and ladies availed themselves of an opportunity to take the hand of one who had been such a friend when friends were few. Then a cavalcade was formed which with the military escorted him to the New Hampshire line, where he was received by the military and dignitaries of that State, when he proceeded to Portsmouth. He returned between one and two o'clock the next morning. There was a general illumination, every one up to receive him. After resting a couple of hours, with his suite he started for Boston, having made an engagement to review a body of troops at Lexington.

The preparations for this reception brought a great stir among the more prominent families of the place. Foremost among these were the Archers. Archibald was Colonel of the cavalry, and William was chosen chief marshal.

Mrs. Fanny Archer came to assist her more quiet sister-in-law and other ladies in ornamenting an arch thrown over the head of State street, which bore the motto, "The hero of two continents." She also busied herself in assisting to lay the supper table and decorating her friends' houses and stores. Her two oldest children, both girls, came to their uncle's with their mother, as she wished their memories to always retain these scenes. Mrs. Langdon also accepted Mr. William Archer's invitation to herself and son.

The three girls soon became friends, running about the house and grounds in great glee; but Guy was too shy to leave his mother. Miss Mary Minot es-

ayed to act the hostess towards the entertainment of her boy guest, but her advances met with such a timid response that she was constrained to follow her cousins Fanny and Jennie "in letting the little ninny alone."

The afternoon prior to LaFayette's arrival the children were taken to the Tracy mansion. Having inspected the supper table, resplendent with china, glass and plate, they mounted to the guest chamber. Standing beside the handsomely carved mahogany high-post bedstead hung with curtains of crimson damask, a counterpane to match, Guy ventured to ask his mother "If General Washington really slept on that bed?"

The affirmative reply brought such a light to the melancholy eyes that little Mary Minot's gaze was drawn to them. "He is handsome if he was not such a mope," she whispered to Fanny. Going to Guy she asked, "Who was General Washington?" An influx of people rushing at that instant into the room separated the children. Amidst the whirl of the reception they were not again united until the next morning when the little girls in white dresses and blue LaFayette sashes, and Guy, a white satin LaFayette badge pinned to his jacket, with other children and several ladies, were posted at the front windows to watch for the cavalcade, "They come, they come," is the cry. The marshals on their prancing steeds, the military, then an open barouche in which was seated the hero of the hour, chapeau in hand, bowing right and left, accompanied by three of his suite, the remainder in open carriages bringing up the rear.

Most of the company stayed to dine with Mrs. Archer. Mary passing through the sitting room overheard one of two old ladies seated there exclaim "How pretty William's leetle gal is!" "Yes, she is too handsome to live long," returned the other passing her snuff box. Mary wheeled about with a searching look at the two crones, then she ran up stairs to her mother's chamber. Mounting a chair, she climbed on the toilet table and critically examined herself inthe glass above it. The mirror reflected a plump little lass with a fair complexion, pink cheeks, dark eyes, and hair which fell in heavy curls over the white shoulders.

A footstep sounded in the hall. "Guy!" called the little lady, still standing on the table, "come in here: look at me! Do you think I am too handsome to live long, as an old woman below just said?"

Guy paused on the threshold gazing earnestly into the quizzical face, his expression changed to one of archness, as he returned "You do not feel like dying just now, do you?"

"Not exactly, and I guess my beauty won't kill me this year" she returned.

"But you are a beauty, and what is better, you are good," gallantly replied the lad as he stepped forward and reaching out his hands to her's jumped her from the table. The blood mounted to Mary's brow, "Hush," she whispered, "here's Fanny, but do forgive me for calling you a ninny."

Guy laughed, such a hearty laugh that Fanny paused in astonishment.

From that hour a firm friendship was established between the two. Usually shy and reticent, now and then Guy would expand into a genial confidence which was graciously received by his somewhat patronizing companion. Dur-

ing the afternoon Col. Archer came for his family, and most of the other guests departed. Mrs. Langdon and Guy were to remain through the week. He and Mary having trudged up and down, assisting the man servant who had charge of the illumination in lighting the candles, which in perforated wooden blocks were placed at each pane in every window of the large house, seated themselves on two stools before the fire in the vacant parlor when in childlike fashion, Guy told Mary of the Revolutionary war, Gen. George Washington and LaFayette.

The little girl was much impressed by Guy's knowledge. She could read in the "Little Reader," some "Fairy Tales," and a few verses in the Testament. She had learned a few hymns and ballads, but confessed herself a great dunce. "I don't love study, I hate spelling and counting, the multiplication table is just horrid and sewing is about as bad, but I do love to draw and paint. I will show you my sketch book, for I have one if I am only five, and all my French friends declared I was famous. I will show you my home there, my dog, the poney I used to ride and lots." Running into the library, she returned with a large drawing book nearly covered with pictures. Dropping on the hearth rug, placing the book on her stool, she displayed the contents with graphic descriptions of the sketches which were remarkable for such a child.

At nine o'clock the two mammas came to take the children to bed, with the promise that they should be awakened to see LaFayette pass. Guy never slept a wink until he came, but Mary's eyes were but half open as the carriages dashed past. "I did see him," she emphatically declared to Guy in the morning, "I saw him and can tell all about it to my great grandchildren when I am an old woman going on a hundred."

"That is if your beauty does not kill you before that time," Guy roguishly replied.

"How wonderful smart you can be! I wish you would talk up so to Fanny. Will you the next time we are together? Mary eagerly asked. "No I cannot, she just shuts my mouth. I cannot," he emphatically returned. "You can if you try. I'd be ashamed to be afraid of a girl if I was a boy," Mary contemptuously replied. "You were never afraid of anybody nor anything. I wish I was like you, but I am a ninny and you cannot make me anything else;" the lad returned in a despairing tone. "You can make yourself something else if you choose," Mary answered decidedly. Guy sadly shook his head in dissent. With scorn curling her coral lips the girl danced away to feed her pet chickens.

CHAPTER VI.

SCHOOL.

In September it was decided to send Miss Mary Minot to school. A widow instructed small children in her house which was near Mr. Archer's. Thither the little girl was taken the first Monday in the month. The teacher, a middle aged lady with a grave face and reserved air, led her to the school room, one of the front chambers. Here she found

twenty children assembled. One long desk at the upper end of the room accommodated those old enough to write, the others sat on long, low benches. Mrs. Homer having assigned Mary a seat, took her chair and rapped on the wooden desk before her. At the signal the pupils glided noiselessly into their seats. Mrs. Homer opened a Bible upon the desk. The oldest class drew forth Testaments, a chapter was read, each scholar reading a verse, then the teacher offered prayer. Classes in the primer and spelling book were called while the older ones conned spelling lessons and the multiplication table. Only a few studied geography or ciphered. Mental arithmetic had not yet been introduced. The girls sewed. Most had lap bags to hold their work which were tied on like an apron when it was taken; some of the boys sewed patchwork, a few of the older misses were working samplers and muslin. Saturday morning the last hour was devoted to the recitation of Westminster catechism. A rigid decorum reigned, few dared to rebel, but roguishness, dullness and other misdemeanors were most effectually dealt with. The stout oaken ferule was wielded with no light hand; sparing the rod was not one of Mrs. Homer's failings; she also considered a sharp, stern tone necessary for discipline; rarely did a pleasant or encouraging word pass her lips. Fear was her watchword; under this sway an outward show of obedience was maintained, with an undercurrent of deceit and lawlessness which, under different training, would never have been engendered in these fresh, untarnished souls. For a time Miss Mary Minot was overawed, but this could not last long; she soon understood and heartily despised her teacher. Children analyze more than is supposed; they are also extremely sensitive to injustice; gain their respect and obedience comes naturally; but by fear alone a school may be compared to a whited sepulchre.

"You read so well, Mary Minot, you can have a Testament," Mrs. Homer said, as the girl finished her lesson in the spelling book the second morning of school. In the afternoon as she went to read, she informed her teacher that her mother would buy her a large print one that afternoon. "Well, you don't deserve it," snapped Mrs. Homer. Mary opened her eyes to their widest, and looked the lady straight in the face, as she replied, "What a queer woman you are. You told me this morning that I ought to have a Testament, now you say I do not deserve one."

The teacher winced, while a slight titter rose on the back seat. The big ruler gave a great thump, while Mary was directed to attend to her lessons and to remember in future that remarks were not permitted in school hours."

At Mrs. Archer's request Mary was excused from the catechism, but this drew such black looks from her teacher that Mary essayed the task, but not understanding the words she failed to retain them in memory and thus brought continual disgrace upon herself. Her petition to repeat hymns instead, being curtly refused, Mary gave up the religious instruction, declaring to her mates, "That she guessed she stood as good a chance of getting to heaven as such a cross old snarl as Granny Homer. She needn't hold up bears to me, I've seen

bears! A gentleman in France had a tame one; I have led him round by the chain many a time, and I think those children in the Bible who called Elisha old bald head, real silly. Why didn't the others run away while the bears were eating up the two first. I shouldn't have stayed to be eaten."

Opposite Mrs. Homer's stood the residence of a maiden lady, a great favorite of the school children. In the soft, autumn days her front door, which opened into a hall, of a morning was usually open, and thither Mary often hied at recess to gaze at the paintings hung upon the walls. Among these were portraits of persons prominent in our Colonial history, ancestors of the mistress of the house. One morning the little artist stood so long before the likeness of a daughter of Gov. Dudley, which was an especial attraction, that the scholars had commenced recitations when she entered. Excusing herself, with an explanation why she was tardy, Mary was about to take her place in the class, but she was summoned to the teacher's desk, commanded to hold out her hand, when a severe castigation was administered. Mary bore the punishment unflinchingly, and though her hand, swelled and inflamed, became very painful, she made no complaint. Her father noticed the injured member at dinner. Mary, though loath to tell, was obliged to relate the whole story. Mr. Archer was furious, and declared "that Mary should never enter Mrs. Homer's school again, that he would go and give her a piece of his mind instantly. His gentle wife calmed his anger, and after much persuasion was allowed to go herself. The schoolmistress was greatly surprised at what she had done. Her sorrow and contrition were so evident the little girl was permitted to finish the term; but Mrs. Archer was much pleased at an opportunity that then offered for a new instructor. A neighboring young lady was teaching two younger sisters and wished to obtain pupils to study with them. After Thanksgiving Mary entered the new school.

The progenitors of the family into which Miss Mary Minot was now introduced had been among the wealthiest, most distinguished and influential of the founders of New England. The father of Mr. Harris, a rich merchant, espoused the cause of his king, a confirmed loyalist, he left this country for England when the British troops evacuated Boston. His wife, an enthusiastic whig, remained here with her son. She was thus enabled to save the property she had inherited from her father; but a large estate to which Joseph had been heir was confiscated by government. He commenced business in his native town, where he married one of its loveliest daughters, but the war of 1812 and other causes had reduced him almost to penury. Having a family of young children to rear it became incumbent upon Miss Maria to assist in augmenting her father's small salary, if possible.

Nothing could be greater than the contrast between Miss Mary Minot's two schools and teachers. A lovely girl in her teens, two pretty sisters of eight and ten, and half a dozen other little girls, seated in Mrs. Harris's chamber, where that lady and two other daughters, pupils of their father of an evening, spent much of their time. Mrs. Harris, presiding over a large mending

basket, the young ladies writing French exercises, conning Latin lessons, composing themes, one writing poetry, both doing fancy work for sale. An air of refinement and high breeding pervaded the household. The furniture attested former grandeur; the table, if plainly spread, glittered with rare glass, china and silver; the napery was the finest and whitest; the old laces, if darned, showed splendor; the brocades and stiff silks, if remodeled, turned and pieced, rustled in aristocratic contempt of more plebeian elegance; even the three active, jovial boys were perfect little gentlemen. There were no company manners, the best was reserved for home use; father and mother were honored and revered from respect and love—a love that united the whole band in a circle of affection that was seldom saddened by anger or harshness. Poor in all else, they were rich beyond measure in that which constitutes a happy home, a little paradise on earth. The hall of Mr. Harris's house was also hung with ancestral portraits. One of his father, painted by Copley, immediately attracted Miss Mary's attention.

"By Jove, what an eye that girl has," Mr. Harris delightedly exclaimed, when he learned her appreciation of the painting. "She singled out that Copley at a glance." From that hour the child became an especial pet of the highly educated gentleman, who encouraged her to sketch the delightful views of the town, harbor and surrounding country visible from the windows of the three-storied, square house. She also took lessons on the low, slender-legged, tinkling piano, from Miss Augusta, the second daughter. Mrs. Harris opined that girls ought to learn to mark. A sampler was wrought and a muslin tucker worked. Every hour in school brought delight, and Etta and Hattie Harris became dear as sisters.

CHAPTER VII.

THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving was always a jovial season at Archer Place. As it gave Grandpa Archer pleasure to have his family with him at the service on that day, Mr. William Archer drove directly to the meeting-house, a large structure on a slight elevation surrounded by an extensive graveyard, As the Archer pew was full Mary went with Mrs. Langdon and Guy to that of Deacon Blake. The Deacon occupied the place of honor before the pulpit. Mrs. Blake was seated as usual in the bow-backed chair in the centre of the square pew. It was a cold day, and Mary found the tin foot-stove full of bright coals from the big sheet-iron heater in the broad aisle exceedingly comfortable. She had barely noted the ballustered pews, the high pulpit and sounding-board, when the singers rose in the singing-seats and to the accompaniment of a base-viol gave a Thanksgiving anthem in fine style. The service progressed to the sermon, one of the best of the eloquent divines, now aged and feeble, who year after year had entranced a crowded audience. The little girl was not of an age to appreciate the theme, though the elegant diction and attractive delivery rivited

her attention for a time. With a yawn, she drew a pencil from her reticule, and taking Guy's hymn book, she proceeded to sketch the pulpit, its occupant and the three deacons on the seat below. Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Langdon were giving such attention to the preacher that they did not notice the child until she had filled the blank leaves of the book with graphic delineations of the building and several of the congregation. The sexton on the pulpit stairs, old women in black silk poke bonnets, old men standing, leaning on their canes, a fat boy asleep, his mouth wide open, etc. Mrs. Langdon, astonished at Mary's skill, slipped the volume into her pocket to show the company, as she and Guy were to dine at Archer Place. Grandpa Archer, a tall, noble looking old gentleman, claimed Mary at the pew door. "She must ride with him and grandma." On their arrival he bore her into the house on his broad shoulder, shouting "Here comes the little queen, the little black-eyed queen."

Mrs. Fanny Archer looked annoyed, and sharply bade Mary go into the bedroom and take off her things. As she laid her chinchilla cap on the bed beside her cousin's, Fanny asked, "Why she did not have red ribbon trimming, with a bow and long ends like her's and Jennie's?" Mary glanced at her cap, with its silver filigre band fastened by a jewelled ornament, at the rich lace face trimmings, which was lacking on her cousin's, and made no reply.

"Why didn't you tell her your chinchilla was much the handsomest?" whispered Guy as they left the room. "She is a proud minx, I am glad yours is the prettiest."

With a playful command not to call names, Mary ran to look at the preparations for dinner.

The turkey was roasting in a tin kitchen before the fire in the huge fireplace of the winter kitchen; the goose depended by a string looped to a nail above the high mantle, was browning before that in the large outer room used in summer for culinary and dairy work. Molly Burt, who for years had been a faithful maid in the family, was drawing the chicken pies and plum puddings from the large brick oven. Aunt Fanny was making the pudding sauce. Mince, cranberry, apple and squash pies were warming before the fire in the sitting-room; the cider, wine, nuts and apples stood on the sideboard in the dining room amid a glitter of silver tumblers and wineglasses. The dining table was spread with the best dinner set. John and Sally, the bound boy and girl, brought in the viands and the dinner bell rang. The four children and little Archie must sit together, but Fanny made such an ado at Guy's refusing the rich pudding and mince pie, that his mother, to cover his confusion, exhibited Mary's sketches in the hymn book, which drew forth a general laugh from all but Aunt Fanny. With a severe look and tone she told her little niece, "that she did not know what would become of her if she was to die, picturing such caracatures in hymn books in the house of God. She wouldn't wonder if she dropped dead like Ananias and Saphira." At the first opportunity Mary asked Guy "if he thought it was wicked to draw in meeting Thanksgiving day? It isn't Sunday, it is a jolly day. Do you believe it

would send me to a bad place if I die?" "No, and I do not wish to go to heaven. I hope I shall live to be a hundred," he quickly replied.

"Do not wish to go to heaven? Why Guy!" Mary exclaimed. "No, I should be so tired of the glass and gold, the music of the harps and the singing hosannahs to the Lord. An eternal Sabbath Day! Why, it would be horrid! I had much rather live here," he answered in a decided tone.

"Oh, Guy, it isn't so," Mary earnestly returned. "Heaven is a pretty place, where the good are always happy." "Yes," she continued in a dreamy tone, her eyes gleaming with a far-away look, as though they were peering into eternity, "and there lives my own mamma, old Lorenzo and the little dead real Mary Minot.

"Mary! Mary! What are you talking about? Don't look so queer! You frighten me!" Guy exclaimed, shaking the little girl by the shoulders. Her father's step roused Mary more than Guy's shake. She turned pale, then red, and ran out of the room, but returned to ask Guy not to repeat what she had said. "Never, Guy, remember, not even to your mother." Guy gave the required promise, but henceforth he was sure that Mary was afraid of one person, and that one was her own father. Her look and words often rose to the boy's mind. Though much he pondered over them he was true to his word and kept his faith with Mary.

After tea the older ones joined the children in a game of "blind man's buff" in the large kitchen. Sally and John were permitted to play, and Mary, much to her glee, got staid Molly Burt and Sam Higgins, the hired man, a churlish bachelor, on their feet, when when they became the gayest of the gay. The evening ended with music. Grandma Archer played her old-time harpsichord, the others sang songs and ballads.

The following day the Archers dined with Mrs. Langdon and took tea at Deacon Blake's. Saturday they were all entertained at Mr. William Archer's. The next week brought a general round of festivity. Christmas, a Papistic festival, had been ignored by our Puritan sires. Few but Episcopalians at this period observed the day; of Catholics there were not more than half a dozen in the place. New Year was the time for gifts, and there was frequently a ball at Washington Hall, or a party given by one of the elite, in the evening.

Mary accompanied the Harris family to St. Paul's on Christmas morning. The church was usually crowded, as many strangers were present, some from curiosity to witness the ceremonies, others to hear the organ and fine vocal music, and to view the decorations of the edifice.

As she entered, Mary espied Mrs. Langdon and Guy standing by the stove. After a whisper to Mrs. Harris she went up the aisle with an invitation from that lady to seats in her pew. Guy and Mary gazed at the altar, altar piece, reading desk and pulpit half-hidden in a mass of pine and spruce. At the wardens' seats with their striped poles, and spelled out the mottoes in evergreen letters on the sides of the gallery. When the organ pealed forth a jubitant air, Guy, with sparkling eyes, whispered "Mary, heaven would not be so bad if it was an

eternal Sabbath day, if it was like this."

The stately, handsome young rector entered in his fresh white robe, and in his unequalled tone and manner commenced the service. Long though it was the lad's enjoyment did not flag, and that Christmas was ever after treasured as a choice remembrance. New Year brought Mary many gifts, but the most highly prized was a large box of water color paints from Guy. With many thanks she promised to paint him a miniature of herself on ivory when she acquired sufficient skill.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF INDEPENDENCE.

The following fourth of July being the fiftieth anniversary of the independence of the United States, was celebrated with unusual honor.

The day was ushered in by the ringing of bells and firing of cannon. At ten o'clock a procession was formed on the Mall, which was escorted by the cavalry, three companies of infantry and two of artillery, through the principal streets to the first meeting-house, which had been decorated by the ladies, where appropriate services were held.

A dinner was served in Market Hall, which was tastily trimmed in military style with flags and the names of revolutionary commanders. The afternoon passed with toasts and speeches, some of marked interest from revolutionary veterans. At sunset the bells again pealed and cannon boomed. In the evening was a fine display of rockets and the less artistic fireworks of that day.

The preparations for this celebration brought unusual activity to the quiet town.

Mr. William Archer having again been chosen marshal, he and his brother, Col. Archibald, were fully occupied for the fortnight previous. Mrs. Col. Archer came again to town, as she had been appointed superintendent of decorations. Mrs. Langdon's good taste was also invoked, and her liberal purse fully drawn upon. As Miss Harris was on the decorating committee and Miss Augusta one of the orchestra, Mary found herself at leisure, which she much enjoyed with Guy. The novelty and bustle were vastly entertaining, and they liked to steal over to the porch of the meeting-house to listen to the rehearsals of the choir. Miss Augusta Harris finding them on the stairs took them to the singing gallery, where to her delight Mary was permitted to touch the keys of the organ, a large and fine instrument for those days, which was played by a son of the town, a remarkably gifted musician.

The important day at length dawned, bright but not too warm. The streets became thronged by nine o'clock, when the military formed and the air resounded with martial strains. The ladies and children of the Archer family were accommodated at windows in the chamber of a store on Market square; but first they took a view of the tables in Market Hall, which presented a tempting array. In due time the procession, heralded by the marshals, loomed in sight. As her father, a superb horseman, in his

military trappings rode forward, Mary Minot could not forbear clapping her hands, which caused her cousin Fanny to contemptuously exclaim, "Wait till you see papa, he is the nicest, he is a trooper." After the music and military, whose handsome uniforms and waving plumes produced a grand effect, came the officiating clergyman, the orator, reader, president and vice-presidents of the day, officers and members of a literary society, municipal authorities and clergy of the town and vicinity. Next marched sixty officers and soldiers of the Revolutionary army, marshalled by one of LaFayette's Life Guard, uniformed with the cap, plume and sword he had worn in service. Many wore the Continental equipments, all a badge of blue ribbon on which was printed the magic figures, "'76." In their midst waved a tattered flag of the Revolution which had first been unfurled at Bunker Hill. This detachment was followed by four of their number, too infirm to march, seated in an open barouche, drawn by a span of superb white horsee. Next came the national and state officers, an encampment of Knights Templars, King Cyrus Chapter; St. John's, St. Peter's, St. Mark's Lodges, in full regalia, bearing banners and badges; the Marine Society, the several fire societies, engine and fire companies, each bearing appropriate banners; the truckmen in white frocks, on their sturdy steeds, made a fine show; then succeeded a long line of citizens. The procession was closed by the children of the several schools in uniform, wearing badges with appropriate mottoes, under the care of their teachers. When the long procession had passed, the womne and children hastened to the meeting-house, where the lower wall and front gallery pews had been reserved for them. Mr. William Archer attended this church, occupying a wall pew; as it was filled with lady friends Mrs. Archer permitted the children, much to their delight, to go to the gallery. In high glee they squeezed into a nice place in a corner of the singing seats. As Guy gazed round the spacious edifice noted for its architectural beauty, now gay with flags and streamers, a slight flush rose to his pale cheeks and his eyes beamed with enthusiastic delight. "Who is that handsome boy, Mary," asked a little girl. As Mary replied, Fanny added in a scornful whisper, "He's a little fool." Happily the lad was too much absorbed to notice these asides, but Mary's anger was aroused, and with her most decided air, she told Fanny "that she was an ill-bred girl if she was so bright." To which her cousin returned, "As you have got to marry him when you are grown up, I suppose you ought to stand up for him." Mary fairly crimsoned with rage. Turning her back to Fanny she devoted her attention to her little guest, introducing her to Guy, whom she found to her great satisfaction, increased the interest the Miss had expressed. It seemed a weary while before the music outside and the organ within, announced the arrival of the procession, which slowly filed into their seats; the large building became densely thronged, crowded to its utmost capacity. The voluntary played, a recitative from the Oratory of Joshua was given in fine style; prayer was then offered by the pastor, a petition that brought tears to the eyes of many of the scarred and care-worn

veterans. A hymn was sung, written by a lady whose talent had then scarcely become recognized, but whose poems are now household words. The Declaration of Independence was read with taste and skill, then a spirited ode was sung, the production of one whose name was soon to be associated with our national glory. This was followed by the oration, which was both spirited and patriotic. A second ode, written by a lady, having been sung, the exercises closed with a benediction.

As the gentlemen were at the public dinner Mrs. Archer entertained a party of ladies and children. Nearly all were visitors from neighboring towns, and the house and grounds wore a very lively aspect. Guy had been supplied with plenty of candy, sugar-plums and fire-crackers, which he freely distributed. For Mary's pleasure more than his own he exerted himself to play with the bevy of young strangers. In the evening the fireworks gave delight to both old and young. It will be remembered that John Adams and Thomas Jefferson both passed from earth on this fiftieth anniversary of that independence they were so instrumental in obtaining.

This singular event, which soon became known throughout the country, brought a solemn awe to the community, and funeral ceremonies were universally held in the cities and larger towns of the Union. On the fourteenth of July the the town was draped in mourning, the flags were displayed at half-mast, the church bells tolled an hour, a eulogy was pronounced in the church, whose gay trappings gave place to the deepest insignia of mourning. An ode and dirge, written for the occasion, were sung, when the multitude which this tribute had summoned, dispersed with the chastened air of national mourners. These arrangements again drew forth the activity of the Archer families, but everything was done with such a quiet gravity that even the children became less noisy and playful. Each, to little Mary, had acquired sufficient historical knowledge to understand the occurrence.

On the first opportunity Mary told Fanny "it was too bad for her to speak so of Guy to strangers," and she added, "You shan't twit me, neither, because I take his part." "I didn't twit you," Fanny replied with a pout, "I only told you the truth. You have got to marry him when you grow up."

"I shan't, Mary returned, stamping her foot, "I tell you I won't. Women don't marry men if they don't like them well enough. I heard Miss Niles tell mamma that she should not marry Col. Crosby, though her whole family are begging she would."

"But, Mary, this is different. You and Guy will lose lots of money if you do not marry."

"Who told you so?"

"I heard aunt Bolton tell some ladies while we were waiting for the procession fourth of July. She said old Miss Blake, the Deacon's sister, left you and Guy a fortune, if you married each other, but if you did not it would go to the Asylum. You know that house on Beck street, where the orphans go to meeting in a row, dressed in such old-fashioned gowns and bonnets. They go to the Old South and sit in the gallery."

"Yes, I have seen them. Well, let

them have the money, Guy and I don't need it."

Fanny laughed, and told Mary to wait till she was a woman; "time enough then to make up your mind." But Mary more firmly reiterated, "I will never, *never* marry Guy."

As soon as the bustle was over, the company gone, Mary told her mother Fanny's story. Mrs. Archer looked the chagrin she felt. Bidding the child not to heed such foolish tattle, she enjoined the strictest silence. "Never lisp a word, it would be highly improper, and excite you papa's anger."

Notwithstanding this injunction, Mary, by ingenuously questioning her trusty friend Nancy, found that her cousin had heard correctly. Henceforth a slight constraint marked her intercourse with Guy, which caused the sensitive lad to become more shy and silent in her presence.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE JOURNEY.

In September Mr. and Mrs. Archer made a visit to friends in New Hampshire, and took Mary with them. Railroads had just become a topic for discussion; the first in this country was not built till some years later. People travelled by stage coach, or with their own teams. Mr. Archer took his family in a four-wheeled phæton, drawn by a span of mettled steeds, the leather travelling trunk being strapped on behind. They were accompanied by a large brown dog, Mary's pet, playfellow and guardian. He usually escorted her to and from school, rarely missing to be at his post at a quarter to twelve and five, the hours of dismissal. How he knew the time remains an unsolved mystery.

It was a lovely morning, in the loveliest of months, when the travellers started. The ride laid through a fine farming region, diversified by forest, hill and meadow, intersected by many sparkling streams. The Merrimac having been crossed at the Rocks bridge, the state line was soon passed. Substantial homesteads succeeded each other; ever and anon came a schoolhouse, a small one-story building, usually at the corner of intersecting roads. The old-fashioned custom, still maintained in the country, of the children bowing and curtsying to strangers, whom they met on the road, gave Mary much amusement. At shorter and longer distances were villages, a dozen or so houses, a tavern with its sign post and swinging sign in front, a store, post-office, blacksmith's shop, etc., clustered about a meeting-house, whose heaven-pointing spire and gilded weather-cock, gleaming in the distance, was often hailed as a welcome signal to the weary wayfarer. At greater distances were larger places,—the country towns, boasting a court-house, academy, two or more churches, stores, offices and fine residences. As the day wore on the way became rougher, the country more hilly and rocky; here and there were burned clearings, the charred stumps covering the ground. The first of these, seen at a distance, Mary thought a burying ground full of black headstones. During the day they had overtaken or

met several stage coaches—large, three-seated leathern conveyances, their yellow bodies gaudily ornamented, the baggage strapped on a rack behind, and drawn by four prancing steeds. At that time many of these stage horses were white. Seen at a short distance, as the team rose over the summit of a high hill and dashed down its declivity, the coach swaying from side to side, Jehu dexterously handling the ribbons and swinging his long whip, his seat and the top loaded with passengers, gave a very dashing impression, greatly enlivening the way. The travellers stopped for the night at an inn in one of the larger towns, one of the "Stage Houses," where relays of horses were taken; one coach stopped there over night. There was the jangling of harness, the cries of hostlers, horses going to and from the watering trough, much hurry and bustle. The house was full of guests. Mary immediately became the pet of a group of school girls attending the Academy, whose white walls and dome-capped belfry crowned an adjacent hill. These misses and as many young gentlemen boarded in the house. As they had come from distant homes to acquire the higher branches of knowledge, study progressed more than would have been expected, with such an accompaniment of hilarity and flirtation. The next day the travelling became still more tiresome, the hills higher, the road rougher. Mrs. Archer and Mary became so fatigued that Mr. Archer stopped before night at Alton Bay, where they were entertained by the company of the lawyer, schoolmistress and tailoress, boarders in the house. The place at that time was a mere hamlet, seldom visited by strangers. The ride the next morning along the shore of Lake Winnepisseogee was most picturesque. The "Pond," as it was then universally termed in that region, spread its mirror-like surface, dotted by its many isles, at the foot of a precipice so high that tops of tall trees growing on the shore but just reached the bank where the road wound, a steep wooded height bounding it on the other side. So steep was the declivity, and so near the edge ran the road, that in many places the slightest mishap might have brought serious consequences. Two log cabins were the only habitations for miles; from one of these a lean pig ran squealing after the carriage quite a distance, much to Nero's disquiet and Mary's amusement.

Passing a very rough spot a spring of the phæton broke. Mr. Archer had provided for such a contingency. Drawing a strong cord from the carriage box, he lashed it so firmly they were able to go forward. Near noon Meredith Village was reached, then a small but pretty place, with an excellent tavern. Having rested and dined, the party proceeded to their destination, a farm three miles beyond the village.

A winding lane led to the homestead, which stood some distance back from the highway. The house, a large one-storied structure, flanked by a long barn, commanded a lovely view. A smooth mowing lot extended from the front which faced the lake to the shore; thence the eye wandered over the blue expanse with its lovely islands, across the surrounding country, bounded by high hills and distant mountains. The travellers were expected, and received a hearty welcome. Mr. Mears, the host,

some years before had been foreman at Archer Place; his wife had also been brought up in the family. Left an orphan, she had been adopted by Grandma Archer, whose only daughter died in childhood.

The horses stabled, Mr. Archer went with Mr. Mears to the field. Mrs. Mears taking Mrs. Archer to the parlor, bade Mary run about and amuse herself till her children returned from school. The little girl having enjoyed the prospect from the front porch, where Nero was taking a siesta, ventured to peep into the long, low kitchen, when she was cheerily welcomed by Betsy Dorkum, the hired girl. "Come right in, you pooty dear, and take a cheer." Mary took the chair the girl had dusted with her apron. After carefully scanning the child from head to foot, she continued, "Law sakes, them's down country fashions, I spose; well, I'm free to confess that is the awfullest pooty gownd I ever seed." Mary laughed and told her "she must see those in the trunk, this was only for travelling." "Well, I never did," she exclaimed. "Handsomer than that! Well, it's a fine thing to be so rich and live below." "Why, this is a beautiful place," Mary replied. With a glance to a bowl on the table, she hesitatingly added, "I suppose you have lots of maple sugar." "Yes, indeed, plenty; do you love it? Eat all you want," Betsy returned, pushing the bowl forward. "Law sakes, how funny, maple sugar a rarity, when I am only too glad to get store sugar."

Mary having washed down the sugar with a mug of water sweetened with maple molasses, accompanied her new acquaintance up stairs to a large garret room, where she was introduced to Esther Bean, another girl, hired to spin and weave. Nancy spun at Deacon Blake's, but Mary had never seen a loom; weaving was a novelty. Perching herself on the high seat beside the weaver, she watched the flying shuttle so dexterously thrown to and fro, until summoned below to meet the children, two boys and two girls. Henry, the eldest, a smart boy of twelve; Elizabeth Archer, nine; Willie two years younger; Lucinda was only four, "too young for school," her mother said, "but she would go, she was so lonesome when the others were away."

Henry, throwing the satchel of books and the dinner basket on the table, ran to fetch the cows. The little girls timidly invited Mary to visit their baby house, quite a structure which Henry had built. Willie made Nero's acquaintance. After supper, and the milking was finished, Henry put up a swing in the barn, where he gallantly swung his guest, much to her delight, making her swing higher than the others.

When Mrs. Archer undressed her daughter that night she was confidentially informed "that Henry Mears was the handsomest and best boy she ever saw."

The next morning Mary accompanied her friends to school. The way lay through a dense forest; the schoolhouse, nearly a mile distant, stood in the midst of a small clearing; it was a primitive structure, with unplastered walls and clumsy desks. The teacher, a young lady from Concord, "boarded round" the district, remaining a fortnight in each family.

There were from fifteen to twenty

scholars; as nearly all resided at quite a distance they took their dinners with them, and there was but an hour's intermission at noon. The studies were mostly rudimentary, but Henry Mears and a few others were well advanced for their years. Henry's hard sums excited Mary's admiration and respect. She astonished and delighted both teacher and scholars by the sketch she made of the schoolhouse and its occupants, but she declared that was nothing; if she could cipher or even remember the multiplication table two minutes, she should think she had done something." In vain Henry assured her she would do sums easily when she grew older. Mary dubiously shook her head, firm in her disbelief, when she was politely told "that arithmetic was only necessary for men, such a gifted beauty as herself did not need it."

Mary laughed, but the flattery was pleasing. Like many an older maiden, she blushingly listened to the tender tones, and liked Henry Mears better than ever.

Mr. Archer, a great sportsman, the following morning took his dog and gun and invited Mary to a stroll in the woods. The little girl was used to such tramps; her father had taught her to fire a gun and hold a fishing rod. Though Mrs. Archer often remonstrated against such tom-boy proceedings, her husband paid little heed, declaring he would rather she would be a healthy romp than a puny fine lady. The forest was thicker and more rocky than any Mary had ever traversed; coming to a fallen tree Mr. Archer stepped over it, and purposely went forward, wondering what his little companion would do, finding it impossible to climb over or creep under the huge log. Mary, to her chagrin, for she liked to be called smart, was obliged to shout for help. Greatly amused at her vexed face, Mr. Archer lifted her over.

Squirrels were so plenty that they had become a nuisance, doing much damage on the farms. Mr. Archer having killed a dozen, and Mary having filled her apron with pretty rocks (she was quite a geologist) and gathered a huge bunch of the bright autumn wild flowers, the pair returned in time for dinner.

Betsy Dorkum was tying hemlock boughs round a broom-handle, making a broom, when Mary entered, and she declared "that them posies looked as though she meant to make another."

"Why, Betsy, you must not degrade my flowers,—they are beautiful," Mary replied.

"Law sakes, them weeds beautiful," the girl scornfully returned. "Well, I wish ye could go to one Squire Lord's, where I worked last summer, such a garding as he had, all full of marigolds, hollyhocks, prince's feathers and sich."

"Great staring things, we've plenty at home, but what are you going to do with that thing?" Mary asked, as Betsy tightly tied the cord with which she had been binding the boughs to the handle. "Sweep with it, of course," she replied. "Didn't ye ever see one afore? Why, I should think down country folks would be ruined if they used corn brooms all the time."

"But where would they get the hemlock, Betsy?" Mary asked. "Sure enough, I did not think of that," she laughingly returned. "Your place is all streets and houses, I 'spose, and you can see the sea from your house, your marm

says. Well, I hope I shall live to see it. I've never been beyond "Meridith Bridge" in my life."

"You must come and see us, Betsy," Mary replied, taking the broom and trying to sweep; but it was too large and heavy for her little hands, but Betsy handled it deftly, telling Mary, as she swept the kitchen, that everybody round there used sich, except to sweep their fore-rooms." That evening, after the children's return, the family went out on the lake. The pellucid water, showing the pebbly bottom, deep down, and the fish swimming mid-way, excited the stranger's wonder. A small island, with one lone tree, had struck Mary in the view from the front door, and she had named it her island; now she begged Mr. Mears to row to it. Having landed, while the others sat on the bank Henry and the little girls went to the tree, and the lad cut Mary's initials on the bark, declaring "that henceforth it should be called Mary's island."

Saturday, as there was no school, an excursion was taken to Red Hill. This was a hard scramble, so tiresome that Mr. Mears carried Mary half way up on his back, and Mrs. Archer, with her husband's assistance, had much difficulty in gaining the summit. The others, amid much laughter and some tumbles achieved the feat. The air was clear, and the prospect though far different from that of to-day, was most delightful. All declared themselves repaid for their exertion. The descent was great fun for the children. Henry took Mary under his special protection, and the little girl had a very lively time.

Sunday divine service was attended in a meeting-house as primitive as the school-house. The pulpit and pews being of plain, unpainted boards; there was not even a cushion on the sacred desk. Though rude the building and rustic the congregation, doubtless more sincere worship arose from that humble place than from many a vast, sculptured and frescoed fane.

Tuesday there was a grand fishing party, consisting of the neighbors and friends and relatives of the host from a distance. A large quantity of fish having been taken the company repaired to the house for supper. Part of the fish was fried, the others were made into a pie. This was a favorite dish in the vicinity and considered a great delicacy. The fish having been placed in a plate lined with paste, salt, pepper and butter added, the dish was filled with cream, covered and baked. It was nice, but very rich. Mary, to every one's surprise, refused it, and to Mrs. Mears's disquiet, made her supper on brown crust and milk, which she persisted in eating at the kitchen table, from a large, brown potter's ware bowl, such as was used by the hired help. The company were astonished at her taste. As her father nor mother did not interfere, and Henry took her part, declaring "that Miss Mary Minot should do as she pleased." The little girl took the meal in her own style, and the crust and milk tasted twice as sweet to her from that brown bowl as from a china one. The next day the travellers rode to Centre Harbor. This place was just then coming into notice as a summer resort, and a hotel of some pretension had been built.

There was no company when the Archers arrived, but in a short time a

lady from Boston drove up. She was alone, travelling in her own carriage, a dashing turnout with a superb span of horses, driven by a smart coachman, the lady's maid perched on the box beside him.

Having created a considerable stir, Madame was pleased to signify her satisfaction at the accommodation. Her attention was then drawn to her fellow-travellers. Having regaled Mary with bon-bons, she signified her pleasure at the meeting, her disappointment being volubly expressed when she found their call was but transient.

On the drive back Mr. Archer rode out on the road to Plymouth, to a spot where a distant view of the White Mountains was obtained. Thursday adieus were exchanged, and the visitors left for Boscawen, where they had relatives and friends.

Mary was sorry to say good-bye, but her regret was lessened by the promise that Henry and Elizabeth Archer should return her visit, when their father carried the cheese to market.

The sojourn in Boscawen was a perfect ovation. Family parties succeeded each other, Mary was petted and caressed as never before. She was much struck with Mount Kearsarge, the first mountain she had ever seen near, and she never tired of gazing at it. Hurrying from bed in the morning, when the top was hid in clouds, she would sit on the door step to watch them roll up the summit, until it stood out in bold relief against the blue sky. The various lights and shades, the many tinted autumn hues, were enchanting, a pleasure she ever retained and reckoned among her choicest recollections.

At the close of another week the travellers reached home in safety, much pleased with the trip. Mary's sketches and descriptions gave the Harris family much diversion. Mr. Harris declared her famous, as he gave her a sailor's kiss, which he was fond of doing, as it excited Mary's ire, which that gentleman greatly enjoyed. Having made her cheeks red and her eyes sparkle, he would pronounce it "a shame, his pet should not be teased," and the pair would part the best of friends.

CHAPTER IX.

THE REVIVALIST.

Acquainted with the town from his residence at the Archer Place, Mr. Mears generally took his cheese thither in the autumn, loading back with salt fish, groceries, and what dry goods was needed for the winter. Mrs. Mears was an excellent dairy woman; her butter and cheese always commanded the highest price.

According to promise, Henry and Elizabeth Archer came with their father the last of October. Grandma Archer claimed her little namesake and Mary went with her. Henry followed in a few days. Mary and her cousins took the visitors to Mrs. Langdon's. Guy gave them a cordial reception and invited them to look at a pony his uncle William had sent him the day before. Following Guy to the stable the small horse was led forth, amid exclamations of admiration.

"What's his name?" Mary asked, as she rubbed his nose.

"I have not named him yet," Guy replied. "What would you call him?"

"Rob Roy, for my old pony," she returned.

"Rob Roy it shall be, then."

"Rob Roy he was my father called,
Mac Gregor was his name, lady:
'A the country, far and near,
Have heard Mac Gregor's fame, lady."

Guy laughingly replied.

"Where did you learn that poetry," Henry inquired.

"It is a verse of a Scotch song my mother sings. She sings it often, as it was one of my father's favorites. I wish I had a side saddle, you should ride, Mary," he said.

"O, I don't need one," the little girl replied, as stepping on the fence by which the pony stood, she sprang on his back, and grasping the halter galloped round the yard.

"How well you ride," Henry exclaimed, as he lifted her down. "How did you learn?"

"I guess I was born to it," Mary replied with a laugh, in which the others joined. "I do not remember when I could not ride," she continued. "Papa would put me on his horse, and I used to ride Rob Roy, a dear, ugly Shetland pony. I wish I could see him now, wouldn't I hug him!"

"Can't you fancy me the pony, and give me the hug?" Henry whispered. With a make-believe box on the ear, the little girl ran with the others to the coach house to see the handsome saddle and bridle that accompanied the horse. As the girls wished to see them on the pony, Henry saddled and bridled him; then, as Guy told him he had better take a ride, he took a short turn. Deacon Blake coming down the road, complimented the lad as he dismounted, on his horsemanship, adding, as he glanced contemptuously at his grandson, "it is a pity you could not have the beast, for it is just thrown away here. Guy will never dare to mount him."

The hot blood for an instant suffused Guy's face, the next he was pale as death. Seizing the reins he vaulted into the saddle; snatching the riding whip from Henry's hand he gave the pony a sharp cut and dashed away. Really alarmed, as he knew he was never on a horse's back before, his grandfather ran forward, but the lad kept his seat, and his lithe figure appeared to great advantage on horseback; in a short time he cantered gracefully up the avenue. The women from both houses were in the yard to meet him. His grandfather, seeing him safe back, without a word passed through the gate leading to his house, but Nancy could not refrain from shouting after him, "That's pooty well for a Langdon all over, don't you think it is, Sir? or maybby you call this Blake."

Mrs. Langdon hushed her, as with a look of fond pride at her son, whom his grandmother, with moist eyes, was kissing, called the company to dinner. The afternoon passed merrily. Guy took his visitors into the woods back of the homestead, where they gathered a quantity of nuts. Mrs. Blake invited them to supper, after which the Deacon, who when he chose could be most entertaining, sang "Robert Kidd," and several other old-fashioned songs. The old gentleman grew so gay, Nancy confidentially whispered to Mary "that she didn't

know what was agoing to happen, she didn't believe he'd live long."

As Mr. Mears had transacted his business, the visitors left the next day.

Mr. Archer had taken a great fancy to Henry Mears. Hearing the lad express a desire for better educational privileges, he invited him to become an inmate of his family, as then he could attend one of the public grammar schools. He assured Henry he need feel under no obligation, as he should be only too happy to secure his companionship for Mary, who was always wishing for an older brother. If he had any scruples, Mrs. Archer would make him useful; he could be a great help to her doing chores, without interfering with his studies. Accordingly it was arranged that the youth should return after Thanksgiving.

At that time the Lancastarian or monitorial school system obtained high favor. The town grammar schools were conducted by that method. Half a dozen of the oldest and best scholars were chosen monitors. They sat in the monitor's desks, and each presided over a section of the school. While the teachers attended to the upper classes the monitors taught the lower. This system required the pupils to read and write simultaneously. There were no recitation rooms, where classes could withdraw. Everything went on in the large school-room. A class would be drawn up before the desk of the master or mistress, repeating the lesson in unison, while another at a monitor's desk were reading or reciting in the same manner, thus causing a din, that to the ear of the spectator was a perfect Babel of sound.

This was less expensive, easier to the taxpayers, than any other method, as by the aid of the monitors a large school required but one teacher. The system is open to criticism, and has been long discarded; but I believe those schools sent forth a band of men and women, as intelligent, enterprising and capable, as deep thinkers and fine writers, as any that have graduated from our more expensive and elaborately systematized High schools. Henry Mears' pleasing address, gentlemanly deportment and studiousness, soon won him a high place in the esteem of his teachers and the school committee. In January one of the monitors left school to become apprenticed to a trade, and Henry was appointed to fill the vacancy. This dignity brought fresh laurels. Thoroughly possessing that magic influence that sways the multitude, and that calm determination that commands obedience, he found his new task far from onerous. While he gave fresh satisfaction to his superiors, he won both the love and respect of his pupils.

Mr. and Mrs. Archer became both proud and fond of their protegee; he was so useful that in a short time he was regarded as an indispensable member of the household. Mary, his pet and companion, often expressed her wonder at ever being able to live without him. He drew her to school on his sled, was her ready escort when needed, assisted her in her lessons, and joined in her diversions, always sharing her childish plans and pleasures with the greatest zest.

At New Year Mr. Archer presented him a box of tools, and he made Mary a famous baby house, beautifully furnished with bedsteads, tables and chairs

of his own construction, which became the envy of all her little playmates.

The community at this time was startled by the announcement of a theory, stating that the earth was hollow and its interior inhabited. This peculiar idea was advanced by John Cleves Symms, a captain in the United States army, a son of Judge Symms of New Jersey, a member of congress, and in 1788 a judge in the northwestern territory, and Susanna, a daughter of Gov. Livingston. His sister was the wife of Gen. William Henry Harrison. Captain Symms distinguished himself in the war of 1812; after its close he became a resident of Newport, Ky., devoting his time to study, writing and lecturing on scientific subjects. He affirmed that the earth was open at the poles for the admission of light, and that within it contained six or seven concentric, hollow spheres, also open at their poles, each sphere possessing its own flora and fauna, and capable of habitation; in addition they received light from two underground planets which he called Pluto and Proserpine. Symms's hole became the chief topic of conversation, and the announcement that he contemplated visiting the place to give a lecture was hailed with enthusiasm. On the evening appointed the Town Hall was crowded by a distinguished audience. It was pleasant to have a new subject for thought and discussion. This was previous to the era of Lyceums. A lecture upon any subject was a rarity.

Mr. Archer purchased tickets for his wife and Henry. Mrs. Langdon had come into town to join them. Guy was with her, he would not be left behin, declaring "that he could and would keep awake, he must hear about Symms' hole."

His grandfather was greatly exercised respecting the matter, declaring it "a sinful, infidel idee, wholly contrary to Bible doctrine."

Nancy, who delighted in getting up a theological discussion, requested him "to pint out the chapter and verse that said there wasn't any Symms's hole." For her part she thought it was "jest as likely the airth was holler and full of injuns and whales as to be all hell-fire and brimstone, which she s'posed he thought was good Bible doctrine."

The Deacon bade her whist, but Nancy, declaring to Josiah she'd shet the Deacon up, did her evening chores with a most important air, after indulging in a triumphant chuckle.

Guy, to everybody's astonishment, not only kept awake, but evidently understood a greater part of the lecture, much of which he repeated to Mary the next morning. For a time the subject was heard on every side, but it gradually dropped. Capt. Symms died in 1829, and his strange theory is now buried in the dead past.

The next sensation came with the advent of the noted revivalist, John Newland Maffit, whose preaching brought a great revival in the Methodist church, many from other congregations ranking among the converts.

This clergyman, a Wesleyan Methodist, and a native of Dublin, came to the United States in 1819, and was received into the New England Methodist Episcopal Conference, where for some years he was pastor of several important churches. In 1831 he removed to New York, thence he went South, travelling

in different parts of the country, preaching and lecturing, his brilliant eloquence attracting immense congregations. At different times he was connected with two or three religious periodicals, and in 1837 was elected professor of elocution and belles lettres in LaGrange College, Alabama, a position he held until chosen chaplain to congress in 1841. He died in 1850 at Mobile. Exceedingly emotional and dramatic both in style and delivery, he enchanted the multitude and people thronged to hear him wherever he went. At this time there were two Methodist societies in the town. During the visit of the revivalist the largest of the two churches was daily and nightly crowded by an entranced throng, and the altar surrounded by anxious inquirers. In many households the usual routine of daily life was broken up, and the domestic affairs wholly disarranged, often to the disquiet of its male members.

The sphere of refined conservatism in which the Archer, Harris and kindred families moved, was little influenced by the otherwise general excitement. "Methodists were doubtless good people, but generally they were of a lower class, with whom we should not think of associating." Some of the gentlemen in this coterie did condescend to drop into the brick church of an evening, just as they would have gone to a play at the theatre.

Miss Mary Minot had never forgiven herself for permitting Guy to outdo her in his attendance at the Symms lecture. Now her curiosity having been aroused by what she heard in the kitchen and on the street, she conceived an earnest desire to hear the renowned revivalist.

Her petition that she might accompany the cook Wednesday afternoon, met a firm refusal. Mary ventured to remonstrate, but to no purpose. "No, indeed," Mrs. Archer exclaimed; "she should never consent,—it would be highly improper. She wondered that Mary should wish to go to such a low place and mingle with such a ranting set."

Like most quiet people Mrs. Archer had a firm will. Mary knew it would be useless to tease, so with a discontented pout she withdrew to seek the sympathy of cook, who with uplifted eyes solemnly wrung out the dish cloth, while in sepulchral tones she enunciated, "the first shall be last, and Dives had his good things in this world and Lazarus his evil things, but in the other Dives was in hell torments, and Lazarus in Abraham's bosom."

"I should think he was rather large for Abraham to hold, Clarissa," Mary returned, which caused that pious woman to hold up her hands in horror and set the giddy chambermaid almost into hysterics.

The next evening Mr. Archer concluded to hear Maffit, and invited Henry to accompany him. Mary ventured a wish to join them, when she was told it was no place for little girls. The service lasted to a late hour—it was nearly eleven when the pair returned. Though feigning sleep, Mary was wide awake in her trundle bed in her mother's room, eager to hear her father's description of the meeting. Mrs. Archer was sitting up for her husband. "You are very late," she said, as he sank into the easy chair by the fire and donned his slippers.

"Yes," he replied, "Maffit did not

come for half an hour after Mr. Otherman was in the pulpit. He evidently felt disturbed; at length the door was flung wide, and a tall, handsome man, his rich cloak falling gracefully from his shoulders, strode up the aisle, followed by a train of women as long as the tail of a comet!"

Mrs. Archer laughed and asked, "What next?"

"With a commanding sign for the pastor to commence, he threw off his cloak and took his seat; passing his white fingers through his hair he surveyed the congregation. I'd bet any sum, Mr. Archer emphatically exclaimed, he sought out every pretty woman and girl in the house. Two hymns were well sung to good tunes, and Mr. Otherman made an excellent prayer. Then Maffit named his text — Rev. ii: xii. 'And they heard a great voice from heaven saying unto them, Come up hither.' It was a fine discourse, dramatically delivered, sometimes a little overdone, but he understands his business. I do not wonder that the masses, especially women, are touched, completely overpowered; still I have much more faith in Parson Otherman's goodness. After this fuss is over I will go and hear him preach, and I intend to make him a present, it won't come amiss, I fancy."

This description raised Mary's curiosity still higher. Everywhere she heard enthusiastic encomiums on the great preacher's eloquence and power. So eager became her desire to hear him, that disobedience was easy and fortune favored her. The next Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Archer and Henry Mears were out of town. Etta and Hattie Harris came to spend the afternoon; they brought a cousin of their's from Boston, a handsome romp of twelve. The conversation turned upon the all-absorbing topic, and the city cousin expressed a strong desire to go to the lecture. The Harris girls demurred, they had not been forbidden, but they had an idea that their parents would not favor their going, still, as there seemed no real objection it was decided to do so. Never dreaming she was abetting an act of disobedience, Etta told Mary to put on her things; as she hesitated she was bidden to hurry or they would be late; casting aside scruples she complied. The church was nearly full when they entered: Mary and the visitor were squeezed into a pew near the pulpit, while their companions were accommodated near the door. Everything was new and strange. Mary was in raptures, noting every ludicrous feature, making mental sketches of various oddities, to be drawn out when she reached home. The singing she liked, and Mr. Otherman was as nice as her father had represented, and she was not disappointed in the great attraction. Mr. Maffit equalled her expectations. She was pleased with his handsome face, graceful gestures and theatrical tones, besides she was sure that her companion and herself had attracted the preacher's attention. Miss Arbella Loudon was tall and forward for her age, looking full sixteen, a brilliant Miss dressed in the top of the mode. Mary wore her chinchilla, a handsome wrapper of light cloth trimmed with plush, in imitation of leopard skin, her brilliant black eyes flashing with delight, her rich curls falling over her shoulders, she rivited many eyes. The two would have been noticed

anywhere, especially among a plainly dressed people, as most of the Methodists were at that time.

As the sermon ended Arbella whispered, "Mary, Mr. Maffit has been looking at us half the afternoon." At that moment he came from the pulpit and entered the altar, with an invitation to the "anxious" to come forward. Springing from her seat, catching Mary's hand, Miss Loudon whispered, "Come, you see if he doesn't speak to us first of all." Making her way out of the crowded pew, dragging Mary with her, the wild girl went up the aisle and knelt directly in the front of the altar. Mary was obliged to kneel beside her. The altar was quickly surrounded. Casting his keen glance round the semi-circle, the clergyman came forward and took Miss Loudon's hand, while the witch looked him straight in the eyes with such a solemn gaze that her face, coupled with her recent remark, completely upset Miss Mary Minot's gravity. Covering her face with her hands she leaned her head on the altar rail, shaking with uncontrollable laughter. A hand was gently laid on her shoulder, sobered the child; looking up she saw Mr. Maffit leaning over her. "Remember, my dear," he tenderly whispered, "that this is the house of God, and the gate to heaven." Giving her hot cheek a light touch he nodded adieu, and passed to the next suppliant. A bit awed, Arbella and Mary rejoined their companions. To their inquiry "what possessed her to go to the altar?" she only shook her ringlets with a gay laugh; neither would she repeat what the preacher had said to her. The evening passed merrily; Mary drew her caricatures, and was gayest of the gay group, but hidden by this hilarity was an undercurrent of contrition. Her parents did not return until she was in bed. Unable to sleep, she tossed from side to side. When the clock struck the dread midnight hour she affrightedly awoke her father and mother by springing on their bed, when amid sobs and tears she related the afternoon's proceedings. Mr. Archer drew the little lass, trembling and tear bedewed, under the covering, and folding her in his arms, calmed her excitement. Mrs. Archer gave her a kiss of forgiveness, and after a while she sank to sleep. Her parents felt that henceforth they could trust her implicitly, but Mr. Archer declared, "she should never again be debarred from seeing and hearing anything in reason. Parents often caused their children to deceive by their own lack of judgment and common sense."

CHAPTER X.

BOSTON SIXTY YEARS SINCE.

In June an infant Barnum show came to town. A caravan containing a few cages of wild animals, an elephant and some monkeys, under a canvas tent in a field near the first meeting house, and a collection of wax figures in the Town Hall. Mr. Archer escorted his own aud his brother's families, Mrs. Langdon and Guy to the exhibition. They first went to the managerie, where the whole party were much interested, a polar bear and some baby leopards, being special attractions. Having fed

the elephants and laughed at the monkeys, they adjourned to the hall. There a man played on a somewhat jangling piano and described the wax work. There were the first presidents and their wives, several revolutionary heroes. Robert Kidd and two or thee other noted pirates, Shakespeare, Lord Byron, Bonaparte and Josephine, Queen Elizabeth, Mary, Queen of Scotts, Mrs. Fry, Howard, the philanthropist, the Boston Belle, the Sleeping Beauty, and in a screened corner, Oth ello, a demoniacal look on his swarthy face, standing by the bedside of the sleeping Desdemona, the pillow uplifted in his hand, ready for the fatal deed.

For a moment the children gazed in blank amazemement, but finding, to use Mary's phrase, that they were only grown up dolls, they drew nearer, as the showman glibly rattled the history of each figure.

Mrs. Col. Archer gave a little scream as she peeped into the screened corner, and shrinking back in horror told the children "to stand away, don't look." "Of course they must now, Fanny," said Mr. Archer. You have aroused their curiosity to a pitch that must be gratified. "Now don't screech," he added, as he motioned the little flock to approach. In a huddle, expecting they knew not what, they obeyed, followed by the two other ladies and Henry Mears. At the first glimpse Fanny and Jenny Archer ran crying to their mother, the others gazed in silence-

"I know what that is," Guy said in a low tone to Mary. "It is a play. My uncle William Langdon took me to the theatre when I was in Boston, and that was in the play. Othello killing his wife Desdemona. That man out there with the peaked beard and ruff, William Shakespeare, wrote it. "What did he kill her for?" asked Mary. Guy shook his head, "He got affronted somehow. I will read the play, and tell you, we have the books."

"Such a midge as you read Shakespeare," laughed Henry. "Much you understand about it!"

"I do understand," Guy replied, flushing up, "I read Macbeth the other day, and I can repeat the whole story."

"Pho! I don't care for it," the youth returned. "What use is it? I wouldn't read Shakespeare for a farm."

"Henry had rather study book-keeping," Mary laughingly replied. "He is to be a great merchant, they do not need poetry."

"A knowledge of Shakespeare is no bad thing, my boy," Mr. Archer remarked to Henry, as they turned away. Mary declared she liked Lord Byron the best of the lot, though Mary, Queen of Scots was a beauty. Poor dear! it was a shame for that ugly Elizabeth to cut off her head; would mamma read to her about it some time?" And with their heads full of new ideas the children followed their elders down stairs. In a few weeks this show was followed by a tight-rope dancer, who performed on the mall. Mr. Archer took the children thither in his barouche. The mall and the adjacent streets and houses were thronged, carriages and horsemen blocked the way, many having come from the adjoining towns. The crowd was as much of a sight as the rope dancer. Mr. Archer crammed his vehicle to its utmost capacity, declaring that the eager

faces of its occupants were better than any gymnast."

Mary enjoyed the crowd as much as the show, picking out every ridiculous figure, or droll incident, which as usual, she sketched after her return home. Mrs. Archer, accustomed to her daughter's scratches, seldom gave them much heed, but this scene on the mall was pictured with such ludicrous vividness that she showed it to her husband, when it was decided that as soon as she was a little older the girl must take lessons in drawing.

The following winter Mr. Archer was one of the three chosen to represent the town in the general court. If one had prophesied at that time, that in a few years the citizens would ride to Boston and back in four hours, he would have been deemed a second Munchausen. There was no doing business in the city and coming home every night; the representatives boarded in Boston, only going home occasionally.

In February Mr. Archer spent Sunday in town. Monday his wife and Mary returned with him for a week's visit. It was a sharp morning, the ground covered with snow. They went in the six o'clock stage. By half-past five the three-seated sleigh, its gaudy curtains drawn tight, drove up the avenue. Accustomed to promptness the party were ready, no time was lost, the trunk was strapped on. Mrs. Archer and Mary snugly tucked in a thick robe on the back seat, a hot foot-stove completed their comfort. Mr. Archer took the middle seat, and the sleigh dashed away to take the next passenger. Having driven hither and thither till the stage was nearly filled with gentlemen, it drove quite into the suburbs and stopped before a large house. The town clock had struck six. With a tremendous din of the pondrous brass knocker on the front door, the driver impatiently awaited its opening. No one appearing, a second double knock was given, followed by a rat-a-tat with the whip, and shout of "Hurry up there!" At length a girl in morning negligee came to the door. "Miss Eustis was drinking her coffee, he could take out her baggage." With an imprecation more forcible than polite Jehu brought a large and small trunk, a huge band-box and two of smaller dimensions, a carpet bag, a basket, a large brown paper parcel and an umbrella. These having been stowed away, after stamping, knocking and shouting full ten minutes longer, a tall, thin female, whose false curls, ghastly white false teeth, and general air of over-dressed youthfulness was most amusing, tripped lightly down the steps and sprang into the unoccupied corner of the back seat; a luncheon basket, a foot-stove and a fat poodle followed. After ten minutes more of fuss and fluster the vehicle got fairly under way, the driver cracking his whip and urging his four steeds to their swiftest pace, the sleigh whirled on to the Boston turnpike. At Ipswich a gentleman caused further delay, at length took his seat, wiping the lather from his half-shaved face, amid the smiles of his fellow-passengers.

To Mary this ride brought a seventh heaven of happiness. Her companions, especially Miss Eustis and her poodle, were vastly amusing. Then as the sun rose higher and higher the curtains were slightly drawn aside, giving pleasant glimpses of winter landscape and coun-

try life. The great hotels, where the horses were changed, with their high, spacious, half-warmed rooms, were to her most most imposing. At length, Oh joy, the dome of the State House loomed up in the distance. Charlestown bridge crossed, the stage slowly threaded the narrow, crooked streets, so very elegant and grand to Mary's eyes, until it drove under the archway into the court yard of the Eastern Stage House. Mrs. Archer, Mary and Miss Eustis having been handed to a smaller, two-seated sleigh, Mr. Archer bid them good morning and proceeded to the State House, and the others were driven to their destination,—Miss Eustis being set down in Summer street, and Mrs. Archer and Mary at the residence of Miss Minot, a maiden aunt of Mrs. Archer's, in Eaton street.

Mr. Archer had boarded with this lady during the time he had been in the legislature. She was watching for her relatives, who received a hearty welcome. Mr. Archer did not come to dinner, which was served at two o'clock. Mrs. Archer, pleading fatigue, went to her chamber. Mary spent the afternoon most pleasantly, running round the house, making the acquaintance of the kitchen girl, and chatting with her great aunt.

Miss Minot occupied the second tenement in a block of four modern brick houses. They were not large nor pretentious, but genteel and convenient. The two parlors, opening to each other by sliding doors, though possessing in the furnishing nothing rich or rare, had a cheerful air of elegance which was most attractive. Having petted the grave, tortoise-shell tabby, ensconced upon the rug before the fire, which flickered and glimmered on the bright, brass andirons and fender, Mary seated herself at a front window. Opposite was still standing one of the old Colonial mansions, a large, handsome two-storied white house, with a gambrel roof and dormer windows. A paved walk led from the front gate to the hall door, across a wide yard shaded by trees, and in summer full of shrubs and flowers. A handsome open fence, the tall posts ornamented with carved urns separated this lawn from the street; to the left came a wide gate in two compartments, surmounted by an iron rod forming an arch, from the centre of which depended an oil lantern. This gateway opened to a paved court leading to a stable; above, stretching quite a distance on the street, was a large garden well stocked with fruit trees. This garden had a high panelled fence, the turned posts corresponding with those before the house. Mary was pleased with this residence, and Miss Minot told her she would take her to see the aged pair who had occupied it for more than fifty years. As she spoke, the old gentleman came out. He wore knee-breeches, an old style overcoat and cocked hat; his hair was queued and woolen leggings were drawn over his silk stockings. Knee and shoe buckles glittered as he went past leaning upon his gold-headed cane. In a moment the great gate swung right and left; a two-seated covered sleigh the fat steed driven by a pompous darkey, an elderly man, also in breeches and cocked hat, came forth and slowly turned the corner. Miss Minot told Mary the old lady was within—she usually rode out on pleasant days.

Beyond this old mansion rose a tall,

unfinished brick building, looking somewhat like a ruin. Mary inquired what it was and why it was uncompleted? Miss Minot said, "It bears the name of 'Eaton's Folly," from the builder's attempting more than he could finish. He died, his estate is in the law, and the building has been left standing in this way for two or three years."

The next morning Mrs. Archer, Miss Minot and Mary accompanied Mr. Archer to the State House. Having taken a look at the statue of Washington in the hall, and a peep at the senate chamber, they were conducted to the gallery of the representatives' hall, where the morning was passed in listening to the assembled wisdom of the state. After the session Mr. Archer took the party to the top of the dome. Mary was astounded and delighted at the view. She was struck with the diminutive appearance of the objects immediately beneath her, on the streets and common. Coming down, Mary ran to take another look at Washington, asking her aunt "if she knew that one of papa's colleagues, in making a mighty effort to be eloquent had, pointing to the entrance, spoken in most affecting tones of the *statute* of the Father of his country in yonder hall?" Miss Minot laughed, and Mr. Archer bade his daughter "not to tell tales out of school."

Mrs. Langdon and Guy were in the city; they called in the afternoon and took Mary to the New England Museum. Guy had been there so often he was an excellent cicerone. Mary went from one curiosity to another in a perfect bewilderment of delight. The stuffed animals and birds having been studied, the various other shows were viewed. The pictures were the greatest attraction. As Mary reluctantly turned from a large painting of Washington crossing the Delaware, Mrs. Langdon said she must go to the Athenæum, which she did the next afternoon, accompanied hy her parents and several other ladies and gentlemen. The exhibition was at that time in a building on Pearl street. Though art in this country was still in its childhood, there was a creditable collection and some fine paintings. One, representing a husking in a barn, received general commendation. The hilarious rnstics were vividly portrayed, the lights and shades on the hay-mows, and the cattle and horses beneath, were managed with good effect. In the foreground, poised on one foot, ready for a spring, stood a plump, rosy lass, her ruby lips eagerly parted, showing the little pearly teeth, her bright eyes brimming with merriment, as she she held aloft in her well shaped brown hand a red ear of corn, which she was showing to a somewhat clumsy young fellow, who was evidently doing his best to catch her.

A couple of hours having been devoted to the pictures, the ladies called on friends in the vicinity.

At that period Pearl was a quiet, aristocratic street, lined with handsome residences, many of them three-storied square structures, standing back from the sidewalk, a wide, turfed yard in front, a coach house and stable in the rear.

Mr. James Langdon had died the year previous, but his widow still occupied the house on Fort Hill. Mrs. Langdon and Guy were her guests, on their frequent visits to the city. She invited

the Archers and Miss Minot to dinner and tea the next day. The Langdon mansion stood upon one of the pleasantest sites on the hill. Though the waves of aristocracy had set to the West End, Fort Hill was still a genteel neighborhood. The esplanade in the centre was surrounded by a circle of palatial buildings in all their pristine glory.

The handsome entrance of the Langdon residence opened into a wide hall. On the first floor were a parlor, library and dining room. The kitchen and scullery occupied an L in the rear. A magnificent stair case led to two spacious drawing-rooms connected by folding doors, the front windows opening upon a balcony which commanded a lovely view of the harbor. These rooms were furnished with great splendor. Tall mirrors, marble-top tables, elegantly carved mahogany chairs and sofas, covered with amber damask and curtains to match, a costly piano, embroidered fire screens and foot-stools, with a rich Turkey carpet edged by a deep border. Elegant glass chandeliers for wax candles hung from the centre of each ceiling; rich vases and rare ornaments decorated the white marble mantles; costly paintings,—one or two of great value, by some of the old masters, adorned the walls.

On the same floor was the best guest chamber, with furnishing of blue and gold damask and mahogany; above were other chambers nearly as grand. Mary was much impressed by the magnificence of Guy's surroundings. Though every effort was made for her amusement, the stately routine of the household was irksome; and in the afternoon she gladly accepted Mrs. Langdon's invitation for a walk with herself and Guy. Proceeding to Washington street the lady led the way to a toy shop where, to Mary's delight, she purchased a large wax doll with eyes that could open and shut,—at that time a novelty only obtainable by the wealthy—which she presented to her. At their return Mary was told to name her doll. During the late war between the Turks and Greeks, a little Greek girl named Garafelia, whose life had been saved through a general massacre by being hidden in an oven, was brought to this country by a kind-hearted sea captain, when she was adopted by a gentleman in Boston, a friend of the Langdons and Archers. She lived but a short time after her arrival. Her romantic history and recent death made a great impression on both Guy and Mary. Guy, who could write quite a good hand, essayed some verses on the event. Mary happened to get a glimpse of these that morning, but Guy snatched them from her hand; neither coaxing or importunity succeeded in her again obtaining them. Mary declared "he was as ugly as his grandfather; she thought that instead of being Langdon all over, he had a deal of Blake!" Now she suggested Garafelia as the name of her doll, a proposition that Guy enthusiastically seconded. The children adjourned to the drawing-room, where a christening was celebrated with due ceremony, to which the elders were invited and entertained with proper honor, Mrs. James Langdon providing cake and confections for the treat.

Friday evening Miss Minot gave a party. This was an occasion for full dress. Mary wore a pink silk trimmed with lace round the low neck and short

sleeves, a sash, gold necklace and locket.

Mrs. Archer had a lilac Canton crape, the skirt trimmed with folds of satin a shade darker; puffs of the same finished the tops of the sleeves, with a girdle to match. There were lace frills round the neck and wrists. The hair was worn in short curls on the temples. Caps at that time were deemed proper for married ladies and middle-aged single ones. Mrs. Archer wore over her magnificent head of hair, which was dressed high, a pressed crape affair made on wire, trimmed with satin piping cord and a wreath of lilacs. Pearl ornaments and her husband's miniature on ivory in a gold setting, depended from a gold chain, and gloves trimmed with swan's down, a fan and embroidered handkerchief completed the costume.

Miss Minot was dressed in brown silk, rich jewelry, and an embroidered lace collar and cap.

The company began to assemble by seven o'clock—all were there by eight. The ladies presented a gay appearance in their various hued or white dresses, bright ribbons and fancy head dresses. The gentlemen were elegant in evening attire; blue coats with bright buttons prevailed, tight pantaloons, white and fancy vests, silk stockings and pumps. Some had shirt frills, but plain bosoms had become the mode, and the white cravats were being superseded by black satin stocks. A few amused themselves with whist, the younger ones danced a cotillon to the music of Miss Minot's guitar, the rest walked about, watched the card players and dancers, or sat in groups enjoying a pleasant chit-chat. At nine o'clock, cake, blanc mange, fruit creams, apples, nuts and grapes, with sherry and champagne, were handed on trays; the gentlemen helped the ladies, everything was easy and pleasant. At eleven the company dispersed, with expressions of delighted satisfaction.

Sunday the company accompanied their hostess to hear Dr. Channing preach. The distinguished divine was then drawing large audiences. His spiritual face, luminous eyes, clear enunciation, and calm but impressive manner struck Mary forcibly, and she always retained a vivid recollection of this remarkable man.

In the afternoon, the ladies declined going out. Mr. Archer, at her request, took Mary to Christ's church. The Harris family had so often spoken of this ancient pile, with its chime of bells, that her curiosity had been excited. The bells pealed most sweetly. The interior, and the service repaid them for their walk. Mrs. Langdon had come in her own sleigh. Wednesday she was to return, and invited Mrs. Archer and Mary to accompany her. The ride was very pleasant, and the travellers reached home greatly pleased with the trip. Mary had much to relate. Henry Mears declared she had become quite a fine lady. Garafelia was duly admired. Mary gave a tea party to introduce her to her mates.

CHAPTER XI.

LOWELL IN ITS INFANCY.

The war of 1812, a large fire and other causes, had brought a general depression of business in the heretofore flour-

ishing seaport. Many families had been reduced from affluence to extremely straightened circumstances, and it was difficult for others in the middle and lower walks of life to gain a subsistence. The sons of these households obtained employment and founded families elsewhere; but the daughters were left in the dull homes with little occupation. The old-time idea that work was degrading was not entirely eradicated, still many young ladies would gladly have availed themselves of an opportunity to devote the time, heavy on their hands, to some remunerative industry. The Lowell mills, the first of which had recently been put in operation, had drawn away quite a surplus of young women, daughters of mechanics and fishermen, but only one or two of their more aristocratic sisters had summoned sufficient courage to bear the ostracism of their set by becoming a factory girl. The opportunity for which many secretly sighed at length came. Wrought lace became the vogue; long veils, both black and white, capes, caps, collars, cuffs and footing for frills. A lady from a neighboring town came to instruct in the art. A class was formed and in a short time one could scarcely enter a house in the more genteel quarters without encountering a lace frame, a slight rectangle, the ends resting on crossed supports, or a young lady busy with the lace frame or hoop in her hand.

The Misses Harris soon had a press of orders for this lace, and it was thought expedient for Miss Maria to relinquish her small school. The family soon went to New York city, where Mr. Harris and his sons obtained business. In a few years Miss Lucy, the young poetess, became distinguished, but her bright literary career was ended by an early death. Beloved and lamented, her name is enrolled among the sweet songsters of America. The spring Miss Mary Minot was ten years old she was transferred to a large private school taught by a widow and her two daughters. Mrs. Haze presided over the primary department, small boys and girls. Miss Haze, a recent graduate from the Acacemy, had charge of about thirty misses and young ladies, some nearly as old as herself. Mrs. Haze took the care of the plain sewing. The youngest daughter, Miss Martha Ann, taught fancy work, drawing, and painting in water colors.

It was with some sleight trepidation that Mary made her debut at this school, which was noted for its high grade of instruction and strict discipline. Mrs. Haze occupied a large three story house, the two upper rooms of which were devoted to the school; the drawing and painting classes being accommodated in a chamber beneath. Miss Haze gave her new pupil a cordial reception, and seated her at a desk between two of her acquaintances, where she entered upon a higher class of studies than had been taught by Miss Harris. Geography, Grammar, History of the United States and Colburn's Arithmetic, which had just been introduced in the schools. Mary was one of the youngest in the class, but in geography and history she sustained a high rank. Grammar—the old fashioned Murray's—gave her more trouble; the other exercises, composition, even ciphering was not found to be so difficult; her one bug-bear was Colburn's arithmetic. In vain Henry Mears,

who went through it in a fortnight for pastime, elucidated and explained, until both were weary. Though dull in mathematics, her improvement in drawlng gave both astonishment and delight to her teacher. The atmosphere with which Mary was surrounded was well calculated to develope her ideas. Miss Haze, a thorough teacher, insisted upon a perfect understanding of every study; and the association with the older classes engaged with the higher branches and the languages, gave a new turn to her thoughts. Mrs. Haze, a schoolmistress of the old regime, bore the sceptre over her realm with all the old time acerbity, and she was a little too fond of interfering with her daughter's departments. The young ladies ill brooked her meddling. Her annihilating looks, sharp tones and tremendous thimble raps, without promoting order, engendered ridicule. The tattoo she beat on the window panes if a scholar loitered after the summoning bell had rung, was a wonder. How she managed without cracking the glass was a mystery.

The only child of William Archer, esq., Miss Mary Minot, was somewhat privileged, but it was in trembling awe that her seams were presented for the dame's inspection, though if commendation was expressed she was certain it was deserved. She also found her an excellent art critic. Every drawing was subjected to her criticism, and corrected, until the lady's true eye could see no defect,

While Mary was thus advancing in improving knowledge, she was gaining some worldly wisdom, which could not be counted as valuable, though it is common to this world, the tares amongst the wheat. Accustomed to every convenience and luxury, dressed in good taste, and rather richer than most of her companions, she had thought little of fashion and display. Now a new phase was presented; all the nonsensical frivolity and chit-chat common to such a school, show, vanity, parade and gossip, seasoned with a great talk of beaux, prevailed. Henry Mears was pronounced splendid, and in a short time, from looks, whispers and inuendoes among the older girls, Mary ascertained that Miss Blake's will and her connection with Guy was more generally known than she had supposed. Her vexation was so evidently aroused by any allusion to that small gentleman, that unless one specially meant to tease, his name was seldom heard.

Mrs. Langdon, feeling that her son had attained an age when other instruction than her own was desirable, placed him under the care of a gentleman famed as an instructor. His large private school was always crowded with youth from the best families in the town and its environs. It was soon found that Guy's frail constitution could not bear the confinement that was slowly but surely undermining his health, and he was again thrown upon his own resources and his mother's care. Deacon Blake shook his head and said "I telled ye so, marm. He was't born anything, and never will be anything."

"La, Sir, don't be too hard on the lad," his wife replied. "He's young yet, and somehow he has contrived to pick up a wonderful sight of knowledge. You ought to hear him talk about them big books he reads. I declare, he surprises me sometimes."

"Yes," upspoke Nancy, "He knows more now asleep than you ever did awake, Deacon, and if both ye'r lives are spared you'll see the day when ye'll be proud of your grandson,—then he'll be a Blake. Oh, yes, a Blake to the backbone." Mrs. Blake commanded silence. "Keep your place, Nancy, she order ed, a command that drew forth divers grimaces and chuckles, as the maiden disappeared into the outer kitchen, where, with great importance she informed Josiah that "she knowd what she did know, and that Guy would make the world stick its eyes out yet, spite of that old curmudgeon's prognostications."

In the summer vacation Mary accompanied her parents to Lowell. This place had sprung up as if by magic within a few years. The Archers stopped at a hotel kept by a former townsman, in a beautiful location at Belvidere. The next morning they visited the factories. Only those of the Merrimac corporation were running, though others were in progress of construction. A large part of what is now the central portion of the city, was a chaos of brick and mortar. At first the din was so confusing on entering a factory, that the eye refused to take in details, but after becoming somewhat accustomed to the noise, the examination of the machinery was most interesting. Among the weavers, to their surprise, they found an old acquaintance, Betsy Dorkum. The girl expressed great delight at the meeting. "Well," she said to Mary, "You see I've got beyond Meridith Bridge. I mean to get down to your place and see the sea, sometime, but I must earn money first. Sir and Marm are getting along in years, they've brought up a big family, the farm don't bring in much, we have enough to eat, but money is scarce, the buildings are old, and I am going to earn enough to repair them so they will be comfortable, the first thing." Mrs. Archer had overheard what Betsy had said, and told her "she was a good girl, she hoped her parents would prize her properly." "Oh, I am no better than others. That is my room-mate over there, she is paying off a mortgage on her father's place, and she wasn't brought up to work as I have been; her father is a lawyer, but lost his money endorsing for a friend. There is another," Betsy added, pointing to a slight lady-like girl, "just out of the academy, she is fitted to teach, but can earn faster in the mill, she is going to help her brother through college." Mrs. Archer was touched, and with a feeling of respect gazed around at these operatives, most of them New England girls, and for the first time the dignity of labor impressed itself upon the fine lady.

In the afternoon they visited the falls, and drove over to the "Acre," a collection of turf huts, thrown up for the shelter of the Irish laborers, who thronged to a place where their work was so much needed and so eagerly sought. On their return they stopped to see the hands come out of the mill. As the bell struck, the heavy wooden gates swung open and the crowd poured forth. Betsy Dorkum came up to the carriage, and finding that Mr. and Mrs. Archer were to call on friends near by, she begged that Mary might go with her to her boarding house. Permission having been granted, the two hastened away. A short walk brought them to a row of corporation houses.

Betsy ran up the steps of the second tenement; opening the front door, she led the way through a narrow hall, up a flight of winding stairs, and ushered Mary into a good sized chamber prettily furnished. The tea bell had rung; hastily donning a clean gown, she took Mary to the supper table, around which were a dozen girls. The table was neatly spread with wholesome food; the mistress of the house presided at the tea tray, and everything was comfortable and home-like. The meal over, some went out, others to their chambers, but the majority repaired to the parlor. It was a warm evening; two or three seated themselves at the open window, the others gathered round the lamp on the centre table, reading or sewing; several were doing fancy work, all seemed happy and contented, and though a long day of toil had been passed, no complaint of fatigue was heard. The general air of good breeding and the high tone of thought shown in the conversation impressed Mary forcibly. From the first she had seen Betsy Dorkum's improvement, both in manner and speech, and she bade the circle adieu with feelings of regard, truly honoring the Lowell factory girl. After her return home, her glowing description induced two or three misses to exchange penniless indolence for substantial comfort and personal independence, thus becoming of use in the world, and a help to aged parents.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAURELS.

The nomination of Andrew Jackson for President brought an active canvass, and party feeling ran high; there was much excitement and some animosity. The class of New England Society among whom the Archers ranked were nearly all Federalists, only a small minority could be counted among the opponents.

Deacon Blake was a violent democrat, as stiff in his political as in his religious creed. Guy, an absolute devourer of books, was particularly fond of history, and young as he was had become well versed in the leading events of the Revolution, and the last war with England. The hero of New Orleans was a special favorite. For the first time the Deacon and his grandson had a subject of mutual interest. Every evening Guy would go over to his grandfather's to read the paper and talk politics with the old gentleman. Often the conversation diverged to other themes, recollections of his boyhood and youth, tales of his father and grandfather. The Deacon was a good story teller. Many an old-time description and legend was thus stored in the lad's memory, with a perfect knowledge of the life of a previous age.

"Hurrah for Jackson!" had become the popular cry, heard on all sides; large boys and small boys shouted it forth, as they rushed to and from school, snapping wooden castanets between their fingers; even the girls caught it up and added to the din.

Deacon Blake, having business out of town, had occasion to rise earlier than usual. Mrs. Langdon had gone to Bos-

ton, Guy was at his grandfather's, and he promised to call the old gentleman, which he did by bursting into his chamber in the early dawn, shouting "Hurrah for Jackson!" The Deacon was immensely tickled; chuckling with delight, he put on his clothes, declaring the while, "that he wouldn't have believed there was so much spunk in the boy." That night, on his return, he brought Guy a handsomely bound History of the United States. The lad was much pleased, and henceforth a better understanding was maintained between the two, which was a source of congratulation to Mrs. Blake and her daughter. Nancy grimaced, nodded and squinted, hoping "that some folks would live to see what they'd see." After this oracular annunciation she would purse up her lips, shake her head, and mutter, "mums the word,—yes, yes, he, he, he."

Mary, to her parents' consternation and Henry Mears's contempt and ridicule, espoused Guy's political sentiments. "Yes, she liked Gen. Jackson for giving the British such a drubbing. She should hurrah for Jackson, too."

Her mother wondered at her taste, but Mary was not ashamed of her company, "she believed there had been one or two educated and well-bred democrats in the country."

Mr. Archer laughed, and told his wife "she was no match for Mary," a response that roused that lady's ire. "She hoped her husband would not become recreant to his party."

"Faith," he replied, "if I did, as Mary has said, I need not be ashamed of my company."

Mrs. Archer looked still more indignant, and returned, "he was setting Henry a bad example." Mr. Archer smiled a peculiar smile, and told his wife "he hoped she would continue to talk politics, he hadn't seen her look so handsome for many a day. No fear for Henry so long as he was under her influence, but Mary must 'gang her ain gate."

Mary and Guy were jubilant over their favorite's election. The Deacon cut a tall tree for a flag-staff, his grandmother made a flag, which Guy flung to the breeze at the hour when the new president took his oath of office at Washington.

The election of a representative to congress brought another great excitement. The Federalist candidate a favorite son of the town, was repeatedly defeated. "Cast down but not destroyed," his friends rallied with a zeal not to be overcome. After a mighty effort he was triumphantly elected amidst the wildest enthusiasm. Couriers on reeking horses at break-neck speed, brought the returns of votes from nearer and more remote places. The town hall and its surroundings were crowded by an expectant throng. When success was declared, triumphant shouts shook the building, which were caught up and reiterated by those outside. The news spread to north end and south end, huzzas rang forth in all quarters. The candidate elect, having thanked his friends for their firm adherence through trial and discouragement, was escorted to a coach. In a twinkling, at a word from a zealous supporter, the horses were unhitched and their places supplied by enthusiastic friends. Preceded by drum and fife, playing "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," and followed by the

cheering multitude, he was borne to his home. Thus was given to the country one of her greatest jurists and statesmen,—one who achieved a world-wide reputation and renown, while his memory will ever be held in esteem and reverence. In this contest Guy remained true to his party, while Mary was devoted to the opposition candidate. Mrs. Haze, at the solicitation of friends, desirous that their children should have the advantage of her daughter's instruction, had been induced to relinquish her department and take boarders. At this time there were some half dozen misses from abroad boarding in the family.

A few streets distant was located another noted school, taught by the Misses Martin, two highly educated and accomplished ladies. Several causes had induced a rivalry between these seminaries of learning. The pupils of each had become active partisans, using every exertion for the pre-eminence of their favorite seminary.

In studies there was much equality, though Miss Haze was the best linguist. The "tug of war" came in the painting and fancy work.

Painting in water colors on wood and white velvet was fashionable. Work-stands and boxes of curled maple were thus ornamented. The velvet painting comprised not only pictures, but an amount of knick-knackery, needlebooks, pincushions, and other elegant articles. Bead work was the rage, necklaces, chains, bracelets, bags and purses, were wrought with great skill and beauty. The scholars in both schools outvied each other in their exertions to excel in these matters. Patterns were eagerly sought, and much ingenuity and latent talent developed. The first of May was not the holiday it is now, but if the season permitted the boys and girls went Maying in the morning. One memorable May day the scholars of the Misses Martin celebrated the occasion by a walk in the afternoon to the Rocks. This was a rocky pasture bordering on the river, above the shipyards, famous for trailing arbutus. Two and two, luncheon basket in hand, preceded by their teachers, they made a goodly show, and such was the dearth of incident in the monotonous town, that the slight event became the topic of gossip for several days. One or two young gentlemen having joined the procession on its return, the teachers were subjected to severe animadversion from some of the more prudish. "Bad enough to go galivanting about, instead of minding their schooling, but to have beaux, right in broad daylight—it was shameful, they never should have thought it of the Miss Martins, and they professors."

"Going after that pizen stuff, too, arbuttas! Why, it's nothing in the varsal world but kill lambs." "They made a fine show, though, it was a good advertisement. Wonder what Mrs. Haze said?" "Oh, she is too grand to say anything, but there will be some sort of a come-off at her establishment. Neith-she nor her tribe, will be outdone by the Martins!"

This was true of her "tribe," and for the nonce Madam was pleased to be propititious.

Above the "Rocks," further up the river, was a grove celebrated for a profuse growth of mountain laurel. Thither it was decided to go in June when the flowers were in bloom. "It was too

long a walk, what could be done?" One of the boarders, a Boston girl, had been to a picnic where the company rode in carriages. It was decided to wait upon the agent of the "Eastern Stage Company," and ascertain if he would furnish three or four stage coaches. Great pains were taken to keep the whole affair secret, but somehow it became generally known, and the three young ladies that had been delegated to secure the carriages were greatly provoked on their return from a successful negotiation with with the agent' at being accosted by one of the "Martinites" with the inquiry, "If they had secured the coaches for their funeral?"

The one livery stable not possessing more than two or three hacks, stage coaches were generally hired in addition on these mournful occasions.

The treat next came under consideration. Each scholar was expected to provide her quota of goodies, and a sum was contributed for the purchase of fruits and confectionery.

Invited guests was the final topic for discussion. Several out of the school were ready to assist in bearing the expense for the pleasure of the ride. "Could not some of the brothers go?" They could ride on the outside, and they would be handy in building the fire, bringing water, etc."

Mrs. Haze, who was generalissimo in this, as in all else pertaining to the establishment, looked grave over the request. The keen black eyes behind the glittering glasses eyed the petitioners full five minutes before gracious permission was given.

"Henry Mears will go, of course," said one of the committee to Mary. "Won't you invite that young millionaire of yours?"

"I do not count such a person among my belongings," the girl disdainfully replied.

One of the boarders, Emma Irwin, was the miss that had been attracted to Guy at the "Fiftieth Anniversary." She had retained her predilection for the lad. On hearing Mary's scornful retort, she determined, if it was in her power, he should be at the picnic. Knowing that Mrs. Langdon often came to the post office on the arrival of the mail, under the pretext of purchasing beads Miss Emma obtained permission to go to State street that afternoon, where she had the good luck to meet the lady of whom she was in quest. With Mrs. Haze's compliments the invitation was given for herself and Guy. "Now do say yes, Mrs. Langdon, and permit me to add a word in confidence," continued the artful minx, "let this be a secret between us, but could you come round in your barouche and take up Mrs. Haze? it makes her sick to ride in a coach. "This I knew would be a clincher," she explained to her chum, Annie Ross, as she related the scene upon her return.

Mrs. Langdon had at once favored the idea, but as Emma had foreseen, her request brought an instant acceptance. "Yes, she might assure her friends, Mrs. and the Misses Haze, that she would join the party and bring Guy." Praising Emma for her kind consideration, praise which that young lady received with a slight twinge of conscience, she bade her adieu with a promise of punctuality.

Mrs. Haze was both proud and pleased on learning that Mrs. Langdon and

Guy would join the excursion, and the courtesy to herself was duly appreciated. "So no harm is done if I have manœuvred," Emma declared to her friend Annie, "and I was determined to get the come-uppance of that scornful Mary Archer. She needn't turn up her nose at Guy Langdon, he's worth a dozen Henry Mears, if he is younger, and still and queer."

The important Wednesday dawned clear and delightful. At two o'clock the stages rattled up to Mrs. Haze's door. They were soon crowded with the bright faced joyous throng, the masculine portion enlivening the outside. Mrs. Langdon was prompt. Mrs. Haze was handed to her seat, and the carriage was filled with some of the younger children, Guy mounting a coach box. Mr. Archer's and several other carriages were in attendance. It was a pleasant show when the line of vehicles moved slowly forward.

The route lay through the upper part of the town, and the procession attracted much notice. Nods and smiles were exchanged on all sides. The Ferry road reached, the beauty of the country in its fresh June loveliness was most enjoyable. After a pleasant ride of two miles the carriages drew up at a farm house, where the company alighted. Luncheon baskets in hand, they took up their line of march through field and pasture to the laurel ground, a pine grove on a high hill bordering the river. The flowers were in their prime, one mass of beauty. A swing having been attached to one of the large trees, swinging and various games enlivened the afternoon. Groups roamed through the woods, collecting geological and botanical specimens, tracking the line of the "Devil's wheelbarrow," a curious rut grooved in a ledge, extending for some distance along the bank of the river. Miss Mary Minot and a few others drew sketches. At five o'clock preparations began for the repast. A suitable place among the rocks having been selected, Henry Mears and some of the other lads brought dry branches, and soon a bright fire was crackling and curling around the tea kettle. This fire was lighted by the aid of a tinder box, which Mrs. Haze had brought. Friction matches did not come into use till a few years later.

Table cloths having been spread on the grass, the elder misses arranged the viands, tea and coffee ready supper was served, its primitive fashion, causing a deal of fun and merriment. As the sun was sinking behind the hills it was declared time to think of home. While some packed the baskets, or gathered huge bunches of laurel, others walked down to the river to enjoy the magnificent view.

Amid clouds of ruby, amethyst and amber, the god of day disappeared, bathing in his parting radiance the line of hills on the farther shore, dotted by distant farm buildings, rendering gorgeous the hamlet at "Pleasant Valley" and the village opposite at the "Point," which was reflected, fairy-like, in the glassy stream, roseate in the sunset.

Miss Emma Irwin, having manœuvred to get Guy to the picnic, had continued her game through the afternoon, contriving to keep him by her side till after supper, when he strolled up the river's bank and seated himself upon a high crag. His mother having completed her preparations for return, sent

Mary to summon him. The lad was so absorbed that he paid no heed to the call; it was not till she stood beside him that he was aware of her presence. Rising, he took her hand in his; for a moment side by side they stood silently scanning the glorious scene. Suddenly Mary exclaimed, "Guy, did ever you feel as though you had lived a life before this?" Without waiting for a reply, with that dreamy look, the lad so well remembered, she continued, "Yes, yes, it comes to me, I see it, the river, the arched bridge, the square, massive tower, long lines of palaces and churches, the purple hills all gorgeous in the sunset. Yes," she slowly added, "I see it all, the heavy coach, the fat, lazy horses, the liveried coachman, Mamma, old Lorenzo,—and Papa—yes—it was Papa." Such a strange expression, such an unearthly look came into the girl's face that Guy could not refrain a cry of surprise and fear. Slowly she turned towards him, gradually the color came back to cheeks and lips, the eyes lost their far-seeing intensity. "Guy, what have I said?" she affrightedly whispered, hurriedly adding, "keep my secret!" she sprang down the cliff to meet her father, who had come to hasten their departure.

Mr. Archer hurried forward, leaving Mary and Guy to follow, Emma Irwin lingered on the brow of the hill, evidently waiting for Guy. Henry Mears stood near ready to escort Mary. As the pair came up to them, Guy, his face gleaming with fun, glanced from one to the other, then seizing Mary's hand, in a twinkling they were racing at a break-neck speed down the hill. Emma Irwin and Henry gazed after them in speechless amazement. As they stopped, laughing and breathless, at its foot, Miss Emma broke the silence with the exclamation of "Good gracious! who ever saw such a boy? You never know what he will do next!" Henry Mears stood biting his lip, with a discomforted expression on his handsome face. "That is true, Miss Irwin," he replied taking her basket and escorting her down the steep declivity, slippery with its carpet of dead pine, mentally adding, "Confound the chap! he is as sly as a fox and deep as a mine."

Seeing them approach, Guy and Mary stopped till Emma and Henry joined them, but Miss Emma deigned little notice, continuing the flirtation she had commenced with Henry, until they joined the company. The carriages having been decorated with branches of laurel, were quickly filled. Guy was on the coach box, Mary inside on the seat back to the horses; the long, narrow window above was open; the excitement respecting the election of the congressional representative was at its height. Guy from his seat overheard Mary propose three cheers for her favorite. The sly fun again flashed into his face as he whispered to the driver. With a nod of acquiesence Jehu turned, and with the gravest face, in tones of alarm he shouted, "Avast there, the horses will run and break every one of y'er blessed necks."

Abashed, Mary sank back on her seat, but looking up she caught a glimpse of Guy's face as he exchanged a look with the driver. Comprehending the situation she determined on revenge in the future.

After a pleasant ride in the lovely

gloaming the party arrived at home in safety, every one, both old and young, declaring they had spent a most delightful afternoon.

Mary treasured in memory that little incident on the coach, and when the time of triumph came took her revenge. Not till years after, when Guy was as ready to acknowledge the great man's superiority as herself, did Mary cease her provoking banter.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE REVIVAL.

About this time a great religious awakening commenced throughout New England. Dr. Lyman Beecher had created a deep interest and built up a large society in Boston. His sermons and eccentricities became the general theme of conversation throughout the community. In lieu of "Hurra for Jackson" the streets resounded with the cries of boys shouting from one to another, "Who you looking at?" "Dr. Beecher." How this came to be a bye-word and a favorite accompaniment to the wooden clappers, I have never ascertained. Religious services of several days' duration were inaugurated in the evangelical churches. At first—as these exercises usually continued four days in succession—they were termed "Four Days' Meetings,"—but as the interest and excitement increased and a longer period was allotted, they bore the more appropriate term of "Protracted Meetings."

The old conservative seaport was not quick to catch the prevailing agitation.

Prior to this an interest in missions had been awakened by Dr. Elias Cornelius, who delivered a series of lectures in the town and vicinity. These were illustrated by a display of idols, the gods of the heathen worship. By his energy and eloquence great enthusiasm was aroused, and munificent donations were given to aid the cause. A mission established among the Cherokee Indians created quite a stir in some circles. This tribe had not then left their hunting grounds at the South, and a band of missionaries were sent to induct them into the Christian religion and the arts of civilized life. Among these was a relative of the Archers. Thus the subject was brought more intimately into the family. Mrs. Col. Archer, with her usual bustling activity, collected funds, bedding and clothing for the mission. Her husband followed his wife's lead, supplied what others did not give, packed her boxes and wrote her letters. Grandpa Archer, though he could not be stirred to much enthusiasm, aided liberally, as also did his son William, both declaring "this was all nonsense. Indians would be Indians to the end of the chapter." Mary opined that "Papa did not wish any change, she thought he would rather turn Indian himself. It would be fun to live in a wigwam, and go hunting and fishing, with no horrid 'Colburn's Arithmetic' to worry over, only to pound corn and embroider deer skin moccasins with porcupine quills. She did not see that it was such a bad thing to be an Indian girl."

"Not a bad thing to be a heathen," her aunt Fanny exclaimed in horror.

"The Indians worship the Great Spirit, and if they do their duty, according to their knowledge, no more can be expected. You do not believe that God would punish them for not doing what they never knew?" she asked.

"Mary, we are commanded to go into the world and preach the gospel to every creature. I would go myself if it wasn't for my family," her aunt replied with some acrimony.

"I am sure I am ready to help all I can, aunt," Mary pleasantly returned, and though she disliked plain sewing, her fingers sped even faster than her cousin's. Such zeal did she manifest that Mrs. Archer vouchsafed warm praise, declaring, "that many of her faults were owing to her training by that high life, rollicking father, and indolent, ladyfied mother. The indolent, ladyfied mother, like Festus, "cared for none of these things." Mrs. Langdon's purse, as usual, was open to the cause, but her father coincided with his neighbor Archer. "The red man was made for his place. Probably a descendant from one of the lost tribes, it was decreed that he should lead the life of a son of of the forest, and what God foreknow that he did predestinate, it was useless to change His decrees."

At length the wife of the pastor of one of the most prominent congregational societies, on her return from a visit to Boston, persuaded her husband to make arrangements for a Four Days' Meeting. Invitations were given to the clergyman of the town and vicinity, and two or three distinguished divines came from abroad.

The Meeting was a perfect success. Great interest was manifested, many inquirers came forward, the anxious seats were crowded, several became converts, and a large accession was made to the church. Seeing what had been done, the other societies determined upon a series of meetings, which were held at their respective houses of worship.

At intervals during the year, for days, the town presented a Sabbatical aspect. The peal of the summoning bell fell on the ear, the streets were filled with citizens, in their Sunday garb, hastening with somebre faces to the house of God. Various clergymen took part in these exercises. Everywhere the chief topic of conversation turned upon the merits of the different speakers, the sermons and exhortations, who, and how many had come forward for prayers, or who were numbered among the converted. As time passed the excitement increased, the anxious became numerous, and large numbers were admitted to church membesrhip.

The usual social life was entirely changed. A few ladies might take tea together in the intermission between afternoon and evening service, or a select few invited to meet some of the stranger clergymen at dinner or supper at the residence of a minister, deacon, or some of the more wealthy and devoted of the church, but the usual winter evening balls, parties and sleigh-rides were entirely set aside.

The First Church, that established by the Puritan sires, though it had never made any alteration in its creed from its first establishment in 1726, at the separation of the primitive churches into the stricter and more liberal divisions, had espoused the American side. Then it ranked among the first Unitarian socie-

ties in the country. With a large congregation mostly composed of what might be termed the elite of the town, it had kept the even tenor of its way for years under the teachings of its gifted and now venerable pastor. This and the Episcopal Society at St. Paul's, both of like social status, for a time remained undisturbed by the prevailing commotion. "They had no sympathy with this forcing system, and disapproved of the whole thing." However conservative the elders, the youthful portion of these flocks could not fail to become more or less influenced by the general excitement. The old currents were beginning to take new channels, a new dispensation had come, and a more questioning and vivid interest in spiritual and ecclesiastical matters was apparent. From the first, Col. Archer and his wife had been zealous workers in the cause. Their daughter Fanny, though so young, her mother pronounced hopefully converted. The lady was extremely solicitous for the souls of her relatives and friends, Mary and Guy being special objects of concern. Mrs. Langdon, though a church member, she considered lukewarm. She was too much imbued with the Unitarianism of her husband's Boston relatives. As for brother William and sister Mary, she did not believe anything short of the last trump would rouse them from their comfortable apathy. It was her duty to save the children, if possible. To this end she instituted a series of measures, which effected just the opposite result from what she designed. Instead of becoming solemnly impressed, Mary was excessively diverted. The queer experiences she often heard drew forth her full power of ridicule and mimicry, and the caricatures she sketched of both ministers and people were particularly ludicrous. Guy, after attending a few meetings, with expressions of ennui, turned to the big books he was so fond of poring over.

Greatly to Mrs. Archer's disgust, Deacon Blake was as apathetic as his grandson. "Sunday services and the monthly Thursday afternoon lecture, preparatory to the coming Sunday's communion, had sufficed for the splritual food of the community thus far, and he saw no necessity for a change. He did not believe in making fanatics, exciting people's fears and imagination. Half of the so-called converts did not know what they were doing. After the flurry had passed half of their boasted communicants would be numbered among backsliders. They would have to endorse the Methodist doctrine of falling from grace, or keep a lax church discipline."

The parish church, where Deacon Blake had so long presided, one of the largest and handsomest specimens of the old New England ecclesiastical architecture, a few years previous, on a cold and stormy night, had been burned. How any one could have been sufficiently evil disposed to fire the building it is difficult to imagine, but thus it was, and a smaller modern structure now occupied the site of the ancient fane. The "deacon's seat" had become a thing of the past, and it was true, as Nancy averred, "that Sir had never held up his head with his old dignity in that narrow slip of a pew in the new meeten' us."

The old pastor had been gathered to his fathers, a young man had taken his place. New men and new measures

had sprung up with the new meeting house and minister. Though pastor and people paid due deference to their aged servitor, the Deacon could not but feel that his old-time importance had in a measure become superseded now in this rush and swirl,—he saw himself fairly submerged in the whirl-pool circling around him.

Grandpa Archer caused his daughter-in-law as much disquiet as Dea. Blake. Having accompanied his family to a few of the meetings, he excused himself from further attendance. "He was too old to begin new fashions. If all this flurry did any good he should be as thankful as any one." Meantime the old gentleman withdrew moreinto the solitude of his library or busied himself with the affairs of his farm.

Grandma Archer, on the contrary, was deeply interested. She liked excitement and bustle, and when Mrs. Fanny proposed a protracted meeting in their parish she eagerly seconded the idea, which having been presented to the pastor and people, it was unanimously voted that one should be held.

Evening services had been of rare occurrence. The old meeting-house had been lighted with candles in candlesticks on the pulpit and in tin sconces hung round the walls. The new house had never been opened of an evening. Oil had now superseded candles. Lamps must be purchased for the edifice. A contribution was taken to that end. Mrs. Langdon presented the central chandelier, and Mr. William Archer quite mollified Mrs. Fanny by the gift of a hanging lamp to light the pulpit. Invitations were sent to several distinguished clergymen in Boston and elsewhere. For a week the whole parish was in a ferment of preparation. The church dignitaries outvied each other in these exertions, with the exception of Deacon Blake. "His daughter could entertain and her mother would help, but he was too old and stiff to take part. New customs, new men, he would not be missed."

For a wonder Nancy coincided in this opinion. "Sir had better keep quiet, and Guy must come and stay at his Grandsir's through the te-rally. "He wouldn't like to face all them ministers and pious folks, asking 'what was the state of his mind?' 'If he knowed that boys as young as he did die, and where he sposed he should go if he did?' He couldn't tell 'em as she did Miss Archer, that it was none of her business. She had better look arter the beam in her own eye afore she sarched out the mote in her neighbors."

The Deacon said Nancy was right. "Guy was sensitive and bashful, though he would give him the credit of having kept wonderfully cool all through this business."

"That's on account of his Armenian blood. You know he is a Langdon all over," Nancy provokingly returned, her puckered up face and witch-like eyes one twinkle of exultation. "She'd wound Sir up."

Guy cheerfully acquiesced in Nancy's arrangement, and his mother rejoiced at an opportunity that would draw the boy nearer to his grandfather.

The morniug of the first day of the meeting, a fine April day, brought many of the expected clergymen, and a good congregation; this was increased in the afternoon, and in the evening the house

was crowded. The choir had been reenforced by singers from town, the oil lamps burned well and were duly admired. Deacon Blake had been obliged to succumb to the wishes of others—a rare thing for the self-willed man. His daughter had several of his old friends both clergymen and laymen, to dine, They called in a body on the Deacon, and common politeness required his accompanying them to the afternoon service, but his rheumatism was a sufficient excuse for his non-attendance in the evening.

Guy had settled himself beside his grandfather with the newspaper, when Mary, her curls tossing, eyes sparkling and cheeks glowing, burst into the room, exclaiming, "Guy, you are wanted. You must come to meeting. I've been over to the meeting-house and the lamps are brilliant. Papa's is a beauty. Come," she urged, seizing his hand, "it's fun! The converts will tell their experience, and Mrs. Lamson will be sure to speak, and she is queer. The last time I heard she she said she had left off praying for her unbelieving husband. You couldn't make him hold to the Trinity, and he wan't a Uritarin, a Uriversalist nor nothing." A shade passed over Guy's face. Withdrawing his hand, he looked seriously into the girl's beaming eyes, and firmly replied, "No, Mary, I shall not go, neither will you. Sacred themes are no subjects for jest. Take off your things, we will have a game of checkers." Rising, before Mary had recovered from her astonishment, he had divested her of bonnet and shawl and seated her at the old-fashioned oval lightstand beside his grandfather. The Deacon looked as astounded as Mary. Turning to her, as Guy went for the checker-board, he said in a low tone, while a peculiar smile played round the corners of his stern mouth, "Mary, for once you are conquered; that boy is a riddle."

Mary passed her hands over her eyes, brushed back her curls, drew a long breath, and asked Guy, as she placed her men, "What he supposed aunt Fanny would say?"

"That nothing better could be expected of us, with the example of such a degenerate church officer as Deacon Blake."

The Deacon laughed, said "his shoulders were broad, he could bear blame for three."

Nancy grimaced and chuckled. After the game had ended, Guy being as usual the winner, as Mary declared checkers were almost as bad as Colburn's Arithmetic, she invited her to the kitchen, where she had arranged a little treat of cake, nuts and apples, but before summoning Guy, the girl was obliged to submit to her banter. "A ninny, our boy's a ninny, is he?" After a long internal chuckle, she added, "Didn't he do that thing neat? Why, when Guy sets up his Ebenezer, you can't say your soul's your own. You needn't set yourself up to say you won't marry him when your growd up, for you will sartin' sure, if he wills it, but he don't mean to marry you, Mollie," she added with an artful leer."

"How do you know, Nancy?" Mary asked.

"'Caus he telled me," she replied with a grimance. He said Miss Emma Irwin was his fate. Te he he."

Mary laughed, a ringing laugh of glee,

but there was a serious, searching look in her eyes, as Guy counted the seeds of his apple, which she had named Emma Irwin.

The first day of the meeting Grandpa Archer declared himself too ill to go out. His wife said, "it was nothing but hypo," but he could not be persuaded to join the family, taking his meals in the library which adjoined the bedroom, and seeing no one excepting two or three old friends who were among the guests.

"I told them," he said, in describing the interview to his son William, "that I believed the 'creed' and the 'catechise,' and had been a church member in regular standing for nigh upon fifty years. I thought that a sufficient record, but that great revivalist, that young jackanapes from Salem, who had smuggled himself in with his worthy father, looked at me, as much as to say, You degenerate old sinner, you are in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity, and with his pert, self-conceited air he told me 'that a man in my conspicuous position ought to strive to aid the present remarkable awakening by his presence and example, if possible. Such men could do a great deal merely by their presence.' He would have said more, but a look from his father silenced him. I wonder it did, for he evidently considers himself much his superior."

Mr. William Archer laughed, and replied "that modesty was not to be reckoned as one of the virtues of this revival. The big guns among the ministers, and most of the converts, were as self assured as Milton's Satan. Each were a perfect Alpha and Omega."

Notwithstanding the coolness of several other prominent parishioners, the "meeting" was entirely satisfactory. Though the "Word," like the seed in the parable of the sower, fell in different soil and brought forth a different harvest, the revival which this service began, brought such marked improvement to several families and individuals, that even Grandpa Archer and Deacon Blake were compelled to acknowledge its beneficial influence.

CHAPTER XIV.

REVELATIONS.

The first of May, Mr. William Archer having been out during the morning, entered his dining room with an unusually thoughtful and serious face. His wife seeing his preoccupied air as he came to the table at dinner, asked what was amiss?

"I really do not know how to answer, Mary," he replied. "You must judge whether we ought to be sorry or glad. Dr. Arnold has concluded to leave the ministry. He has sent a letter of resignation to the parish committee, and will give public notice next Sunday."

Mrs. Archer sank back in her chair, astonishment and grief depicted on her countenance, as she exclaimed, "Why, William, you have taken away my breath. Dr. Arnold resign! Why, what can have induced him to think of such a thing? It cannot be permitted."

"Sad as it will be, I think we shall be obliged to give him up. He is determined. This is no hasty movement,—

the subject has been under consideration for months. He sent me his letter this morning. You can understand what a surprise its contents brought. I took it immediately to the other members of the committee, and then called on several of our prominent men. In a body we waited upon the Doctor. He received us in his study with his usual placid urbanity, but nothing we said shook his resolution one atom. He is old and growing feeble. Affairs have taken such a turn that a younger and more vigorous pastor is necessary. The young people are becoming interested in these revivals, several have been drawn out of the society, something new is needed to arouse and interest. A new era is upon us,—one that needs a young and progressive man to carry out the popular ideas. He has served the congregation for more than forty years, his usefulness is passed, he posseses a competency, there is no impediment to his retiring to private life. He will ever feel like a father to his flock, and will do all in his power to aid in securing a successor qualified for the position."

Mary had come to the table at the commencement of the conversation, which she heard with eager interest. As Mr. Archer ceased speaking she exclaimed, "The Doctor is right, Papa. He shows sense and discernment. Though he is loved and revered by the young people, the present order of things is unsatisfactory. If matters had gone on in the old jog-trot way it would have been well enough, but this stir in the other churches has awakened new feelings. They do not like to be twitted of their "hum-drum old minister," and small, "dead-and-alive" society. It is provoking! I have really wished it was the fashion for Unitarians to hold "protracted meetings."

"You have told the truth, Mary," Mr. Archer replied. "The Doctor is right, we must let him go. If we believe we possess the right doctrine, and preach it in greater purity than our neighbors, it is our duty to inculcate it, not only to our own flock but to the community. It is about time to confute this brimstone preaching. Let people hear something else if for nothing but variety."

"O, Papa," Mary quickly returned, "wouldn't aunt Fanny hold forth if she heard you! Why, she told me there was not a converted soul in our whole church, and that they had to hire Deacons."

"What did you reply?" Mr. Archer smilingly asked.

"I told her I was surprised she should associate with such a set, but I supposed rich sinners were preferable to poor ones," Mary returned in an indignant tone.

"Mary!" her mother exclaimed, "did you say that to your aunt? You must not be rude, if she is provoking."

"She did just right," her father replied with a laugh. "Wind her up, Molly, like Nancy."

Though grieved at the necessity, a majority of the society saw that it was requisite to submit to the wish of their pastor. With the best feelings on all sides his resignation was accepted, and young candididates from the Cambridge Divinity School took his place.

As Dr. Arnold had foreseen, a quickening spirit was aroused, the attendance

was larger, an expectant interest became fully developed.

On a lovely June Sabbath an extremely youthful looking man entered the pulpit. As he rose to commence the service with prayer, standing so quietly before the uprising congregation, until every sound was hushed and every face had assumed a devotional aspect, little did they reck that in that boyish individual they beheld one who was to bring a complete revolution, not only to the society but to the town. One, whose seer-like vision and liberal, joyous spirit, ever seeking for the truth, ever toiling for the good of humanity, would break the barriers of old established usages and rear in their stead new forms, ideas and feelings which should elevate and improve not only those immediately under his influence but their children and children's children, descending through the ages to generations yet unborn. As the clear, silvery accents fell in reverent invocation on the listening throng, they stood in entranced attention. Next, a hymn was read in a manner wholly new. Singing over, came Scripture reading, the familiar words sounding almost strange in those rich tones and that perfect accentuation. The long prayer and singing over, the text was named. The sermon, though not lengthy was explicit, rich in ideas and rhetorical construction, and was delivered with all the power of natural oratory.

If any of the audience expected to enjoy a quiet snooze, or like the English laborer, "put up his legs and think of nothing," they were mistaken. Even the ladies, old and young, though many new bonnets and dresses were displayed on that summer morning, never gave a thought to anything save the eloquent and charming young minister.

A short prayer, and the benediction closed the service, both spoken so appropriately and with such devotion that the assembly filed slowly out of the church, with a quiet reverence wholly new.

"Who is this?" was the universal inquiry, as the people issued from the porch. No one could answer. A throng gathered around Mr. Archer, who was awaiting the young man.

The pulpit at that time was reached by stairs at its back, leading out of the small vestry room in the rear of the church. The minister lingered there while the congregation dispersed.

Mr. Archer could only give his name, Walter Eustice Ford. He had arrived in the evening stage; all his acquaintance had been made that morning in short walk from the "Stage House" to the church. With expressions of delight and admiration the group separated as Mr. Ford came forth.

Arrangements had been made by the committee for the entertainment of the stranger clergymen over Sunday at the "Stage House," but they were invited to dine and take tea by Dr. Arnold, or the parishioners. A number of gentlemen waited with Mr. Archer to claim Mr. Ford's company. He excused himself, wishing for the solitude of his room through the intermission, but he accepted Mr. Archer's invitation to tea.

The superiority of the young candidate drew out a large congregation in the afternoon. The service gave the greatest satisfaction. The highest encomiums were heard on all sides, and a number of ladies and gentlemen called

on the clergyman at Mr. Archer's that evening. Personal acquaintance added to his laurels. Every one was charmed with his genial manner, pleasing address and fine conversational power. His visitors bade him good evening with the most pleasant impression. The ladies declared him a "beauty," and the gentlemen a "fine fellow."

An informal parish meeting convened itself in Mr. Archer's office the next morning. It had been ascertained that the young man was the son of a wealthy Boston merchant, that he had graduated from "Harvard" with high honors, and that he was considered the "bright, particular star" of the divinity school. Of course they must see more of him, have him preach through the month, but the opinion of the assembly was unanimous that he was the "coming man;" that he possessed just the qualities requisite to build up the society, make the proper sensation, and counteract every adverse sentiment.

Mrs. Langdon became so much interested by what she had heard of the new preacher that she and Guy came to hear him the next Sunday. They were greatly pleased. Guy joined Mary in enthusiastic praise.

Amid the various devotional exercises of the period, juvenile prayer meetings had come into vogue. These were held on the half holiday Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and were led by the pastor's wife or some other pious lady. Fanny Archer had given invitations for one of these prayer meetings on the next Wednesday. She and her sister were pupils of Miss Haze, and several of their pupils rode out to Archer Place to attend. Mary had accompanied her cousins on their return home at noon. The school girls arrived sometime prior to the hour set for the meeting, and the conversation turned upon the all-absorbing topic of bead work. Emma Irwin drew from her reticule a bead chain which she was weaving in an elegant device with beads strung on horse hair. As the young lady said she needed hair Mary invited her to go to the stable, where it could be obtained. As they crossed the yard Guy rode up on his pony. With a courtly salutation to Miss Irwin and a familiar nod to Mary, he dismounted. Seeing that the youth was preparing to lead his horse to the stable, Mary in astonishment inquired "If he had come to the prayer meeting?"

"Certainly. Haven't I a soul to save as well as Henry Mears?" he demurely asked.

Henry had been a student at Dummer Academy the past year, and an inmate of the family at Archer Place.

The color mounted to the girl's brow, but she saucily replied, "I don't know. Are you sure you possess such an article?"

Emma turned to Guy with expressions of admiration for the pony. "If that was a lady's saddle I would beg a ride," she said, caressing the beautiful animal.

"Can't you ride on that? Mary will show you how. Jump on Mollie," he said, as he handed her the bridle rein with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes that aroused all the witch in the girl. Mounting the little horse, she sprang upon her feet and caracoled round the yard like a circus rider. Doors and windows were thronged, while exclamations of fear, amazement, admiration and delight resounded on all sides.

Aunt Fanny rushed forth in horror, "demanding, if that was the way to prepare for the sacred duty she had come to perform?"

Having reached the stable door Mary alighted amid the admiring glances of Tom, the ancient groom, and two or three of the farm hands who had witnessed her feat.

Fanny Archer had followed her mother; she and Emma went with one of the boys to procure the hair.

Old Tom inquired if they prayed with horse hair? as he took Guy's pony. Mary gaily told him "not to ask heterodox questions. The young lady was making a most orthodox chain for the missionary box."

Tom laughed, said her "she was a beauty," as she passed in with Guy. The two stepped into the harness room awaiting their companions.

"Who is that girl?" asked one of the hired men, approaching Tom.

"Miss Mary Minot Archer," was the proud rejoinder. "Joseph Dummer's daughter?" he asked.

"No, William's. Joseph Dummer's daughter was drownded with her moth er," Tom replied.

A spasmodic gasp and the paling of her cheek showed Guy that the conversation had been audible to his companion as well as himself. "Let's see," the man returned, "his wife was the Italian Countess. Our oldest girl was born the year they were drowned, and old Miss Archer begged to have her named for the lost little one: her name is Maria Teresa. So this is William's daughter! She resembles her uncle much more than her father. As she pranced up here she was the perfect image of Joseph Dummer in a frolic, when we were boys together in the old schoolhouse.

Mary reeled against the wall and shook like an aspen. Guy approached, but with a mighty effort she recovered sufficiently to rejoin Fanny and Emma as they returned to the house. Somewhat to Guy's astonishment, upon entering the parlor a few moments later, he found her gaily chatting with Henry Mears and a group of his fellow students from the academy. Mrs. Lewis, the pastor's wife, and two other ladies came soon after. At three o'clock the meeting was called to order. Mrs. Lewis opened the exercises with prayer; this was followed by others from the ladies, and Mrs. Archer interspersed with singing, remarks and the recitation of Scripture texts.

Mrs. Lewis was admirably adapted to conduct such a service. Like some, there was no austerity in her mein. Tenderly she led the lambs to the Good Shepherd, and through her influence many were gathered into His fold.

The young ladies and gentlemen remained to tea. The coach came for the town guests soon after, and the Academy students made their adieus early in the evening. Mary was to stop over night, and accompany her cousins to school in the morning. After the house had become quiet she stole into the library, where her grandfather was reading the newspaper. Hearing her step he laid it aside, pushing his glasses up across his forehead he reached forward and placed her on his knee, exclaiming, "Well, Puss, I hope they haven't converted you this afternoon."

"Why, Grandpa, what a wish! Don't

you think you are something of a reprobate?"

"I think these new fangled doings all nonsense. So you have a famous young preacher at your place! Better have kept Dr. Arnold. He was good for ten years longer.

"Perhaps he was, but the world is progressing and we must go with it. You must come and hear Mr. Ford. I know you will like him."

"May be! I may drop in next Sunday," the old gentleman replied, twining his fingers through Mary's curls and giving her a kiss, which she returned. Then in a tone, which, notwithstanding a strenuous effort, was slightly tremulous, she asked, "Grandpa, is my uncle Joseph Dummer still in India?"

"Yes, in Calcutta; business prevents his leaving; he is making money, bids fair to become a millionaire. He has rushed into business as a solace for his grief at the loss of his wife and child."

"I have thought till to-day that my uncle was a bachelor."

"No, he married during his residence in Italy, a native of that country, a lady of rank. They had a daughter, born the same day as yourself. Both were lost on their passage to England, whither they were going, to ship for India to join your uncle. The vessel was wrecked, every soul perished. It was a terrible blow to poor Joe, and time has not mitigate his sorrow as we hoped. He seems to have lost all inclination to come home. I doubt if I ever see him again."

Though Mary turned pale she remained perfectly undemonstrative through this recital. At its close her grandfather put her down. Rising, he went to an old fashioned cabinet and took from a drawer two miniature cases, which he handed to his granddaughter, saying, "there is the likeness of your uncle's wife, and this is that of the child."

For an instant Mary stood motionless,—then her trembling fingers closed over the pictures, and she silently turned to the lamp upon the table. Her grandfather picked up his paper, which had fallen to the floor, leaving the girl to look at the miniatures at her leisure. Placing herself in a position to be screened by his chair, with compressed lips, she undid the clap of the largest case. Without a sound, with bated breath she gazed. Yes, there was the face she had never forgotten,—the face of the mother in heaven. Softly pressing her lips to those on the ivory, she opened the smaller miniature,—the likeness of her baby self,—a bright, black-eyed, curly-haired child of two years. After curiously scanning those infantile liniaments, which she felt must have been a truthful portraiture, she quietly returned the pictures, with thanks, to her grandfather. "The lady was very beautiful, and the baby a bright little thing. They are nice paintings. You almost expect to hear that child speak," he replied, as he took the pictures. "I think that she would have very nearly resembled you. That might pass for your likeness at that age."

"You are complimentary, Grandpa. It is time I was conning to-morrow's lessons." With a good-night kiss Mary left the room. Instead of joining her cousins and Henry Mears, who were engaged with their studies round the dining table, she took a lamp from thence, and stepping into the hall closely inspected

the portrait of Joseph Dummer Archer, which hung between those of his elder and younger brothers, Archibald and William. All three had been painted when in early manhood, and portrayed three very fine looking young men. If there was a choice, Joseph's was the handsomest. Mary felt that the man was right,—that she did more nearly resemble her own than her adopted father. "Poor desolate Papa," she murmured. "Poor, lone, dear Papa!" Though her heart was full of love and pity she entertained no thought of disclosing the secret that had been so unwittingly revealed. Taught by stern menaces from the day of her adoption, to forget her previous life, her one fear had ever been that it should be discovered. Though not exactly understanding how, she knew that by representing their dead daughter she brought wealth to Mr. and Mrs. Archer. Not having the least idea that Mr. William Archer had a suspicion, which after revelations rendered almost a certainty, that she was his brother's child, she felt that at present she must conceal the fact. Her mamma was feeble, she had been a good mother, and could not spare her daughter. Papa William was also dependent upon her,—she could not leave him. Papa Joseph was accustomed to his loneliness, business had become a solace. The truth might be revealed in the future, but for the present nothing should be changed.

The rumble of a carriage broke the stillness, wheels grated on the gravel and stopped. Mary went into the dining room. Henry Mears met her; taking the lamp he opened the hall door, admitting Mr. William Archer. His wife was sick, he had come for Mary. "Hurry," he called to her, as he joined the family in the sitting room, "Mother has headache, no one can bathe her temples and brush her hair like you."

The girl turned to collect her books. As she stepped back into the hall she found Henry awaiting her. "This is too bad, Pet. I hoped to have a quiet chat with you to-night. Through Mrs. Langdon's kindly exertions I have obtained a most desirable situation in Boston. I shall leave here at the close of the present term."

"Oh, Henry, then you have your wish."

"Yes, precisely. I am exactly suited. I will come down Saturday and explain matters."

"O, dear, so the dear old days are all ended," Mary exclaimed in tremulous accents, tears welling in her eyes.

"But, dear, new days are coming, I trust," her companion returned, as he kissed away the drops brimming over on the pretty cheeks. Returning the caress, Mary hurried on her things, and with a hasty good-night the two rode away. The fleet horse sped over the road and they were soon at home.

Mrs. Archer lifted her heavy eyelids as Mary entered her chamber, and faintly expressed her satisfaction at her coming. "Mr. Archer and the maids do as well as they can, but they are not deft like you,"

The girl raised the lady's head and arranged the pillows, bathed her face and brushed her luxuriant hair. Not till midnight, when the pain became sufficiently assuaged to permit sleep, did she cease her efforts, moving round the

couch with the skill and ease of an experienced nurse.

Seeing that his wife was quiet, Mr. Archer remanded Mary to bed. "You are a dear, good child, but we shall see lilies without roses if you sit up longer, which will never do."

"O, Papa, I should be so much the more interesting, but I must tell you about Henry," and she related what she had learned.

Mr. Archer expressed great satisfaction as he kissed his daughter with unusual tenderness and bade her good night.

Though thoroughly weary both in body and mind, before seeking the much needed rest Mary knelt at her bedside and silently prayed for the lone one in India, the dear ones at home, for Henry, and most earnestly for herself, that she might receive Divine light and wisdom as a guide through that future so fearfully dim and portentious.

Guy, though pressed to remain, excused himself from taking tea at Archer Place. His mother not expecting his return, expressed surprise, but receiving no reply, and perceiving that he was in one of his taciturn moods, forbore to question him. After supper he went over to his grandfather's. At that hour Deacon Blake was generally alone in the living room. Instead of crossing the garden and going in at the back door as usual, Guy took the route by the road and passed in at the front entrance. He found the Deacon seated in his arm chair, smoking a pipe. Laying it down he welcomed the lad, and inquired "how he had enjoyed the afternoon?" "The meeting was interesting. Mrs. Lewis understands the method of making such a gathering both pleasant and profitable. She is an excellent pastor's wife," "Guy replied, as he stepped to his grandfather's side. Leaning on the back of his chair, in a low tone he said, "Grandsir, I have a favor to beg,—let it be a secret between us. For some time I have heard rumors and inuendoes respecting your sister Patience Blake's will. I think that I have attained an age when I ought to know the truth. Will you be so good as to let me read the document?"

At the mention of his sister's name the Deacon started. Turning, he gazed seriously into Guy's face for a moment, then without a word he rose, and unlocking his desk he took from it a paper which he handed to his grandson.

Bowing his thanks, the boy placed the lamp on a stand in the corner of the room, and seating himself with his face to the wall, unfolded the will.

His Grandmother bustled in, but seeing that Guy was busy reading, without speaking she quietly withdrew, and softly closing the door, told Nancy "not to go into the foreroom as she believed Guy had come in to see Sir on some business. It's wonderful how much confidence they place in one another. I really believe Mr. Blake has some hopes of his making something."

"Well, I allers telled him he'd see what he'd see," snickered Nancy. "I raly believe he begins to think he has some Blake in him arter all, and he has as sure as fate; he's jest as sot as his grandsir. If he detarmines on a thing it's put through."

"You are right there, Nancy, and thanks to Hannah's good judgment, he is growing stronger," Mrs. Blake replied.

One-half of his sensitive timidity was owing to weak nerves." That's true. I fancy that Fanny Archer has changed her tune, now she finds the ninny is thought so much of. "That Irwin girl is dead in love with him," Nancy returned, snickering. "O, Nancy, you mustn't speak of such things till Guy is older. Emma is still a child," Mrs. Blake exclaimed. "A child is she? How old was you when James Ellis begun to go home with you from singin' schule," the woman asked with a grimace. "Te, he, old folks is apt to forgit. Young folks are about the same in all generations, only fashions differ. I hope Guy and Mary Minot will come together without any fuss, but I'm afeard of that Henry Mears, he's what the gals like, with his insinewating compliments and perlite ways."

"That is so, Nancy. Like you, I should be glad if Guy and Mary could fancy each other. It would save fuss and secure the property to them, but sometimes I think the shoe will be on the other foot,—that Guy will rebel. He is not one to be tied to anything. I think that both he and Mary will say, let the orphans have the money."

"Mr. William Archer will have a word about that, you better believe," Nancy replied with a wise head shake. "I fear he would," Mrs. Blake returned with a sigh, adding, "I wish aunt Patience had not made such a will. I fear it will bring trouble all round."

While the preceding conversation had been held in the kitchen, Guy had slowly read and re-read the will, which he found was of far more weighty import than he had thought. Refolding the paper, for some moments he leaned his head on his hand in deep thought, then rising he gave the document to his grandfather, who returned it to his desk in silence. Not a word was spoken for a time. The Deacon smoked and Guy leaned against the mantel in profound meditation. At length he drew a chair beside his grandfather's; as he seated himself he asked "If Mr. William Archer and his family were in England when the vessel was wrecked in which the wife and child of Joseph Dummer Archer were lost?" "Yes, they had been there three years," the Deacon replied, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "A sea voyage and change of climate was recommended for Mrs. Archer, who it was feared would go into a decline. Through his brother's influence William obtained business in England, where he remained about two years, then he went to France."

"The vessel was stranded on the coast, I believe."

"Yes, it went to pieces, every soul perished. Joseph took his loss terribly to heart. He is getting rich out there in Ingia, but his father thinks that it is this bereavement more than business that keeps him from coming home."

"Very likely! Mary got into one of her glees and rode my pony round the yard, standing as straight as an arrow, before the meeting this afternoon. You ought to have seen her, Grandpa!"

"Rode him standing on his back?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," Guy laughingly returned.

With a hearty laugh the Deacon declared her "a witch."

"Sam Wilkins was there, and he told Tom that she looked just as he had seen Joseph Dummer in a frolic when he was a boy. Does she resemble her uncle?"

"Come to think of it, I believe she does. She is a complete Archer, and she has a Dummer look. Grandma Archer was a Dummer, and sometimes she has altogether a different expression that has struck me forcibly at times, it is so very lovely; I do not know where she gets it,—from the mother's side, probably, though I cannot see as she has a bit of Minot about her,"

"No, Mrs. Archer is a blonde," Guy thoughtfully replied.

Mrs. Blake now came in, and Guy took his leave.

Friday noon at dinner Mr. William Archer remarked, "that he had a new law student."

"Who, Papa," Mary inquired.

"Guy Langdon," he replied with an arch look at Mary.

"Guy! What do you mean, Mr. Archer?" asked his wife.

What I said. Guy Langdon passed most of the forenoon in my office yesterday, and has been there this morning, poring over law books, and young as he is I believe he has mastered more jurisprudence in these two mornings than that great blockhead who is reading with me, has in two months."

"What can have induced Guy to become interested in law?" queried Mr. Archer. "What an odd boy he is. Did you ask him to dinner?"

"Of course I did, both yesterday and to-day. He rode in on his pony and went back in time to dine."

"How singular," Mary exclaimed. "His grandfather pronounced him a riddle, and I coincide with him."

"He has the oldest head for his years of any youth I ever knew," Mr. Archer replied.

"Langdon all over isn't so bad," Mrs. Archer smilingly remarked. "He has considerable of the Deacon's will and oddity, besides, if the old man does not recognize it. I wonder what he will make, with that queer disposition and unique rearing.

"We shall see what we shall see, Mama, as Nancy says," said Mary.

"He's nobody's fool," Mr. Archer exclaimed. "I think he is going to make his mark in the world." "Why did he wish to read the law books, Papa?" asked Mary.

"That is more than I can tell, Mollie. He kept his counsel, and that he can do to perfection. Since early childhood Mrs. Langdon had devoted a few hours each day to Guy's instruction; of late to keep pace with her pupil she had been obliged to study assiduously herself.

The morning after Guy's last visit to Mr. Archer's office he informed his mother, "that though he had acquired considerable knowledge he felt that his education was somewhat desultory. That now he believed his health sufficiently robust to permit his entering the Academy at the commencement of the fall term. Meantime he should like to take a preparatory course from Mr. Lewis. He had spoken to him the previous afternoon respecting this, and the proposal met his approval. Would his mother go with him and arrange the terms?"

Mrs. Langdon, though somewhat surprised, was happy to acquiesce in her son's plan.

Though Guy studied hard through the summer, by care and exercise on his pony he experienced no ill effects. In September he became enrolled among

the students at "Dummer," and Henry Mears entered upon his career as clerk in a large commercial house in Boston.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ORDINATION.

The month's probation of the young candidate for the ministry ended in more than satisfaction. He had created an exultant enthusiasm which not only pervaded the society but affected the whole place. Sunday after Sunday the attendance increased, most of the less desirable pews that for a long time had been empty, became filled. The preacher, his sermons, fine reading and impressive elocution were the general topic of conversation.

At a parish meeting in July a unanimous call to the pastorate was given, and in due time accepted, the ordination being fixed for September.

Grandpa Archer had fulfilled his half promise to Mary, and came to hear Mr. Ford the next Sabbath after their conversation in the library. The old gentleman was completely charmed. The preacher was pronounced perfect, his sentiments met his approval, and the style was beyond praise.

"Why, William," he rapturously exclaimed, "his reading and delivery are like oil, like the pouring of oil, it is like music, the whole service is one grand symphony."

Much to his wife's and daughter-in-law's chagrin, every Sunday morning found him seated in his son's pew. Both indignantly refused his invitation to accompany him, but his son Archibald, under the plea of not liking to trust his father to drive his young horse, went with him frequently, — a proceeding which elicited severe denunciation from his better half on what she pronounced "his sinful subterfuge." Unless his mother was his companion, Guy generally rode into town on Sunday. At Mr. Archer's invitation, after stabling his pony he usually attended both services with the family.

Significant became looks and whispers. All the old women and many younger people of both sexes declared "the thing settled. Well, they would make a handsome couple, it was every way suitable. If the orphans lost the legacy doubtless they would be beneficently remembered."

Mrs. Blake was somewhat worried at the turn affairs had taken, but with her usual diplomacy said nothing to her lord respecting his grandson's delinquency from the true faith till one Sunday morning, when as Guy rode past the Deacon inquired "where he went Sundays. He hasn't been to meeting for a month."

To use the good woman's phrase, her heart came up in her throat, as she hesitatingly answered, "Why, Mary Minot has coaxed him to go with her to hear that famous new preacher at Dr. Arnold's. People are carried away about him. Hannah goes to hear him quite often; she says he's splendid." Mrs. Blake must have been aware that she had uttered a bit of fib respecting the coaxing. She well knew that Mary had been perfectly undemonstrative, that

Guy went of his own free will, acted his own pleasure entirely.

The Deacon smoked in silence awhile, but Mrs. Blake knew by the half-closed eyes and stern lines around the mouth, that thought was busy. At length, laying down his pipe, he rose, saying, "Miss Blake, it is about time for us to start, the bell will soon ring, though I must say it hardly seems like going to meetin' now. I try to enjoy religion, but I do miss the old house, the old ways, and the old doctrine. Everything is changed. I can't blame Hannah much; as for Guy it is natural. He comes of Unitarian stock, and according to all accounts this young divine is very remarkable. So Guy goes to meeting with Mary?"

"Yes, Hannah says they walk up the aisle and Guy puts her into the pew just as if they were an old married couple," Mrs. Blake smilingly replied.

A grim smile stole over the Deacon's bronzed visage, but he vouchsafed no remark.

As Mrs. Blake tied on her bonnet she told Nancy "that the murder was out, and she felt relieved. Sir didn't take it anything as I expected. I believe he's rather pleased than otherwise."

The handmaiden indulged in a series of nods, grimaces and chuckles, then declared, "that times had altered, Mr. Blake was getting made over, she didn't know but he'd turn Socinian Latitudinarian afore he died."

The preparations for the ordinatlon brought quite a stir to the drowsy old town. A committee of ladies renovated the interior of the church, which was thoroughly cleansed, the aisles being scoured to a spotless whiteness (carpets were not laid down till a few years later.) The pulpit cushions were re-covered with red velvet and a handsome red damask curtain was tastefully draped over the arched window at its rear. Invitations were issued to all the neighboring clergymen and church officers.

Mr. Archer gave the note of invitation for Deacon Blake to Guy, who by his grandmother's direction laid it on the "Presbyterian." Though it was read, no remark was made at the time; but the next evening, as Mrs. Langdon was seated with her mother, the Deacon, after smoking in silence for awhile, suddenly laid aside his pipe, and turning to his wife and daughter, startled them with the inquiry, "of whether Marm had things nice enough for this famous ordination?"

"Do you think of going, father?" Mrs. Langdon asked in surprise.

"Yes. It is according to an old fashioned custom, and is no more than good manners to accept the invitation, and I should like Marm to compare with the best. She was a beauty when I married her, and hasn't faded much. If I am an ugly looking old critter I've as handsome a wife as anybody. If a new outfit is needed, get it, Hannah, not begrudging expense. You will find money in the leather pocket book in my desk."

Handing the key to Mrs. Langdon the old gentleman went out, leaving the two ladies staring at one another in blank amazement.

"La, I'm all struck in a heap!"

Mrs. Blake at length found voice to exclaim, "Your Sir, placing his pocket book at my disposal, when I've had to sell eggs on the sly, and manœuvre all sorts of ways to get Sabba' day clothes."

"I am astonished," said Mrs. Langdon. "What do you need, mother?"

"Well, I can't say that I raly need anything. My new cap and bonnet are as handsome as anybody's. I have the mantle you gave me, and a good black silk, but I must say I have coveted a brown silk like Mrs. Archer's. Since your father is so generou-, I've a mind to get it. I've airned it, goodness knows, making all that butter and cheese. Do you think brown too young for me?

"No, indeed, too young, why Grandma Archer is a deal your senior. It will be just the thing, and you must have it now there is such a good opportunity. I will step over and get a piece from her for a pattern. Guy can give it with the money to the driver of the "mail" to-morrow morning. He will bring the silk on his return from Boston. I can get the dress made in time." Unlocking the desk Mrs. Langdon procured the necessary funds. Tying ont her bonnet she went through the fields to Archer Place. Nancy thrust her head in at the door which she held ajar, and screwing her face into the queerest of puckers, asked "If Miss Blake didn't think the millenium nigh at hand?"

The silk came to order. The dressmaker, though hurried, "could not refuse Mrs. Blake on such an occasion."

Though the gown was cut in the latest style the Deacon made no objection. "The skirt was rather short, but Marm had a pooty foot. He 'sposed she must have her sleeves puffed out like all the other wimmen. She had her own curls, and wouldn't have to buy mohair puffs to set out her cap border, and, thanks to Hannah, she had a real diamond to pin it down over her forehead, instead of make-believe paste."

"Fie, Father," Mrs. Langdon replied. I fear you are getting enthralled by the pomp and frivolity of the world."

"When you are in Rome do like the Romans, Hannah. Solomon says there is a time for everything. This ordination is a time for dress, and I never like to do things by halves," the Deacon returned.

Everything was completed in time. Not one among the richly attired dames excelled the Deacon's lady in attire or dignity and elegance of carriage. Grandpa Archer declared, "next to Grandma she was the handsomest woman in the crowd, and he had been long reckoned a connoisseur in female beauty!"

The ordination passed satisfactorily. The day—a balmy autumn one, was all that could be desired. The spacious church was crowded, not only with members of the society and town's people, but many strangers were present. Several distinguished clergymen from Boston and vicinity assisted. The sermon was preached by a grandson of the first pastor, who for forty-one years dispensed the bread of life to the flock gathered in the wilderness by the water side. The music, under the superintendence of two gentlemen noted for ability, was unusually fine. After the service the clergymen and other gentlem, with their ladies, dined at the chief hotel. In the evening a grand reception was held at the residence of Mr. Archer. The distinguished guests, the society and many others, availed themselves of the opportunity to congratulate the new pastor.

Henry Mears had come to attend the ordination, where he acted as usher. His handsome person and pleasing ad-

dress, coupled with the prestige of his Boston clerkship, made him a lion among the bevy of youthful beauties collected that evening. Mary Minot in a white muslin, coral ornaments and scarlet geranium twined among her curls, assisted her mother most becomingly in doing the honors of the mansion. Guy in his undemonstrative, gentlemanly manner, moved quietly round, introducing ladies to Mr. Ford and otherwise rendering himself useful to his hostess and Mary. Emma Irwin vainly strove to attach him to her side;—finding it impossible she began a general flirtation, commencing with the young pastor, whom she glibly informed, "that though herself a rigid Episcopalian she felt impelled to acknowledge his preaching perfectly enchanting.

The Sunday following the ordination the church was full. Several families immediately joined the society, and a number of young men, who became enthusiastic supporters of the new pastor.

The first of October Mr. Ford commenced a course of expository lectures on the gospels, every Thursday evening. This increased the interest in the society and drew many from other denominations. Others, hitherto indifferent to religious matters, became constant attendants.

These evening lectures necessitated better facilities for lighting the building than the antique glass chandelier and tin sconces for candles afforded. Handsome bronze and gilt lamps with a chandelier to match, for the burning of oil, was substituted. Though the lamps were absolutely required, the destruction of the elegant glass chandelier was not demanded. It fell a sacrifice to that spirit of innovation then so rife, contemning everything old fashioned.

The last of October Mr. Ford brought home a bride. This lady, the daughter of a noted clergyman, was every way qualified for the position she had assumed. Lovely both in mind and person, she possessed a peculiar fascination of expression,—a beauty which both pen and pencil failed to portray.

The week after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Ford held a series of receptions. Thursday afternoon was devoted to the aged, the evening to the young and middle aged. Saturday afternoon the children were invited to kiss the bride, and get a piece of wedding cake.

Dr. and Mrs. Prince, Mrs. Ford's parents, were cherished friends of Squire and Mrs. Archer's. Grandpa would pay his respects to the young couple, and Grandma concluded to lay aside religious prejudices and accompany him. "Flora Prince has always been my favorite," she said to her daughter-in-law. "She is one of the sweetest and best girls, and daughters. I scarcely know how her mother will manage without her, she has been such an assistance in the family. Won't you call with us, Fanny?"

Mrs. Archibald frigidly declined, snappishly adding, "that as she presumed her husband would be his father's lackey—he could do the honors for both." Mr. Ford had been introduced to Deacon and Mrs. Blake at the ordination dinner. He was charmed with the handsome dame, and the Deacon's grim oddity excited a mirthful curiosity. He had previously met Mrs. Langdon in Boston, and Guy soon aroused an unusual interest. Thus at

the period of his marriage the young clergyman had become intimate at the Blake homestead. He was careful to give a special invitation to the Deacon and his lady for the afternoon reception, scarcely hoping that it would be accepted. Contrary to expectation the Deacon signified that it was his intention to attend. "It was no more than manners, and marm would be sorry to miss the opportunity to show off her new silk."

Accordingly the successor to old Dobbin was harnessed to the yellow-bodied chaise, and precisely at three o'clock, the hour set in the note of invitation, the worthy pair shooks hands with the bride and groom. Mrs. Ford had received a characteristic description of the Deacon from her husband, with the request that she would pay him particular attention. The old gentleman was not impervious to the blandishments of female charms, and as the lady possessed great capacity for adapting herself to others, she made a most favorable impression. This interview produced a mutual liking, which resulted in a firm friendship between the two so wholly dissimilar.

Mrs. Blake could not fail to please. Mrs. Ford soon came to love her like a second mother. Grandpa Archer appeared his best, and that was especially good. He was so full of jokes that Grandma often called him to order. His son Archibald, as his wife had predicted, also paid his compliments. Though the heads were gray, and the faces marked by years of care, seldom was seen a jollier company. In the evening there was a crowd, many young people out of the society availing themselves of an introduction to the bride.

Henry Mears again came from Boston to attend the reception. His short city sojourn had given an additional polish to his manners, and his dress was faultless. The girls went into raptures, and more than one envied Mary, to whom he particularly devoted himself.

Guy stood quietly aside, resisting all Mr. Ford's endeavors to draw him out, until the entrance of Miss Irwin, who, "though a rigid Episcopalian," would not have missed this occasion on any account. As usual, to make as much of a sensation as possible, she came late, sweeping across the room with her full measure of airs and graces, she paid her congratulations.

Espying Guy, whose eyes had begun to twinkle, she made her way to his side and poured upon him the full effulgence of her radiance. For the nonce she met a ready recipient. His companion's advances were met with such spirit and gaiety that his mother gazed in astonishment. Was that her shy, silent boy? The couple soon became the centre of a gay coterie. Mary Minot was gravely watching them across the room, when Henry came to lead her to a group of singers gathered round Mrs. Ford in the library, who was to accompany the voices by her guitar. The music gave great pleasure. It was late ere the company dispersed. Guy and Mary did not meet until the next Saturday,—then both went to assist in introducing and amusing the children. Henry had returned to Boston. Mary received many sly jokes from her companions respecting the handsome youth, which were met with a passive impurtability. Guy, with one of his quizzical glances, asked

if she did not feel lonely. "Yes," she quickly returned, her eyes flashing, "I miss Miss Emma Irwin. Do not you?"

With the most serio-comic expression, he replied, "How can you doubt it?" Mary was compelled to laugh, and wonder, with her companions, what were his real sentiments toward the young lady. "Yes, Guy was an enigma, past elucidation."

CHAPTER XVI.

CHARADES.

The bridal receptions were returned by a series of parties. After Thanksgiving a period of festivity commenced, which continued till beyond New Year. The town had not been so lively for a long time.

As might be expected, this called forth severe animadversion from the more rigid. Deacon and Mrs. Blake had drawn the scrutiny of many eyes in their parish by their attendance at Mr. Ford's ordination and reception. Upon their accompanying Mrs. Langdon and Guy to a large evening party given by Mrs. William Archer in honor of the bride, it was seriously discussed among a number of the church members, whether it was not incumbent that two or three of the brethren and sisters should call and admonish the couple "for consorting with such heterodox company, and entering at their time of life into such worldly frivolity,—conduct most unsatisfactory to the church and unbecoming this transitory life, and dying creatures."

Though the decision was unanimous that this would be the proper course, no committee could be formed for the purpose. Not one of the assembly possessed sufficient nerve to face the Deacon on such an errand. The visit was therefore indefinitely postponed. As it was soon learned that Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Ford had been schoolmates and bosom friends, and that after meeting the bride and groom at a social tea party at Archer Place, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis had entertained them at their parsonage, the matter was quietly dropped. On a bright moonlight evening in February, as it was fine sleighing Guy invited his mother to a ride. "Mr. Archer has given Mary a new piano," he said. "I received a note from her this morning, requesting us to come and try the instrument this evening."

Mrs. Langdon loved music, and had become a good pianist. Guy had inherited his mother's talent, and under her instruction had become quite proficient. Mrs. Langdon expressed her pleasure at Mary's acquisition, as she rose to prepare for the visit. Pianos were more common than formerly, when not more than half a dozen were owned in the town, still the number was not large,—none but the wealthy aspired to their ownership. The instruments had improved in size and tone, still, though the cost was double, few could compare with the more ordinary ones of to-day. The cost of music, coupled with the high price of tuition, made a musical education beyond the pale of any except a favored few. Guitars were more common to accompany the voice, but as

yet there were comparatively few good pianists.

Quite a party had assembled in Mr. Archer's parlor when Mrs. Langdon and Guy arrived. Neighbors and Mary's young freinds had dropped in to see and hear the new piano. Only a few were capable of testing it. Mr. and Mrs Ford were there. Mrs. Ford could play a few tunes, with which she entertained the company. Mrs. Langdon sat down to the instrument, which she pronounced of extra tone. Having played a variety of choice music, she called Guy to her place. He executed some martial airs in fine style, then a lady commenced a series of old-fashioned dancing tunes.

Miss Emmn Irwin had spent Christ mas at her home in Boston. Guy had been at his relatives. They had often met in society where Guy had sometimes been persuaded to join in a social dance. Though he had never learned to dance, by watching the others he had managed to go through the figures creditably.

Miss Irwin was a good dancer, and Guy had often secured her for a partner. As the lady at the piano struck up the tune for a familiar contra dance, Guy caught Emma's hand, and twirling her into the long, front hall, the two danced down to the lower end.

Mary clapped her hands. "That is capital," she said to Mr. Ford, who had stepped to her side. "I wish that I knew how to dance."

"Hav'nt you learned?"

"No; I have never had an opportunity. Dancing is not the fashion here, we are too pious, though I fail to see its wickedness. It's twice as becoming to dance as it is to play forfeits, and all those rollicking, kissing games. The boys and girls sometimes get real rude at our parties, besides, who wants all sorts of fellows slobbering your face with kisses?"

Mr. Ford laughed, while Mrs. Archer, who had overheard her daughter, reproved her for using such a vulgar expression.

Mr. Ford spoke in defence. "Mary has the right idea. Reform is needed in our social life. The young need amusement, and it don't hurt their seniors. Did you ever have charades and tableaux here?"

"No, indeed! What are they?"

"Oh, they are splendid," interposed Miss Irwin. "I helped act charades at Christmas, and my aunt had a tableaux party. It was equal to a play, some of the representations were magnificent."

"Act charades!" "What do you do?" Mary inquired.

Select a word, one of two syllables is the best. You act one, then the other, then both united. The word must be brought in three times in each act. The spectators guess the word from that and the acting. The great art consists in getting in the word so that it shall not be noticed."

"Let's try a charade," Mary enthusiastically exclaimed.

Her motion was eagerly seconded.

Tne company who had scattered through the lower rooms, were collected in the parlor. The library was turned into a robing room. Emma Irwin, Mary, Guy and two or three others were selected for the actors.

Scene first. Miss Irwin, dressed in a wrap and cap of Mrs. Archer's, seated herself at the piano. The music was interrupted by a rap at the door. The

lady rose and admitted Guy, enveloped in Mr. Ford's overcoat, his chin buried in a white choker, and his hair brushed into a peak above his forehead; he wore green glasses and held Mr. Archer's beaver and gold headed cane in his hand. With a profusion of bows, curtseys and compliments the pair became seated. It was soon disclosed that Squire Muggins, a widower, had come a wooing the spinster Miss Simpkins. His suit prospered. After a most comical scene, which drew forth shouts of laughter, and ended by the Squire placing the betrothal ring on the maiden's finger.

Scene second. Miss Annie Ross, in an antique silk, a dress of the late Mrs. Judge Minot's, false curls and a pink gauze turban, seated sewing at a round stand on which a wax candle burned in a silver candlestick. Mary appeared as a visitor, but so disguised that even Mrs. Archer at first failed to recognize her. She wore a bright flowered chintz, borrowed from the cook, who was a stout woman; this was stuffed out to fit, her hair was tied back and a frizette of yellow curls fell low over her forehead, while her head was covered by a full bordered muslin cap, a band of black ribbon around the crown and broad black strings tied in a huge bow under her chin, a pair of large, round glassed, silver-bowed spectacles completed her costume.

Taking the chair Miss Ross in the character of Mrs. Silsby offered, Aunt Prudence Vale commenced a nice bit of gossip over her snuff box. After discussing courtships, weddings, funerals, etc., the conversation turned upon an organ which it seemed the parish had recently purchased,—an enormity which neither lady could countenance. Aunt Prudence was especially vehement. "Only to think, Miss Silsby," she exclaimed, giving the lid of her snuff box a vigorous tap, "of their setting up such a tooting tub and box of whistles in our good old Puritan meeten 'us, just as though it was a Popish Cathedral, and serving the Divil on an orgin like a set of Papists. It is too awful to contemplate." Mrs. Silsby coincided, and amid mutual regrets Aunt Prudence took her leave.

Act third. Guy, garbed as an itinerant musician, appeared at the door vigorously turning a large, square hand coffee mill, which concealed a music box playing a tune. Behind him stood Mary, in an old calico, worn shoes and a broad brimmed man's hat, thrumming on a round band box cover, as a tamborine, and humming the tune the box was playing. In the rear stood a small dog, who acted his part to perfection, barking a chorus every time Guy snapped his fingers. Emma Irwin and the others received the street musicians, giving them apples and cents.

"The charade was played, what was the word?"

Half the company had been so diverted they had failed to think about it. Others who had, were divided in opinion. Courtship, snuff-box, finger ring were suggested. At length Mr. Archer exclaimed, "I have it, hand organ."

Yes, that was the word, and Mr. Archer took the palm for acuteness.

Every one was delighted. Calls for another charade for given, but as refreshments were ready and it was late, Mrs. Langdon proposed, the sleighing

was so fine, that the play should be adjourned to her house the next evening. Mr. Archer and others could bring out those without teams, and Guy would come for Miss Irwin, Miss Ross and the other young ladies. Giving Emma a note requesting Mrs. Haze's permission for the ride, the visitors dispersed in high good humor, with happy anticipations of the next evening. Guy and the young ladies held a private conference in the library before separating, when a slight plan was made for the next evening's entertainment. Guy was to secure the aid of a few friends from the Academy, and the girls would attend to the costumes.

I fear that Mrs. Haze's strong opinion of Mr. Ford's boyish radicalism would have been strengthened had she been aware that he was the instigator of these new fashioned doings that had turned her girls' heads, but no one could resist Miss Emma Irwin's wiles, and the stately dame was at length, perforce, obliged to unlock a large chest in which was stored divers articles of feminine gear which the young ladies enthusiastically pronounced "just the thing." Mary out of school hours was busy planning and arranging.

At half-past six o'clock the sleighs crowded with a joyous throng met at the head of the "Turnpike," and in gay procession proceeded to their destination. The evening and the sleighing were perfect. The spirited steeds swept over the smooth road to the tune of the merry bells, intermingled with laughter and song. The Academy boys and other guests had arrived when the party drove up.

Mary having gone through the rooms without seeing Deacon Blake, inquired of his whereabouts from his wife. "Oh, Sir said he was too old for sich things and stayed at home."

"But I must have him here. I'll fetch him," she hurriedly replied. Donning hood and cloak she ran through the garden to the other house. Mary found the Deacon seated before the fire in the winter kitchen, which he was vigorously poking and blowing with the bellows.

"What are you doing, grandfather Blake?" the girl asked, as she stepped to his side.

"Trying to make this here stuff burn," he replied, holding up a piece of anthracite coal.

"Why, that is hard coal, Grandsir. You can't burn that in a fireplace. Blowing it puts it out. You must have a grate for hard coal."

"I guess you must," the old man returned in a skeptical tone. "You won't never make me believe that them pesky black rocks will burn."

"But they do all the same, if you don't believe it. My aunt Minot has had a grate set in her parlor this winter, and burns just such pesky black rocks as these. They make a very hot and brilliant fire. A bright glowing grate is a cheerful sight. In England coal is the common fuel, but their's is the sea coal, which is softer and dirtier than this from the Pennsylvania mines."

The Deacon could not controvert what Mary said, so with a growl, "he hoped he should allers be able to keep up a wood fire. He didn't want any of these durned, black, iron cooking stoves, nor blasted rocks in his kitchen."

"Well, don't swear about it," Mary

laughingly replied. "It is not likely your mundane trials will come in that form. Probably you will never be called to relinquish your wood fire; but coal is becoming a great convenience, and before many years will doubtless come into general use. Now leave off poking those pesky rocks and come over to Mrs. Langdon's with me."

"I can't."

"You must."

"So, so, I must, hey?"

"Yes."

"It's too late for me to change my clothes."

"That is not required. It isn't a party, only a gathering of friends."

"Mary Minot, do you spose I would show such disrespect to my darter's guests as to appear in every day wear?"

"Then don your Sunday garb without delay."

The old gentleman rose with a grimace, saying, "he sposed he might as well start fust as last," and went into his bedroom. It was a task to dress without Mrs. Blake's aid; then Mary must rebraid his cue and tie it with the Sunday ribbon. All this took so much time that Guy came to see where they were. The Deacon having taken his best glasses and a red bandanna handkerchief, declared himself ready.

Three charades had been arranged for the evening. The first was over, the second nearly so, when Mary escorted her charge into the drawing-room. Mrs. Blake expressed astonishment. "Why, Mary, how did you get Sir here? In Sunday trim, too. You are a real witch,—nobody else could have done it."

Mary laughed, and told the old lady "she ought to have seen her cue Granther's hair."

The second charade was followed by music. Refreshments were then handed. These having been partaken, preparations were begun for the grand finale.

An easel supporting a picture was brought, and other pictures, to represent an artist's studio. Mary, in a plain dress and linen apron, seated herself at the easel and began to paint. She was interrupted by visitors. They came in one after another, in the funniest disguises, and in the drollest manner criticised Mary's work and other pictures scattered about.

Scene second. A group of old ladies and gentlemen round a tea table dilated in the most ridiculous style upon the merits of some of the neighboring clergymen.

Act third. The band of actors in a heterogeneous array of hats, wigs, coats, bonnets and dresses, grouped at the lower end of the room. Guy, in a tall hat, immense dickey, flaming red vest and flashy watch chain, bowed himself in. Mounting a chair he commenced a political speech in the spread eagle, high faulutin style. His first sentence brought down the house. As he proceeded acclamation subsided. In astonished merriment his auditors listened in silence. Could this fluent, witty fellow be the shy, taciturn Guy Langdon? The oration ended with a flourish of rhetoric that drew forth rounds of applause, and Adolphus Tiberius Socrates Bangs, esq., descended from the rostrum to receive the compliments of his constituents.

"The play was ended. What was the word?"

That had received little thought. Gentlemen and ladies had crowded round Mrs. Langdon with expressions of astonishment. "Though supremely ridiculous, this effort had displayed marked power—her son evidently possessed superior talent." The Deacon alone was silent. Drawing forth the red bandanna, he took off his spectacles and deliberately wiped the glasses; replacing them he stealthily wiped his eyes, then making his way through the throng to where Mary stood; placing his hand on her shoulder he whispered, "You was right, little witch." But the word? After awhile Grandpa Archer announced "stump orator." "Yes," and amid laughter and clapping of hands Mary adorned the old gentleman with a huge tin medal in honor of his discernment.

As it was ten o'clock the horses were ordered, the sleighs were again filled, the visitors expressing the highest satisfaction as they bade good night.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DANCING SCHOOL BALL.

In 1814 the first Sabbath school in Massachusetts had been organized in the town. A dozen philanthropic young ladies formed two schools, one at the north and the other at the south end. In 1817 a union school from each of the societies was established at the Courthouse, with a male superintendent. This continued for a few years, but at the period of the revival each of the evangelical societies formed a school of their own.

At the time of Mr. Ford's ordination a Sunday school was attached to every society, excepting the First Church and St. Paul's.

The May after his settlement Mr. Ford organized a Sunday school in his parish. Great enthusiasm was aroused, and able assistants throughout the society co-operated. The three daughters of the late pastor were especially efficient. One, an invalid, emerged from the seclusion of a sick room to a service that for years was invaluable not only to the school and the society, but to the whole community.

On the morning of the first Sunday in May nearly one hundred children assembled to be classed. The afternoon of the first Sunday in each month (Communion Sunday) was dedicated to a special service for children. A choir, under the care of a few musical teachers, occupied the "singing seats." The others with their teachers sat in the front pews next the pulpit, their pastor occupying the platform beneath it, using the communion table for a desk. These little sermons, as they were termed, drew many children from abroad, and through the exertions of the Misses Arnold and other ladies many neglected lambs were gathered into the fold. Thus the school became one of the largest and most flourishing in the town.

Greenwood's selection of psalms and hymns had that spring replaced the more antiquated Belknap's collection. A smaller hymn book, compiled for the purpose, was placed in the Sunday school; later a liturgy was added for the opening and closing services. A

good Sunday school library was purchased, also a society library of choice theological, biographical and historical works.

St. Paul's church was the earliest to possess an organ, in the Puritan settlement. The First society from the beginning had been progressive. Soon after its formation an organ was placed in its meeting-house and Bible reading, then an innovation, was introduced into the Sunday service.

Although at this time an organ accompanied the choir of the neighboring society, whose late pastor had denounced that instrument as a Papistical device, a tooting tub and devil's box of whistles, bass viols were the common instruments in most of the places of worship.

A talented young man, possessing superior genius for construction of organs, having come into town and joined the First society, it was unanimously voted to purchase one of his construction. Soon the largest and finest instrument in the place, coupled with a choir seldom excelled, gave fresh eclat to the flourishing congregation.

At the commencement of the Sunday school Miss Mary Minot, in connection with half a dozen other young ladies, formed a class under the care of Miss Hannah Arnold. These young ladies, besides gaining valuable instruction themselves, became useful in the school as supernumerary teachers. Scarcely a Sunday elapsed without one or more being detached to fill the place of some one absent. Thus their interest in the school became doubled and as Mr. Ford gave them an invitation to the teacher's meetings which were held at his house one evening in each week, they considered themselves as important auxiliaries, comporting with proper dignity. The school having become organized, after a critical examination of its methods, Guy Langdon entered the class of a gentleman eminently qualified for the position he assumed. Guy, though quiet, modest and deferential, became rather a troublesome pupil, often evincing a superiority in knowledge to his teacher, and completely posing him by his questions and quaint remarks. Even Mr. Ford expressed wonder at some of Guy's ideas, "Where does the fellow get them?" he inquired one evening at Mr. Archer's.

"From those big books Nancy is so oracular about," replied Mary Minot. "The past year he has had an accession to them. His uncle William has embraced the doctrines of Emanuel Swedenborg, a learned Swede. He was a voluminous writer, and Guy has a large collection loaned him by his uncle. How he can pore over the books with the interest he does is more than I can conceive." "Reading Swedenborg! Ah, ha, I begin to understand!" "Yes, Nancy told me the other day that she guessed Guy would turn Swedenbugger instead of Antinomian, Latitudenarian. For her part she didn't care what he turned, if twa'nt Hopkinshun."

Mr. Ford laughed and in his quizzical way told Mary, "that probably Guy was studying 'Conjugal Love,' to ascertain whether Miss Emma Irwin was his true partner."

This sally drew from his interlocutor a call to Mrs. Ford "to come and keep her worse half in order as he was not behaving with proper clerical sobriety."

As the season advanced Mr. Ford often illustrated his little sermons by flowers. This commenced by the text, "consider the lilies," a vase of "lily of the valley" being placed on the communion table, after this a vase of flowers became a regular accompaniment to the children's service. One Sunday morning Guy handed Mary Minot a boquet of moss roses. It was early; she was in the room back of the church, where the Sunday school and society libraries were kept. Taking the vase used for the flowers from the shelf, Mary arranged the roses in it, went to a neighboring pump and filled it with water. As she came back Guy, who was standing before the communion table which was laid for the monthly service, called her to read the inscriptions on the antique silver tankards, gifts to the church from deceased members. As she stepped up Mr. Ford joined them. Admiring the roses he took the vase from Mary's hand. Putting it in the centre of the table he bade her let it remain. The next Sunday morning Guy furnished a vase of wild flowers. Thus flowers became a regular adjunct of the Sunday ministration until cold weather. Even then a boquet culled from house plants often decorated the sacred edifice. The town did not possess a green house till years later.

This decoration caused a deal of talk in the Puritan town. "Posies in the meetin' us on the Sabba day, who ever heard of such Papistical flummerdidles?" "It was downright Popery. They had a cross of evergreen hung right front of the pulpit the Sunday after Christmas, a crucifix would be the next thing." Though some of Mr. Ford's older parishionars thought it savored of indecorum to thus ornament the house of God, they were silenced by the younger members' inquiry, "if God's great temple—the world, was not thus decorated? He had given flowers for delight, it was their pleasure to adorn their church, and it should be done." Of course young America ruled. In the course of time other societies commenced similar decoration. Now one would scarcely believe that flowers on a consecrated alter was ever considered a desecration.

Of the orphans received into the Asylum within a year, there were usually some still unbaptized. It was customary to have the rite administered at the house every spring, and if a clergyman had been recently ordained in the place he was invited to perform the ceremony.

As there were two or three girls to be christened, at a meeting of the lady managers, according to custom, it was proposed to ask Mr. Ford to administer the rite. As the institution was unsectarian, charitable persons of every denomination contributing to its support and management, great astonishment and indignation was aroused by the nonconcurrence of the wife of the pastor of the North church. This lady said "she could not conscientiously permit any but an evangelical clergyman to baptize children committed to her care." As many of the managers belonged to the First Church, this announcement was like a spark of powder. There was a fearful explosion. Vainly milder members urged precedent in favor of Mr. Ford. Madame Demond and her coterie remained firm—nothing could be urged to shake the resolution they had

formed, and the meeting dissolved in tumult.

Such a hue and cry as ensued is scarcely witnessed in a life-time. The whole town was in a ferment for weeks. Meeting after meeting not only of the managers but of the members of the Asylum Society were held without avail. Each assembly but increased the rancor and strife. This ended by the withdrawal from the society of all the members from the First Church, most from Saint Paul's, and many other liberal minded ladies from the various sects. The orphans remained unbaptized for months, then the rite was privately administered by Rev. Dr. Demond.

Mrs. William Archer, though a quiet invalid, had ever exerted herself in favor of the orphans. Doubtless her interest had been increased by a knowledge of Miss Blake's will. This was also the case of Mrs. Langdon. From the period of her return she had been a generous benefactress to the institution. Mrs. Fanny Archer, ambitious and zealous in every undertaking, had been one of the chief pillars in the little theocracy. For some time she had been jealous of Mrs. Demond's growing supremacy. Consequently, much to the surprise of her sister-ln-law and friend, she joined them in favor of Mr. Ford.

"Mrs. Demond had not a shadow of right in her opposition to established usages. If they did not receive his tenets, no one could question Mr. Ford's Christianity. He would speak the same words, and baptise with the same water as an evangelical clergyman,—she did not think his touch would contaminate. Mrs. Demond was uubearably despotic. She possessed just the spirit that had sent people to the stake. She would erase her name from the rolls of the society and would advise others to do the same. She had a conscience as well as Mrs. Demond, and could not conscientiously join her sectarian alliance."

Grandpa Archer praised her spunk. "Go it, Fanny," he said. "Give that woman fits. If there are any orphans to be cared for I'll adopt every daughte of them."

Serious conversations on the topic were held by the Archers and Mrs. Langdon. Guy and Mary knew that something important was occurring, but neither dared to question their elders, nor discuss the matter between themselves. Henry Mears took Mary home with him in his summer vacation, and on his return the subject had given place to another enormity in some eyes—a dancing school. A subscription was opened to obtain pupils under the direction of Monsieur Guigon, a noted dancing master of Boston, a gentleman of unimpeachable character.

The list was soon filled for an afternoon and evening class. The young ladies, misses and masters assembled at Washington Hall at five and danced till a quarter to seven; the evening school for young gentlemen commenced at quarter past seven and continued till nine o'clock. Through the rudimentary course the two schools never mingled, but towards the close of the term, preparatory to the ball with which it terminated, all the pupils were admitted to the evening dance. It was an extremely select and orderly school. Mons. Guigon was an excellent disciplinarian—his scholars were compelled to preserve the strictest decorum, be perfect gentlemen

and ladies. To most this training was invaluable,—worth much more than the mere knowledge of dancing.

As was expected, this school caused another great commotion. Severe were the adimadversions of the more rigid, while the young people paired off into two classes—the dancers, their friends, and the opposition.

Mr. William Archer headed the subscription list with his daughter's name. Guy joined the evening class. Fanny Archer, notwithstanding her church membership, evinced a decided taste for the forbidden amusement, but temptation was removed by her entrance into a noted female seminary in a neighboring town. Both Fanny and Jenny Archer became Mrs. Gray's pupils at the commencement of the autumn term. A number of other young ladies also joined this famous school. Mrs. Fanny Archer made strenuous exertions to induce her parents to send Mary with her cousins, but Mrs. Archer was satisfied with Miss Haze, and could not spare her daughter. "The house seemed like a tomb while she was in the country visiting the Mears,—besides no one could quiet her nerves during her distressing headaches like Mary. Unless Mr. Archer demanded the sacrifice it would not be made."

Mr. Archer preferred Miss Haze. "In a year or two he should send Mary to Boston to receive instruction in painting. He intended that her really remarkable artistic talent should be fully developed."

Miss Emma Irwin tossed her pretty head and supposed that Mary did not wish to become the helpmeet of a missionary or a poor minister. Miss Gray's seminary was the hot-house for starting the plants to accommodate the young sprouts of the Andover Theological Seminary. Delegations of these green-spectacled clergy in embryo, made monthly descents upon the school to pick out wives, the most wealthy of course being the first selected. If Fanny and Jenny had a taste for clothing Hottentots in furs, being eaten by cannibals, scalped by Indians, or settled in a fault-finding parish, with a mean parsonage, on four hundred a year, and part of that paid in potatoes and cabbage, now was their chance."

As Mons. Guigon wished the girls to dress alike at the dancing school ball, several spirited discussions upon the subject were held. At that time the dresses were cut low in the neck, with a rather short waist gathered into a belt, sleeves tight to the elbow, very full above, and puffed into a balloon shape from the shoulders by a stiff lining, skirts wide, usually plain with deep facings, worn over a stiff skirt, rather short, displaying the feet and ankles encased in low slippers confined by nar row ribbon lacings.

The young ladies were unanimous in deciding that white with blue trimmings should be the dress for the oceasion. The division was upon long or short sleeves, sashes or belts. Several contended that short sleeves were more appropriate for a ball, and that if belts were more fashionable sashes were much prettier and more graceful. At length the majority concluded that the sleeves should be long, ornamented at the wrist by a pointed cuff of blue silk, blue belts fastened by an ornamental buckle, black kid slippers and white kid gloves, jewel-

ry at each one's convenience or taste.

Mary Minot preferred the short sleeves and sash, "but it was immaterial, either would do." Mrs. Archer could not conceive how Mary could call it immaterial, she and Emma Irwin concurred in pronouncing the dress "hideously stiff." Mary thought "that some of the mammas would be better pleased with the covered arms, though according to the description she had received of their own ball dresses when girls, some must have appeared next to nude. But people as they advanced in years were apt to quote the good old times, looking upon the present as the most degenerate period."

Mrs. Archer had ordered a new dress for Mary in Boston. It was Bishop lawn, a new material and a novelty in the town.

Mrs. Fanny Archer said, "sister Mary must do something to distinguish her daughter; it was pitiable to see any one, especially a person with one foot in the grave, so enthralled by the pride of life." But from that time she began to lay by small sums from her pocket money in order to purchase similar dresses for Fannie and Jennie to wear at the school examination, which would close their academic year, without applying to their papa. "Men were always growling over woman's extravagance,—they ought to manage quietly, as she did, — a little forethought would prevent a deal of domestic discord."

The best dressmaker was employed to make Miss Mary Minot's dress from patterns procured in Boston. Emma Irwin, an adept in such arts, volunteered to make the "stiffeners" for the sleeves, passing the Wednesday afternoon preceding the ball at Mr. Archer's for that purpose. Mary, at her suggestion, had purchased half a yard of stiff foundation, which Miss Emma commenced to fashion into globes by snipping out three-cornered pieces and closing the apertures. "You cannot plait these, the material is so unmanageable," she explained. "Please give me something thick and soft to bind the edges, or they will scratch fearfully. My dressmaker in Boston made me a pair at her house; as I only took her the foundation she did not bind them, and forgot to tell me to do it. I fastened the things to my sleeves in a hurry and went to a party. Oh, my, didn't they scratch! The girls were all crazy over the set of my stiffeners, but I was ready to cry with pain. I got home as early as possible, but my arms were so excoriated I was obliged to use mutton tallow and cold cream for a week to cure them."

A general laugh went round and Mrs. Archer produced some bindings that would prevent Mary's becoming a martyr to fashion.

The eagerly anticipated evening arrived. Mons. Guigon had taken great pains to prepare his pupils for this ball. Waltzing had not been permitted,—that was not introduced till later. The list of dances comprised quadrilles, cotillons, a basket cotillon, a military cotillon and a very pretty Spanish dance. Washington Hall, though a spacious one, was not highly decorated, but it possessed what was a special desideratum in those days, the best spring floor that ever rose and fell beneath the feet. Windows draped with red curtains faced on either side, beneath which stretched a line of yellow settees. There were fire-places

at either end, with gallery for musicians above the upper one. Two glass chandeliers depended from the ceiling and candelabra stood upon the mantels. Two dressing rooms adjoined the lower end. The hall was part of a block, the upper end being occupied as a dwelling. As one of the ante-rooms was required by the waiters for the refreshments the occupant of this tenement kindly loaned her best chamber for the use of the ladies. A door opened from this apartment into the hall beneath the orchestra. The hall was decorated with flags, evergreens and flowers. A coal black negress in red gown and yellow turban, with immense gold hoops in her ears, attended in the ladies' dressing room. Two male darkies were in the ante-rooms to wait upon the gentlemen, and as the evening advanced hand refreshments. By half-past seven the hall was thronged by the parents, relatives and friends of the pupils, with several dignitaries from abroad. Invitations had been given to all in what was termed "society," both in the town and its environs. Everything possible had been done by the young gentlemen and ladies to give their ball eclat.

When the pupils appeared in their blue and white uniform, even Emma Irwin, who wore the discarded short sleeves and sash, and Mrs. Archer, declared "they looked much better than could have been expected." The tuning of fiddles ceased, a march struck up, the school formed for a promenade. As they proceeded round the hall seldom is witnessed a prettier sight. Truly the town merits its reputation for female beauty. Dancing began. Emma Irwin, though not a pupil, from the first had been a welcome visitor, always invited to join the dancers, Monsieur Guigon declaring "she was one of his very best Boston pupils, and a very lovely mees; she had been a great assistance in the school for which he gave his most respectful thanks." Guy Langdon from the commencement had taken precedence amongst the male scholars. His lithe figure, light step and quick ear for music gave an indescribable grace to every movement. Mary Minot danced with her usual unaffected, genial air, wholly unconscious of the admiration her beauty, dress and elegant pearl ornaments excited.

Henry Mears had accepted Mary's invitation to the ball. He had learned to dance the previous winter, his handsome person and polished bearing gave him a conspicuous place among the beaux and rendered him a great favorite among the young ladies. The dancing proceeded. Between the sets, cake, fruit, confectionary, wine and lemonade were handed on trays. Mons. Guiyon, to the delight of his pupils, danced with Miss Irwin. Every one concurred in the fitness of his choice, she was a former pupil, the best dancer and the acknowledged belle and beauty of the evening.

Toward the close of the entertainment, an invitation to the guests to take the floor, met with a gay response. Grandpas and grandmas renewed their youth in an old style contra dance. Mary Minot clapped her hands as Grandpa Archer led her mamma down the dance, while Grandma Archer and Grandma Blake watched with glistening eyes the favorite figure of their girlhood. As the clock struck twelve the

music ceased, and preparations began for home. As there was a crowd in the dressing room Mary Minot and Henry Mears seated themselves for a moment's quiet chat. Emma Irwin, the centre of a lively circle, stood in the middle of the hall congratulating Mons. Guigon on the success of the evening. With a profusion of bows and thanks he made his adieu. Emma taking Guy's offered arm swept from the hall. Mary and Henry rose and followed.

Mary had danced several times with Guy. She stopped to ask him "if the evening had been satisfactory."

"Perfectly," was the reply, as he held the door open for her to pass. Linking his arm in Henry's, the two young men went down the hall.

Emma Irwin had sunk into an easy chair, where she reclined with closed eyes, while the waitress unlaced her white satin slippers and tied on her walking shoes.

"You are quite exhausted, Emma," said Mrs. Langdon, stepping up. "Not quite," was the languid rejoinder. "I had assisted the girls so much with their toggery I had omitted to practice. As my music lesson comes to-morrow I was obliged to make up for lost time; that caused me to come so late this evening, though people will probably say that I did it for a sensation."

Mrs. Langdon laughed and told Emma "she must be careful and not overexert herself."

"I do try," she replied, an earnest look coming into the lovely face as she gazed into that of the lady, "but you know everything depends on my securing an education. My father died too young to make me an heiress. When I leave school I shall be dependent upon my own exertions. My aunt is very kind, but you won't find me living upon my relations."

Mrs. Langdon smiled, and told Emma she did not think it necessary to worry about her future. Of course she did not advise her to neglect her studies, but health was the first subject for consideration, and the delicacy of constitution inherited from her deceased parents rendered it imperative upon her to use due precaution."

Mary met her mother as she entered the chamber, who bade her "hasten on her things as the carriage was waiting."

Passing round the bed, hidden by the hangings, she was putting on her wrap, when a lady said to a friend at her side, "Do look at that Irwin girl, sitting there like a queen."

"So she is, the queen of hearts," the other laughingly returned. "She bewitches everybody—it is impossible not to like the frivolous little minx. I verily believe she will attain her end and secure Guy."

"I do not know," was the reply. Guy and Mary Minot appear very good friends, but Henry Mears intends to appriate Mary. Perhaps it will be as well, for I am sure I do not know how the Asylum can go on unless it gets Miss Blake's money."

Mary emerged from the shadow with blushing cheeks and quickly run down stairs to the door of the dwelling-house where the carriage was drawn up. Mr. and Mrs. Archer were already seated. Henry Mears stood ready to hand Mary in but she hesitated and looked back as she whispered to Henry "that Anna Ross was without an escort."

"She goes in Mrs. Langdon's carriage with Emma," he replied.

"Are you sure?"

"I think so, but here is Guy, I will ask."

Guy drove up in his mother's barouche; springing out, he threw the reins to a lad in waiting. To Henry's query he replied, "Yes, when mother told Mrs. Haze that she would chaperone the girls, I promised to act the pater familias." The Archers laughed as Mary and Henry took their seats and Henry remarked, "How tall and manly Guy has grown."

"Yes, he grows more like his father every day," returned Mrs. Archer.

"But he has a decision and vivacity from his mother that Langdon never possessed," interposed Mr. Archer. He has something of both Grandpa and Grandma Blake in his composition which gives vigor to both mind and body."

"That is so, papa," said Mary, "Guy is a queer compound, though much more like other people, he still has his freaks and fancies, his old absence of mind and his quiet, silent days."

"Notwithstanding, if his life is spared, he will make his mark in the world," Mr. Archer emphatically replied. Though younger than many of the class, you saw tonight that he was the chief director of affairs."

"The expense of the ball was borne principally by the young men, I presume Guy by his liberality, was entitled to precedence," Mrs. Archer replied.

"That was not it," her husband returned, "the fellow is a born commander. In every situation his quick perception gives him the cue, and his tact and urbanity secures success. I could but admire how deftly and gracefully he secured partners for those two somewhat dowdy girls in blue."

"Yes," said Mary, "I have a bone to pick with you respecting them Henry. Why didn't you dance with the one with that yellow rose in her hair? I am sure you ought to take pity on country strangers, and not forget that you was green yourself not so many years since."

Henry shrugged his shoulders. "Yellow rose was it? I thought it a small pumpkin. I did not consider it my duty to become a martyr to politeness."

"Guy would have become that same martyr had he not been engaged to dance the set with that miss from Providnce," Mary quickly repled.

"I fear Boston is making our Henry selfish," Mr. Archer gaily remarked as the carriage drove up the avenue. Henry laughed, said "some things were too steep for a chap's good nature," as he handed the ladies out. A good-night kiss closed the subject, but though the hour was late, and the young girl weary, Mary sat a long time beside her dressing table, hair brush in hand, deeply pondering many things. At length with a sigh and a fervent aspiration for heavenly guidance, she sought the much needed repose.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.

On an evening in the February following, Emma Irwin and Mary Minot

had been practicing a duet on Mary's piano.

"Next Wednesday is Washington's birth-day, said Emma, twirling round on the music stool. "What shall we do to celebrate it, Mrs. Archer?

"You might invite Guy and his fellow-students at Dummer to meet some of your friends here. Mr. Archer can hire fiddler Baker, and you can dance."

"Splendid!" Mary exclaimed.

"You must write and tell Henry to obtain leave of absence, if possible," the lady continued, "ask him to invite that chum of his, that he spoke of at Thanksgiving."

"Fanny can't be here, mamma,—she is the most interested in Mr. Eustis; she rooms with his sister."

"Indeed! I heard Walter Eustis quoted so frequently I thought him an especial favorite of Henry's."

"He is a splendid fellow," said Emma," but not qulte according to Aunt Fanny's pattern, I fancy. Be sure and extend the invitation to him, Mollie. Dancing is tiresome through an evening. For variety let's have some tableaux,—we can dance enough afterward."

Mrs. Archer said "that would be pleasant," and asked "if they could arrange for the display?"

"I think so," Emma musingly replied. After a moment's consideration she added, "Your front hall will be a nice place. The services of a carpenter will be needed to put up the frame, a piece of black gauze or lace, black cambric, and some lamps and other fixtures will be required,—the expense will not be much. The frame must stand beyond the dining-room door,—we must use that for a retiring room, the little sewing room will do for the boys. We shall go upon the stage from the dining room. The spectators will find room in the hall. Do not invite enough to be crowded. You can mention the plan to your husband. If he is propitious I will ask Mr. Ford to superintend the setting up of the frame,—he understands the whole construction,—how to arrange the lights, etc."

Mr. Archer entering at that moment, Emma unfolded her plan. The gentleman, always ready to give the young folks pleasure, "bade the girls go ahead, he would foot the bills."

After consulting with Mrs. Archer respecting the list of invitations, what refreshments should be provided, what dresses should be worn, with other pros and cons, Emma took leave, Mr. Archer sending her home in his sleigh. The girl declared "that with Mr. Archer's and Mrs. Langdon's concern for her health she should become a confirmed valetudinarian, but they wouldn't frighten her. She was going with a coasting party the next moonlight evening, spite of Granny Haze and all the other croakers."

"So you shall," Mr. Archer gaily returned, as he tucked the buffalo robe around her. "The party must coast down the hill in my orchard, and I will turn boy again and join it."

Emma declared him "the very goodest man round," as she returned the good-night kiss he imprinted on her lips, with an injunction to her driver to "take good care of the young lady and go slowly round the icy corners." Miss Irwin rose with the dawn the next morning, and before school hours she unfold

ed her plans to Mr. Ford, in whom; as she anticipated, she found an enthusiastic coadjutor."

The carpenter was set to work. Guy came on Saturday to assist in selecting the pictures to be represented. The services of half a dozen young ladies and gentlemen were secured, Mary wrote the letter of invitation to Henry and his friend, with directions to hire a rope ladder, other fixtures, and some articles of apparel from one of the theatres. Next ensued a general ransacking of chests, drawers and boxes,—planning and fixing, borrowing from hither and thither. Most of the older families in the place were required to contribute. A military uniform was kindly loaned by the captain of the "Washington Light Infantry," which had been his father's, and seen Revolutionary service. Several old style garments that had beionged to Deacon Blake's father and mother were brought to light. Mr. Archer's spare bedroom, where the things were deposited, presented a curious medley of styles, materials and colors,

Emma Irwin's taste and contrivance, combined with Mary Minot's artistic eye, with the assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Guy and other friends, promised a fine display.

Mrs. Hayes scolded and fretted, declaring "there never was a girl with such a nonsensical head as Emma. She believed she would kill herself and everybody else with her passion for amusement."

"Now don't scold, machere Madame," Emma coaxingly replied, softly patting the lady's shoulder, "but tell me what to wear in this elopement scene. Mrs. Page's silver muslin is exquisite but too modern; her veil will suit, but I need a dress a generation earlier."

Mrs. Haze scanned the engraving which Emma had placed in her hand,—rising and bidding her follow, she proceeded to a closet in the upper story, unlocking a chest, she withdrew from its wrappings a superb brocade dress, the the old style skirt and overdress, long pointed bodice, tight short sleeves and ruffled cuffs, the neck and cuffs trimmed with rich lace. "Try this one," she commands in her peremptory manner. The girl obeyed with alacrity. As Mrs. Haze had surmised, the dress was an exact fit. When a pair of high-heeled shoes to match had been drawn on, a perfect portraiture of a bride of the previous century was presented.

Emma danced with delight, and hilariously ran below to dispiay herself. When Mrs. Haze followed and placed in her hand a casket containing a handsome set of old-fashioned brilliants the girl rapturously kissed her cheek, declaring "she was the dearest cross darling that ever breathed."

On the afternoon of the twenty-second everything was completed. Henry Mears and Mr. Eustis came in the afternoon stage, when they were inducted into the mysteries of the evening, and shown the parts they were to represent.

After an early tea the parties commenced dressing for the scenes. Mr. and Mrs. Ford presided in the retiring rooms. Such a frolic as this robing brought is seldom witnessed.

As had been enjoined, the company assembled at an early hour. Promptly at seven o'clock the bell rang and the curtain rose, disclosing the ancient pic-

curtain rose, disclosing the ancient picture of the Washington family at table. Mr. Archer and Mrs. Langdon represented General and Lady Washington. Guy and Mary, Master and Miss Custis. Mrs. Langdon's man servant graphically depicted the dignified negro waiter.

This appropriate tableau for the day drew much applause.

Music entertained the company, between the scenes a lady played the piano, and several ladies and gentlemen sung.

In a few moments the curtain rose for "Romeo and Juliet" in the garden scene. Henry Mears as Romeo, Emma Irwin as Juliet. Anna Ross, nurse. This was a beautiful display, giving great delight.

The third was a comic picture—"Too late for the stage coach." A Mr. Jenkins, a short, stout fellow, dressed in a suit much too large dexterously stuffed out, bearing a large blue cotton umbrella in one hand and a huge carpet bag in the other, was represented as breathlessly running after the receding vehicle. He was followed by Anna Ross, a tall, slim young lady in a scant limp gown and an immense bonnet, bearing an infant in her arms, while a half dozen girls and boys, in odd rigs, carrying all sorts of baskets, boxes and parcels, brought up the rear, haste and distress portrayed in every limb and feature. After the merriment had ceased, "Madge Wildfire" and "George Staunton" was announced—Mary Minot representing Madge, Guy, George Staunton. This was followed by a splendid tableaux—"Rowena and Rebecca the Jewess,"—Mrs. Ford sitting for Rowena, Rebecca being a Miss Jacobs, a lady of Jewish descent. Another comic picture succeeded, entitled "No followers allowed." The mistress of a mansion discovering with horror her Irish servant regaling three of her countrymen in the kitchen on the best the larder and wine cellar produced. Anna Ross appeared as the mistress, Mary Minot the maid, Henry, Guy, and Walter Eustis the visitors. Anna's look of horrified surprise was graphic, while Mary's bearing said as plain as words, "these are me cousins from the ould counthree, Mistress." After a round of applause, "The Coquette" was announced. Anna Ross seated on a stile, a lover either side of the wall, the gentlemen Henry Mears and Guy. The tableaux closed with "The Elopement." Emma Irwin in her splendid dress timidly prepared to step from her chamber window upon the rope ladder fastened to it. Upon the ladder ready to receive her in his arms stood the lover, Mr. Eustis, dressed in Capt. Lord's continental uniform. This was an exquisite picture, an apt finale of the entertainment.

The tableaux over, dress was quickly arranged, the dining room cleared, and a hot supper served. After the repast the gentlemen gathered round the fire to discuss the topics of the day, the smokers regaling themselves with a cigar, the ladies drew round the parlor hearth to enjoy a social chat, while the young people repaired to the sitting-room to dance to the music of the piano, which Mrs. Langdon played. At eleven Mrs. Haze said, "she must take her girls home." The others soon after dispersed—by twelve o'clock the lights were extinguished, the house still, its

inmates wrapped in quiet repose. One would have never conceived that this pleasant evening of innocent diversion would have aroused the commotion that followed.

"Theatricals at Mr. Archer's, with one of his high-go suppers, and dancing till daylight. Such carryings on, and such a looking house as it was the next morning never was seen, and Mr. Ford was the head captain-general of the theatricals, and Mrs. Ford was actually one of the actresses,—only to think, and she a minister's daughter and wife,—a pretty example to set to the girls in town. Those Archers would have a great deal to answer for, leading young people into such vanities, and to think of Mrs. Haze aiding,—she must have been led away by that Irwin girl, who was a complete sorceress. She was equal to the daughter of Herodias." Two or three of Mr. Ford's parishioners, already dissatisfied by his modern innovations, withdrew from the society, and Miss Haze lost a few pupils, but the affair gave the society and school such an additional celebrity that neither were losers. As the world has been, and will continue, this persecution ended in making both Mr. Ford and Miss Haze more popular, while tableau parties became the rage. Not many years elapsed, ere the very persons who had been the most bitter in their animadversions upon the entertainment at Mr. Archer's, became the most zealous assistants in a similar show, at society festivals, held to raise funds to defray church expenses.

Henry Mears and Walter Eustis remained through the week. Saturday evening, as it was bright moonlight and not very cold, Emma Irwin gathered her coasting party in Mr. Archer's orchard, that gentleman redeeming his promise by giving her the first slide himself on a huge sled constructed from the bottom of an old sleigh.

The merry time would have gladdened the heart of an anchorite.

Emma looked lovely in her blue hood and ermine tippet. Mary in one of crimson with grey furs received the soubriquet of "Little Red Riding Hood." This coasting party also became a topic for censure. "A man of Mr. Archer's age sliding down hill with a parcel of tom-boys just like his own daughter. They didn't see how young Mears and that other Boston dandy could stand such hoydens,—they looked altogether too genteel for such countryfied doings; Guy Langdon was there too. They should have thought the Deacon would have kept him at home Saturday night, but they guessed Guy had got beyond the old man's control. To crown everything they, they slid till nine o'clock, though it was so near they must have heard the eight o'clock bell, warning everybody home. It was a pretty way to prepare for the Sabbath, though they didn't know but it was just as well, for the Sabbaths of such folks. They did wish they could be brought to a realizing sense of their sinfulness,—realize that they were dying creatures, who ought to be only too thankful that they were still permitted to stand on praying ground."

This gossip somewhat troubled Mary Minot, but Emma Irwin declared her entire independence. "The coasting was such fun, instead of taking cold it had given her fresh elasticity both of

body and mind. She was better and happier, had more vim for study. She meant to make the most of her life, and death would never frighten her. It had been an elegant twenty-second, she should ever remember that February, and set it down as one of the white milestones on life's journey. Others also would recall the recollection with pleasure. For her part she considered herself a benefactress to her species."

Mary laughed, and told Emma "there was *one* who would not easily forget that February."

"Now don't insinuate anything, Mollie!"

"But Walter Eustis will never forget it."

"Probably not," Emma thoughtfully returned, as she seated herself at the piano, and placed the duet, which she and Mary were about to practice, on the rack, "but Pa and Ma Eustis would look coldly upon a portionless bride for their son and heir, and I have fame and fortune to win. Do not look so smilingly incredulous, Molly dear, I mean it, and what one wills one can achieve."

"Can one always summon sufficient will?" Mary questioned, peering wistfully into her friend's eyes.

"One must, or *I must*," Emma gaily answered, as she struck the first note of the lively air before her.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MAY FAIR.

After the disruption at the Asylum a society had been formed to assist needy old ladies. As Mrs. Archer took much interest in this society, Emma and Mary often spent Wednesday or Saturday afternoon in visiting the pensioners.

After a round of calls one blustering March afternoon, the girls were proceeding homeward anxiously discussing ways and means to supply what several infirm old women sorely needed.

"Oh, Emma," Mary brightly exclaimed, "I have an idea. "Did you ever hear of a sale for a charitable purpose called a Fair?"

"Yes, I assisted in tending a table at one last Christmas. Some of the most prominent Boston ladies held a sale in a hall to help the Warren Street Chapel. My aunt, though an Episcopalian, took part, as she says this ministry at large and free church are excellent things; that the Unitarians are doing a good work in gathering the poor children into the Warren-street Sabbath School."

"My aunt Minot is much interested in that mission," Mary returned. She was working for the Fair when I was in Boston last autumn. She made some cunning cats cut from an old hat, fixed with bead eyes and bristle whiskers they looked real natural. We must get up a fair,—it will bring something for our old ladies."

"It ought. Mrs. Ford will be interested, and she understands such things. Mr. Ford will superintend the decoration of the hall. I think we can obtain Town Hall free of expense. We must

set everybody to work. Get up a show of pretty and useful articles. There must be a refreshment table. Our friends will supply tea, coffee, pies and cake. Mrs. Langdon can make ice cream. We shall need money to purchase fruit, confectionery, dolls, toys, etc. I think the gentlemen will procure the boards for the tables, and other requisite fixtures."

"Yes," Mary replied, "Papa will see to that. Grandpa Archer must buy the dolls. I will coax Deacon Blake to disburse. Guy will interest the other boys and I will write to Henry. He must send some toys." "You must fix some cats," Emma continued, "and paint a parcel of white velvet needle-books and pin-cushions. Miss Martha Ann Haze will help on them. Anna Ross can draw motto watch papers, the girls must braid a lot of watch guards, and make some cigar cases for the gentlemen. Purses will sell—bead and silk must be made. We can get up as fine an exhibition as Boston folks, with due exertion, and I think people will be interested in our scheme."

Emma was right—people were interested, both old and young. Nimble fingers busily forwarded the articles required. One lady contributed a baby house completely furnished, containing kitchen, parlor and bedroom. Grandpa Archer bought a quantity of various sized dolls, which were dressed in a variety of characters. Deacon Blake responded so generously to Mary's call for money that she was amazed. Mrs. Blake contributed some famous tea holders and a dozen twine cabbage nets. Nancy fried a huge pans of dough nuts and baked a quantity of gingerbread men, women, horses, cows and elephants. Mary gazed in astonishment at the figures, and asked Nancy how she cut them?"

"Marm used to keep shop," she explained; "she had cutters made for them. Marm was a real genius, she could cut anything, she cut the pasteboard patterns and a tinman made the cutters. They pleased the childern. Marm did a good business with them. When she died, and I come here, I took the tins with me. I used to bake things for Guy when he was a leetle lad, but I had 'een a most forgot 'em, till tother day as I was turning over in my mind what I could do to help ye, I remmembered 'em, and baked these 'ere. 'Ye think they will do?"

"Do? why are splendid—just the thing?"

"Well, I am glad, Mary. For if anybody deserves help, it is a poor old lady. The poorhouse will do for folks like me, but for one delicately born and bred it's terrible."

"You do not contemplate ending your life in the workhouse, do you, Nancy?" Mary smilingly inquired.

"Why, no, I can't say as I do. I spend little, and the Deacon puts my wages in the bank. I guess I shall have enough to carry me through, and Guy would care for me—he and you, Mary." With the queerest grimace she added, "Oh, it's to be Emma Irwin, is it? Well, well, I'll trust her if she is a sorceress. Herodias's darter won't let old Nancy suffer if she is a dancing gal." And the woman rounded the sentence with one of her indescribable giggles."

"Emma Irwin has a Boston beau, Nancy," Mary mysteriously replied.

"He has sent a wax doll, magnificently dressed, almost as large as Emma, for her table."

Though Mary somewhat exaggerated, this was true. A large, handsomely dressed wax doll had been forwarded with Mr. Eustis's compliments, with the assurance that he should do himself the honor and pleasure of attending the fair and bring a bevy of friends with him to assist in the good cause.

Mary Minot was somewhat piqued at the reception of this doll, as Henry Mears had been somewhat parsimonious in his gifts. With the salary he received, large for a youth of his years, she thought he might have been more liberal. Guy, on the other hand, had been lavish. At Mary's expressing this, the young man replied, "I know I shall deprive myself of a few things that I desired to have and do this summer, but it will be just as well for me and much better for those needy ones, without my youth and health."

Seeing from one of Mary's letters that she was not exactly satisfied with what he had sent for the fair, and hearing of Walter Eustis's gift to Emma, Henry Mears re-established himself in Mary Minot's favor by sending half a dozen handsomely bound books for her table. There were the "Language of Flowers, Mrs. Hemans's and Mrs. Sigourney's Poems, Selections from Byron, Marmion, and the Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Mary never learned that she owed this gift to Henry's accidental good fortune in purchasing the volumes at less than half price at a book auction.

As the first of May came on Wednesday—a half holiday in the schools, it was decided to hold the fair at that time.

Work commenced on the hall, which was appropriately ornamented. When the tables were arranged, its appearance was both unique and beautiful.

The fair opened at ten a. m. and continued through the day and evening. Many elderly people availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the hall in the morning.

Mrs. Langdon had been in town through the week. Wednesday morning Guy brought her colored servants to assist in making tea and coffee, etc. Having left them at the hall he proceeded to bring several of the infirm old ladies hither in his barouche. The youth's kind consideration was duly appreciated. The poor pensioners, many of whom had not been in a carriage or to an entertainment for years, were delighted, and voluble in their thanks.

Deacon and Mrs. Blake went in the afternoon, as they both declared, "the children, that then thronged the hall, was the prettiest part of the gay show." As his grandparents were about to return Guy thought of Nancy. "She must come—he would go for her and she could stay through the evening and go home with the rest of the family."

The Deacon asked, "if she would not excite too much observation?"

Mrs. Blake thought not. "She would not be very conspicuous in her Sunday suit. Mrs. Langdon must keep her behind her table and enjoin silence." Accordingly, just as the lamps were lighted, Guy ushered his protege into the brilliant scene. With timid hesitation she clung to his arm, as he threaded his way amid the throng of handsomely

dressed ladies, to his mother's table. The woman's bewildered look as Guy, having placed her in a chair, made his parting bow, attracted Mary Minot's eyes. The next day she drew a vivid picture of the maid and presented it to Guy. Having laughingly admired the drawing he carefully placed it in a portfolio, where years after it was found, to be cherished as a precious memento.

As Mary stepped up to her humble friend, Nancy gasped in a half whisper, "Oh Mollie, I'm so glad to see you. Why, I feel like a cat in a strange garret. Dear, dear, don't it look like heaven! All them flags and streamers, the green trimming, and evergreen mottoes, and all these splendid things. Do they sell well?"

"Remarkably so. Nearly all your gingerbread figures are sold, and everybody praises your doughnuts."

Well, I'm real glad. Glad I come, though I was skeered at the thought of it, but Guy would not take no for an answer. It's all neat, nice and harndsum, and I'm glad on't. There's your aunt Fanny at the cake table. She's jest in her element. Fannie and Jennie come home to see the fair. They run over to our house a minnit. What gal is that with them?"

Miss Catharine Eustis, a Boston girl, sister to Walter Eustis."

"The one that give Em"—"Hush," Mary warningly whispered, laying her fingers on Nancy's lips, as Walter Eustis, Henry Mears, and half a dozen other gentlemen entered and came up the hall. Walter, with much impressment in his air coming directly to where Emma Irwin was standing presiding over the "Fate Lady." The girl gave a cool nod of recognition, and placed the tips of her fingers in his eagerly outstretched hand.

"Your fate, Mr. Eustis?" the girl demanded with a business air. The young man could but hand her the money. Round twirled the "Fate Lady," the wand pointed to a missive, which Emma handed. Walter opened the note, read, scowled, looked savagely into the serene eyes gazing with perfect sang froid into his. "You knew what this was," he muttered.

"You know that is unjust. Mr. Eustis. Your sister is beckoning to you. She is at the cake table with Mrs. Fanny Archer and her daughters," Emma rereturned, drawing up her slender figure with a hauteur vastly becoming.

Walter's dissatisfied look melted into one of admiration, With a bow of contrition, he turned to the cake table with an inward malediction on meddlesome sisters.

As the young man turned, Nancy in the shyest way whispered, "Mollie, that Irwin girl is deep, deep! I tell 'ye, taint many that's her match."

Miss Eustis welcomed her brother and introduced her friends. Mrs. Col. Archer was assiduous in her attention. Henry Mears and his Boston friends had been paying their devoirs to Mary and Emma. Mrs. Archer sent Mrs. Langdon's man servant to summon them to supper, which she had been at the pains to have laid out for them on a table in a recess behind a curtain. "She was sure they must be famished after their long ride." The young men confessed to keen appetites, and warmly thanked Mrs. Archer for her kind consideration for their comfort.

The throng grew dense, the buzz of many voicer filled the hall. Buying and selling increased. The "Fate Lady" twirled. Punch and Judy in an anteroom drew crowds.

The young ladies at the tables were too busy to attend to the beaux. Walter Eustis was obliged to satisfy himself in doing the agreeable to his sister's friends. Henry Mears wedged himself in beside Mary Minot, "to see that she did not cheat." Guy made himself universally useful, always coming in at such an opportune moment, the girls declared "he must be a wizard, a perfect seer."

At eleven o'clock the fair closed. Most of the articles had been sold—those left were reserved for private sale. The proceeds were larger than had been anticipated. This May Festival was the first of a series which will always be recalled with pleasure. The sums thus collected smoothed the thorny path of many a lone one, and at length assisted in founding an "Old Ladies' Home."

The Sunday following the fair Mr. Ford celebrated the anniversary of the establishment of his Sunday school by a special service. The scholars occupied the front gallery pews, the Sunday school choir sang two original hymns, an address was delivered by one of the clergyman's friends, and the year's report was read by the superintendent.

This was a gala day for the "First Church," which was thronged. The children, in their Sunday best, under the care of the teachers, presented a beautiful sight. The choir sang in fine style, their childish voices ringing through the spacious building in perfect melody. Mr. Ford's prayer brought tears to many a parental eye. The address was excellent, and the report most satisfactory. The congregation dispersed with expressions of delight. The school immediately received an accession to its numbers, and a wealthy parishioner gave a donation to purchase books for the library.

The original hymns attracted much attention. As both were anonymous, they became a topic of conjecture.

To Mary Minot's query respecting their authorship Emma Irwin replied, "I know nothing of the first, but Guy wrote the second."

"How came you to know," Mary exclaimed in astonishment.

"Because I was told, ma chere," the girl returned with an oracular air. "But it is Guy's pleasure that this shall remain a secret—of course you can be trusted."

"Of course." But Mary felt stunned. Emma the recipient of a secret withheld from her! She knew Guy used to scribble verses, though he was never willing to show them. Emma also had a poetical taste and could write quite prettily. Guy must have wished for her criticism; she should never even hint that she knew aught of the matter, still almost unconsciously she furtively watched the pair when together with a slight twinge of jealousy wholly new.

The town authorities having decided to celebrate the coming Fourth of July, preparations for the day were commenced in grand style.

John Quincy Adams, formerly a law student in the place, was invited to deliver the oration. A rising young lawyer was selected to read the Declaration of Independence. A poetical son

and daughter of the town were called upon for original odes, the military were astir preparing for a fine display. The Boston Brass Band, a recent organization, was hired. A select choir of the best singers began daily rehearsals. In the evening a superb pyrotechnic display was anticipated. As was customary on such occasions, Mr. William Archer, who had been chosen chief marshal, made sumptuous preparation for the entertainment of guests. Mrs. Archer being so delicate, Mary, young as she was, assumed much of the responsibility of the menage. To her surprise the Saturday prior to the Fourth, Grandpa Archer came and took her from school. "Aunt Fanny wanted her, the girls were away, she must have Mary."

"What for?" Mary asked, as she seated herself beside the old gentleman, and he drove forward. "I don't know. Guess she wants a new cap."

"No, I made one for her and another for Grandma, last week, or I sewed them. Emma Irwin cut and pinned them up for me. They are very stylish Emma gives dress such a genteel air."

"Emma is rather handy," Grandma returned. "There is considerable to her if she is a little witch.

Aunt Fanny welcomed her niece with unusual warmth. "I do so miss Fanny, Mary. For some time she has taken the care of her father's military accoutrements. I have so much to do that I that I sent for you to polish them. One has to be so particular not to soil the cloth, I dared trust them to no other."

Mary thanked her aunt for her summons, expressing pleasure at being able to assist. After dinner she commenced her task—a somewhat difficult and very careful one. The uniform burnished, a few other slight jobs completed, Mary ran across the fields to Mrs. Langdon's. Entering by the side door, she turned into the sitting-room, which was vacant, she was about to open a door leading to the library, which was ajar, but stopped in amazement, her hand on the lock. Surely that was Emma's voice. Peeping through the slight opening she descried Emma and Guy, seated side by side, holding a book between them from which Emma was reading. After listening a moment Mary found she was reading "Macbeth," and reading it astonishly well. She knew her friend was a good reader, and had dramatic talent, but this rendering of the subject showed a power she had never suspected her to possess.

Now and then the girl would stop and raise her eyes to Guy's: having received a nod of approval she read on. Mary listened with breathless attention till the play was nearly ended, then stole away and went over to Deacon Blake's. She found Nancy alone. "Miss Blake has gone to make a call with Miss Langdon," the woman explained. "Guy is at home, and Emma Irwin come up on Mr. Howe's milk wagon this noon, she's studying something with Guy, but I 'spose you know all about it."

"Not a lisp, Nancy. Does she come often?"

"I guess she's been up every Saturday the last month, She comes with Mr. Howe at noon, and Guy takes her home after tea." Mrs. Langdon usually sits with them, but some friends of her's are visiting at the "Mansion-house" over to the 'cademy, she felt obliged to

go to-day and take her mother. They'll be back soon. Takke off your things."

"No, Papa is coming for me in an hour. This seems to be a secret between Emma and her friends here."

"Well, I didn't know 'twas, so don't say I telled ye, Mary."

"No, I shall not mention it," Mary replied, turning to go.

"Don't be in sich a hurry," said Nancy, going to the pantry. "There, set down and eat that gooseberry tart. Your're a real stranger. I've scarcely seed ye sence the May fair. What made Emma so cool to that handsome and perlite Boston beau?"

"Don't ask me to explain Emma's mysteries," Mary rather snappishly replied.

"I guess you couldn't. She likes him, though. Busy as she seemed to be with that "Fate Lady" she had an eye for him. I couldn't help watching her while Mr. Eustis was flirting with Fanny. Her color came and went, and I thought she would cry."

With a wise shake of the head the woman continued. "She's deep, deep, but a body can't help liking her. She bought that bag for me, I liked it so much. I didn't want her to, 'cause she ain't rich, but I see it would hurt her feelings if I didn't take it. I knew I could give her something, and I'm going to give her a pair of white kid gloves for Independent Day. She was sewing up her glove the other day, and said 'she hoped she should see the time when she could buy as many gloves as was necessary,' so I got Mrs. Langdon to get her pair in Boston. I'm gwine to give 'em to her by and by."

"That is right, Nancy, but I must go," Mary replied. "Good bye. Guy will fetch you with the rest to see the procession from our windows."

As the girl retraced her way through the fields she pondered over what she had seen and heard. She was pleased at Nancy's thoughtfulness, and determined to make her schoolmate a present of some lace and ribbon for which she had heard her express a desire, to trim a dress for the coming celebration.

By Grandpa Archer's taking her so suddenly. Mary left behind the books required for the preparation of Monday's lessons. After tea she went to the school. On informing Mrs. Archer of the gift she intended for Emma, that lady added a handsome fan. Mary found Emma seated before the piano, in the twilight, softly playing a pensive, tender air. She started up with glad surprise as Mary entered. Tears brimmed her eyes as she undid the parcel handed her.

"Oh, Molly," she exclaimed with an affectionate caress. "How can I thank you and your mother for all your kindness. These are just what I most needed. I will never distrust Providence again. It sent me, most opportunely, a pair of white kids this afternoon, by an angel in disguise. You could not guess who it was."

"Nancy," Mary replied, with beaming eyes.

"Who told you!" Emma eagerly asked.

"That is my secret, ma chere," was the laughing rejoinder.

"You provoking thing, but it's tit for tat. I can't complain," with another kiss. Mary ran up stairs after the

books, and hurried home to study her Sunday school lesson.

The Fourth dawned bright and cool for the season. The celebration began at sunrise by the pealing of bells and the booming of cannon. By nine o'clock the air resounded with martial strains. At ten the procession formed on the Mall. Having marched through some of the principal streets it filed into the First church, which became densely crowded. A voluntary played, Mr. Ford rose for prayer. One might have heard a pin drop, so perfect was the silence as he commenced. Every syllable of those first low, clearly spoken words being as audible as trumpet tones in the farthest corner of the spacious building. An ode having been sung in fine style the Declaration of Independence was appropriately read. After a second ode came the oration—one worthy of the distinguished orator. Music closed the exercises.

The procession having re-formed, marched to Market Hall to dinner. The afternoon sped with toasts and speeches, interspersed with music by the band. Mrs. William Archer and Mary Minot entertained a large party both at dinner and tea. The fireworks in the evening drew a crowd. The Mall and vicinity was packed with vehicles and people. As Fannie and Jennie Archer invited Miss Catharine Eustis to accompany them home on the Fourth, Henry Mears had been instructed to ask her brother to accompany him. A gay group left Mr. Archer's to witness the fireworks. Mary looked beautiful in her dancing school ball dress, and Emma especially lovely in a white muslin, ornamented with its trimmings, and the new gloves. Walter Eustis, spite of his sister's innendoes and Fanny Archer's arts, paid her most devoted attention, which was received with cool indifference. With consummate tact the girl divided her regard among the group of young men by whom she was surrounded. Grandpa Archer was near, sitting alone in his chaise, his old horse—his faithful companion for years, quietly dozed between the shafts, now and then rousing herself to raise her head, or prick her ears as an unusual whiz accompanied a blaze of light. Emma having made several unsuccessful attempts to turn Walter's attention from herself to Fanny, at length exclaimed, "Grandpa looks lonely, Mary. Let's go and enliven him." Catching her friend's hand she drew her through the crowd to the vehicle. Mr. Archer seeing them coming alighted, and with old style gallantry handed the girls in, then seated himself between them. Emma declared it was splendid. "Grandpa was the best beau," and Mary coincided in that opinion. The other young people gathered about the chaise—a merry chat ensued. Grandpa was as young as the rest, and laughed and joked like a boy. The fireworks ended at ten o'clock, when he conveyed the two girls home.

Upon his return he informed Grandma that Emma Irwin was the cutest girl he ever came across. "Flirt as she will, beaux do not turn her head." Grandma opined "that the little miss had turned one old fellow's head."

Grandpa laughed and owned to feeling much interested in the young lady.

Grandma hoped she would not come between Guy and Mary.

"She would sooner die than mar Ma-

ry's happiness," Mr. Archer replied with fervor, "but I am not sure that Guy will be the most suitable for our girl. Henry Mears is very fond of her, and I think the affection is mutual."

"But the property, Mr. Archer," his wife exclaimed. "A fig for the property. Let the orphans have it. According to all accounts that Mrs. Demond has cut off her own nose. There are whispers that the asylum must be discontinued unless something is done. Our boys and girls are young yet. It is impossible to tell what their future will unfold." Henry was ready to hand Mary from the chaise. As they ascended the steps he asked, "what Emma was driving at?"

"I really cannot say," Mary hesitatingly replied. "From expressions she has dropped I think her views are ambitious. She seems fully determined to win both fame and fortune."

"By a lucky marriage, I suppose. Then why does she snub Walter? His social position is certainly sufficiently lofty, and like Guy he has a fortune independent of his parents," Henry returned.

"Indeed Emma never spoke of that," Mary exclaimed in surprise. She hinted that his family would contemn her, and she is not one to endure slights or place herself in a position to receive them; but I think gay and flighty as she appears, that she has very serious plans for the future wholly independent of matrimony."

"You do? Then she is the first girl," Henry sarcastically replied. "What does this rara avis contemplate doing?"

"Really, Henry, I cannot say," Mary returned in a slightly piqued tone. "Perhaps she is scheming to marry you. Nancy says she is deep, and I echo the opinion."

The Archer girls and Mr. and Miss Eustis were to pass the night at Mr. William Archer's. At this moment they approached gaily chatting as they came up the avenue. Henry and Mary turned to meet them. As they did so Fanny asked "If they had seen Ralph Nayson?" Being answered in the negative, she informed them that he wished to get up a down river party in his yacht on the morrow and desired the present company to join it. Mrs. Archer was afraid of the water and demurred about Mary's going with the sailing party, but the following morning was so fine her objections were overruled. Fanny and Jennie knew that their father was also averse to water parties. Jennie proposed not going, but Fanny overruled her objections—fairly threatened her sister into disobedience to parental commands.

Mrs. Langdon complained of headache, and Guy took her home before the termination of the fireworks. As Mr. Nayson had included the youth in his invitation, Henry was sent to fetch him immediately after breakfast. The party had assembled at the wharf on his return. Seeing Henry coming alone a chorus of voices demanded "why he had not brought Guy?"

"Because he would not come," Henry decidedly answered.

"Why, what is the matter—is he sick?" was demanded.

"He did not plead illness, only begged to be excused."

"Guy never owns to bad feelings,"

said Mary. "How did he look—what was he doing?"

"Lying on the sofa reading. He did not look sick."

"Deep in some novel, the lazy thing, he ought to be ashamed," said Catharine Eustis.

"No, it was a religious treatise in which he was absorbed. I think the title was 'Apocalypse explained.'"

"One of Swedenborg's works," exclaimed Mary.

"Reading Swedenborg instead of joining a beach party. Is'nt that Guy exactly," said Walter Eustis.

"Yes," Mary replied. "How he can be so deeply enthralled by those books is more than I can comprehend."

"I do not wonder," Emma returned, "I was as interested in 'Heaven and Hell' as any novel." "How came you to read 'Heaven and Hell?' Walter asked with astonishment.

"To gratify my curiosity, sir. A very laudable motive, you must allow, considering my sex."

A laugh rang round the group, which began to move towards the boat. As Mary walked down the wharf the thought came, was not Emma, in her interior soul, a more fitting companion for Guy than herself? And she stepped on board with the determination to read 'Heaven and Hell' as soon as possible.

Wind and tide in its favor, the yacht went swiftly down the river. The town rising like an amphitheatre from the water, its fairy-like suspension bridge spanning the broad stream, looked serenely beautiful in the morning light. The somewhat silent wharves and vacant warehouses.—reminders of departed maratime prosperity, bore a rather saddening aspect, but business was looking up. The manufacture of shoes was commencing. Comb making had been introduced, and there was a large demand for the high-topped, engraved, ornamental combs then so fashionable. A yarn factory and one for the weaving of hose had been established, and a steam cotton mill was about to be erected on one of the unoccupied wharves at the North end. The future looked encouraging, though one of the young ladies lamented the idea of a steam mill. "It would mar the beauty of the place to have a horrid red brick chimney towering aloft, and the society could not be so select in a factory town." Mary Minot laughed and told the miss "she must imagine the chimney a miniature Bunker Hill monument,—it would be shaped like it. From what she had seen at Lowell she did not anticipate much contamination from the operatives." The majority coincided with Mary, and rejoiced that the stupid old seaport was beginning to awake from its lethargy.

Sandy Beach reached the party disembarked. Part went over the sand dunes to the ocean, others pitched a tent, two or three went to dig clams, others built a fire. Half a dozen girls donned the large aprons they had brought and began to forward the preparations for dinner. Emma went over to the seashore, but watching her chance, while Walter Eustis held a spyglass for the girls to get a glimpse of a passing sail, she ran hastily back, and pinning a towel over her dress insisted upon being put to use.

"Can you peel potatoes?" Mary asked, as she pushed her the pan over

which she was engaged. Emma took the knife presented, and quickly the brown skin fell from the white tubers.

"Pretty well for a novice," exclaimed a too well known voice at her side.

"Oh, Mr. Eustis," the girl exclaimed, "how could you give me such a start? Why didn't you stay over on the sea beach? See, I almost cut my thumb."

"Let me kiss it. That is the way my mother used to cure me when I was a little boy," the young man gallantly answered.

"But I am not a little boy, and you are not my mother," Emma poutingly replied. "What are you going to do with those onions," she quickly added.

"Peel them," was the calm rejoinder.

"You shall not," Emma exclaimed, snatching away the pan. "You hands would be redolent of onions for a week"

"Are your hands impervious to oder," Walter laughingly inquired.

"You have nothing to do with my hands," she pertly returned.

"I suppose not,—more's the pity," he replied with a wry face, but you know nothing of peeling onions—they will make you cry your pretty eyes out."

"That shows what a wiseacre you are, Walter Eustis," Emma derisively exclaimed. "Henry Mears, hand me that water, please." Pouring it over the vegetables Emma took the skins off in a trice, without the least discomfort.

"That is something new," every one declared, while Walter asked where she learned that manœuvre?

"In my aunt Betsy's kitchen, down on Cape Cod, where I learned to cook," she answered triumphantly.

This was news—cooking added to Emma's list of accomplishments. "What would come next?" her companions wonderingly exclaimed, while the girl with a gay laugh assisted Ralph Nayson to season the chowder.

Dinner was served. Any one who has feasted under similar circumstances can appreciate it. The meal over and dishes washed, the big aprons were removed, the whole party strolled over to sea beach. Suddenly a glad cry arose, "There was Guy!" Yes, Guy had ridden down in Mrs. Langdon's large carryall. The youth expressed delight at the warmth of his welcome, and the merriment increased. Mary was standing apart, thinking what an acquisition Guy was to any company, when he stepped beside her. "Why did you not come this morning," she asked.

"Though she never makes any demonstration, I know my mother is anxious if I take a sail, and Grandma worries the life out of herself and everybody else," he answered.

"Why did you not explain this to Henry, and tell him you would ride down?" she asked in a slightly vexed tone. "And incur his sneers respecting petticoat government. I preferred being thought odd," Guy disdainfully returned. "Riding here was an afterthought. It was lonely at home, then I saw that the weather had changed, and concluded to come in a carryall in order to take you, Emma, your cousins and Miss Eustis home. Anna Ross can go also if she likes. I can take six in the carriage as I occupy the driver's seat. You see that haze rising where sea and sky blend. Fog is coming in, it will be an unpleasant evening. I should like

to go in an hour, and advise the others to be on the alert.

The girls, with the exception of Fanny, gladly accepted seats in Guy's carriage. Finding that Walter Eustis would go on the boat, nothing could induce her to ride, and another young lady took the vacant place.

Though supper had been hastened, one thing and another detained the boating party, the fog came up much faster than was anticipated, and soon became so dense that one could scarcely discern the nearest object. Ralph Nayson allayed fear by the assurance that he knew the channel so perfectly there was no cause for alarm. This boast ended in a grate and a bump, the yacht was hard and fast, where she must remain until the next morning. Terror and confusion ended in laughter and frolic. They were in no danger, only in rather a gloomy situation and somewhat confined quarters, but the company was young, in high spirits, disposed to make the best of everything, and laugh at mishaps.

Guy left Jennie Archer and her friend at Mr. William Archer's, as Jenny said she dared not go home without Fanny. Her father would be fearfully angry if he knew of this excursion, and she begged Guy to be careful never to speak of it. The young man fully intended to keep the promise of secresy which Jennie enjoined, but at midnight the Langdon household were awakened by a loud knocking accompanied by Col. Archer's voice demanding Guy. "Had he been to the beach,—where were his girls?" he shouted. The youth was obliged to explain, asking in surprise "how he got wind of the matter?"

"Your stable boy told of it in our kitchen," he replied. "Mrs. Archer got the news, but said nothing to me till half an hour ago, when she became so worried she felt obliged to give me her confidence, begging that I would come over and see you."

"Jennie and Catharine are safe. I rather think Fanny will come out all right. I shall ride down to look after her as soon as it is light."

At sunrise Mr. Archer was on Ferry wharf. One of the boating party, a dentist, who had an early engagement that morning, at low water had managed to get on shore and walk home. He had brought tidings of the missing vessel to the distracted families of those on board. Col. Archer immediately chartered a boat to take him to the yacht. The fog had cleared and she was plainly visible from the wharf. There had not been much sleep on board of her, but completely exhausted the girls had at length sought repose as best they could. Fanny, aroused from a troubled snooze by her father's voice resounding through the small, crowded cabin commanding her in no gentle tones to rise and follow him.

"O, Papa, I cant' go in this plight. Let me fix up a little," the girl implored rubbing her eyes.

"You will come directly just as you are. Put on your bonnet this instant," he answered peremptorily.

Two or three of the party availed themselves of the opportunity to get home, the others waited for high water, when the yacht floated and sailed swiftly up the river. Its passengers disembarked at noon, declaring they had vastly enjoyed their trip—getting ashore

was such fun. Not one would own to the least fright or discomfort.

Col. Archer obliged his daughter, in her disarray, to walk up the wharf to the carriage,—a much greater punishment than any reproof he could have uttered. Fanny was completely humbled. The Colonel having conveyed the three girls home never again referred to the matter.

Nancy grimaced and chuckled, and told Guy he was wisest. "'Twant best for horse and chaise folks to trust theirselves to winds and waters. Te he he."

CHAPTER XX.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC.

In July Guy passed his examination and was admitted to the Freshman class in Harvard University.

The previous autumn, on a pleasant October afternoon, Mr. Ford took his Sunday school on an excursion to the Devil's Den and Basin. It was an impromptu affair; the older scholars walked, the younger ones were conveyed in private carriages. This August it was decided to hold a picnic on a grand scale. A member of Mr. Ford's society, proprietor of a fine residence at a noted mill three miles from town, invited the school to his grounds. Arrangements were made to take the teachers and scholars thither in carriages. Preparations for a grand fete, not only for the school but for the society commenced. Mr. Ford invited several Boston friends. Among these was the pastor of the Warren-street Chapel. As both Henry Mears and Walter Eustis were teachers in that Sunday school, Mr. Ford instructed Mary not to notify the young men that their presence was expected and that a cordial reception would be given to as many of their fellow teachers as they could induce to accompany them. For a week the society was in a flutter of preparation.

The anticipated Wednesday afternoon proved unusually pleasant. At two o'clock the church porch and steps were thronged by a crowd of happy, expectant children, who with their teachers were placed in and on fifteen stage coaches and hacks, which started in gay procession. These were followed by a number of private carriages conveying the Boston guests and members of the society. The mill reached, the company dispersed over the handsome and spacious grounds. Some went to the mill, others to the river, the young men hung swings to the trees, the young ladies played games with the children. Emma Irwin, who had been invited to join the school, and Mary Minot has been assisting Henry Mears to swing the little ones, Emma espying Water Eustis approaching hastily whispered Mary "to come away." Mr. Ford brought a microscope which was affording much amusement and instruction. The two girls joined the group around the instrument. As they did so a lad brought Mr. Ford an immense spider pinned to a card.

"Oh," Mary exclaimed with a shudder, "do kill him quick!"

As he took the card the clergyman with an indescribably funny expression

responded, "Molly, he will feel better when he has done kicking."

Mary made a face and told him "she thought he wouldn't want a big giant to pinion him down with a great spear."

"Probably not, my dear. Has any one a lucifer match?" One having been produced the fumes soon ended the insect's spasms.

"Well," exclaimed old farmer Merrill, for once one of them darned new fangled things has been put to a good use.'

"Why arn't they always useful, sir?' Emma Irwin asked in surprise. "They are certainly a great improvement over the old method of procuring a light."

"Yes, there a heap too useful, young lady. 'Yell see by the incendiary fires they'll set. Give me an honest tinder box and brimstone matches."

Emma smilingly assured the old man that he was behind the times, and proposed a stroll to the river, as she wished to get some botanical specimens for her herbarium. Guy joined the girls, Mary seated herself to sketch, Guy and Emma sauntered down the river bank, Henry Mears placed himself by Mary, as he said, "to cut her pencils." Emma, as usual, soon became the centre of a gay group. One young man was sent one way, a second another, a third waded the stream, a fourth clambered a rocky height. The girl's specimen box was quickly filled.

The girls were soon called to assist in preparing the repast which was spread in the orchard upon long board tables covered with white cloth. These were soon covered with the contents of the baskets—a plentiful and tempting feast. Guy having sounded a blast from what he termed his hunting horn, the scattered groups gradually filled the tables. Grace having been said due justice was given to the viands. Thanks having been returned the remainder of the afternoon was passed in singing and games with the children. At sunset the carriages were again filled, and after a merry ride the party were set down at the church steps to separate for their various homes, with beaming faces and expressions of delight.

Mary Minot had accompanied her class in a coach. Emma Irwin rode in Mrs. Langdon's carriage. Henry Mears, Walter Eustis and two of their Boston friends had driven out in Mr. William Archer's barouche, Mr. and Mrs. Archer following in a chaise.

Mrs. Gray's term had closed by a public examination, at which the Misses Archer in their new Bishop lawns had highly distinguished themselves, and become the cynosure of several of those spectacled and non-spectacled students respecting whom Miss Irwin had so volubly expatiated. Miss Eustis, the daughter of a wealthy Boston merchant, was also a prominent star and special attraction of the school. This young lady being now on a visit at Archer Place, Grandpa Archer, towards the close of the afternoon, took the three girls to the picnic.

On the return home Fanny Archer contrived that Walter Eustis should ride with Grandpa, by placing her sister in Mrs. Langdon's carriage, while the Boston guest, who had occupied the seat, was transferred to the one left vacant in the barouche. Having effected this arrangement Miss Fanny took her place beside Miss Eustis in triumph. Mr. Archer had been watching his grand-

daughter with a keen eye. As Walter seated himself, with a quizzical expression the old gentleman tossed him the reins, and wheeling about he seized Emma Irwin, who was awaiting Guy's approach, and lifted her to the vacant seat beside Mr. Eustis before either was aware of his intion. Then with a gay laugh, with the agility of a boy he sprang up beside Guy, who drove his mother's carryall.

For once Emma's equanimity was somewhat shaken, but her quick perception instantly gave the point of the old gentleman's joke. Glancing back at Fanny's irate visage she saucily shook her finger at Mr. Archer as Walter, his face radiant with amused satisfaction, drove forward. Emma had been too much surprised to immediately regain her usual lady-like nonchalance. Fanny was too cross to talk,—the brother and sister having exchanged a few words respecting home affairs, silence fell upon the quartette. Emma's innate tact stood in good stead. Mr. Eustis did not deserve rudeness. She began a conversation upon topics interesting to her escort, but which Miss Fanny, with her year's attainments at Mrs.Gray's seminary, was as unable to comprehend, as if it had been spoken in Greek. Miss Eustis now and then made a remark, but the talking during the ride was principally between the two on the front seat. Upon the arrival at Archer Place Walter Eustis handed Emma from the carriage with a respect hitherto unfelt, coupled with wonder at the girl's attainments and varied knowledge.

It having been arranged that Henry Mears and Mary Minot should come out in the chaise, tea was delayed till their arrival. The meal over, as the library was the coolest room, the company collected there.

Mr. Eustis, senior, was in the India trade. Walter, a clerk in his father's store, spoke of recent letters from Mr. Archer's son in Calcutta. Thus the conversation turned upon his singular and melancholy bereavement. Walter had heard something respecting it,—his inquiries drew forth the story. Grandpa Archer ended the recital by directing Mary to bring the two miniatures from the cabinet for Mr. and Miss Eustis' inspection. The girl obeyed, but Guy was struck by the sudden pallor that overspread her face as she turned the the key and produced the pictures, which were received with expressions of delight. "Beautiful, lovely lady. Dear little girl, what a bright face. Oh, how could she be drowned, so full of life! Why, Mary, if she had survived she must have been your twin. I am certain she must have resembled you closely," exclaimed Catharine Eustis. "Yes," said her brother, "she must have been your exact counterpart." Mary with quivering lips assented, then quietly glided through one of the French windows which opened upon the piazza running along the end of the house. An irrisistible impulse caused Guy to step out after her. The girl descended the steps and went down the walk to a small arbor screened by a grape vine. Guy felt that it would be intrusion to follow. He stood a few moments watching the white speck where the girl's dress gleamed through the foliage in the moonlight which irradiated the old-fashioned terraced and box-bordered garden, whose perfume fell in dewey freshness on the sultry evening air. Foot-

steps sounded in the yard beyond. Mary started up with a slight scream. Guy was instantly at her side.

"Is that Papa?" she breathlessly asked.

"No, it is your uncle Archie going to the stable," Guy gently replied.

The girl pressed her hand over her brow,—the wild, intense, seer-like look passed; every liniament softened, turning to Guy she said, "Excuse me, the day has been tiresome, and this evening's conversation has made me nervous. I am very foolish. Do forgive me."

"There is nothing to excuse or forgive," the youth replied as he drew his companion's arm within his. "The dew is falling, your dress thin, we had better return to the house, though it is so lovely here it seems desecration to leave." "Yes, and you go so soon, it is nice to have a quiet moment all to ourselves," Mary replied.

The indescribably lovely expression of the face turned to his, as this was spoken, struck the youth, bringing the remark his grandfather had once made to his recollection. It was not like Mrs. William Archer—but—yes, it was—yes—surely, very like the picture of the dead Countess! As this rushed to mind, Guy gave a little start. Mary looked up inquiringly. "It is my turn to be nervous." Guy managed to lightly exclaim, "I shall try to enjoy college life, though to tell the truth I should prefer studying at home, but I feel that it is right to be a man among men. I have a prominent place to fill in society, and intend to fit myself for an honorable position, have determined to overcome this shrinking sensitiveness and morbid, misanthropic tendency, inherited traits that have been my bane since infancy. Emma sets me a bright example. I intend to become all that my mother desires and the world expects." "Then you will be something remarkable," Mary smilingly replied. Your mother's expectation are loftily expansive. "You are right in saying that Emma sets a bright example. I would give much for her power of self-control."

"You are your own sweet self, Mollie,—need no change, but Emma is heroic." "I shall not suffer my name to be taken in vain," interrupted a silvery voice as a sylph-like figure sprang down the steps.

"Listeners never hear any good of themselves," he retorted as he tucked the girl's hand under his unoccupied arm.

"I did hear some good of myself, Guy. Did you mean it? Truly?" Emma earnestly demanded.

"Yes," he replied, seriously gazing into the questioning eyes lifted to his.

"Thanks, you have given me courage,—the courage I sorely needed," the girl slowly added, as she clasped both her hands over her escort's arm. "Thanks."

"Well, well, here's a pretty to do. Mears, come hear, a quarter for the sight," exclaimed Walter Eustis stepping upon the piazza. "Look," he added as Henry appeared. "See this sly fellow. I expect he intends to introduce a harem, though I believe Swedenborg declares that one man and one woman constitute a whole soul."

"Yes," said Emma, as she left Guy and danced forward, that Andover stu-

dent that I saw at Mrs. Gray's examination, with white hair, green spectacles, red vest and yellow neck-tie, is certain sure that his soul is the other half of Miss Fanny Archer's."

"Oh, Emma, what a girl you are," simpered Fanny. "Mr. Eustis, please do not believe a word she says."

"Indeed, I shall receive as Bible truth every word she utters," he solemly returned. "Who is he, Catharine?"

"A very pious and studious young man, fitting to be scalped among the barbarians, Emma would tell you," she returned.

"Fitting for a missionary?" he asked.

"He ought to be?" said Jennie Archer. "If he understands his vocation he certainly is not fit to live with civilized people, rigged out in all sorts of colors. To cap the climax awhile ago he undertook to dye his white hair black but forgot to touch up his eyebrows. You ought to have seen him. He comes to school once a week to hear the class in Greek. "Oh, my, wasn't it funny! He arrived just as we were going to dinner. As he took his seat at table every eye was upon him, which caused him to turn as red as a beet. Some of the girls in their astonishment nearly exclaimed aloud. Miss Gray's face was a study. The other teachers made for pocket handkerchiefs and bit their lips. There was not much dinner eaten. I thought I should choke, and was only too glad to get away to laugh."

This recital drew a merry peal from the group, but Fanny declared her sister ought to be ashamed to thus malign a worthy young man earnestly striving to obtain an education by his own endeavors. A dashy relative gives him his cast-off clothes, — necessity not taste governs his wardrobe. He ought to be praised instead of ridiculed."

"That's right, Fanny. Nail your colors to the mast," Guy gaily exclaimed, "Is he really so hard pushed?"

"Yes, and he helps a widowed mother besides," she added.

"Let's make him a present, Eustis. Can you give us his address Fanny?"

"Yes," she joyfully replied.

"Suppose we send an enclosure without a word. Won't he stare," said Guy..

"Capital," exclaimed Emma, clapping her hands. Walter gazed at her admiringly, took out his wallet and gave Guy two ten dollar bills and a five. The young man took the money with a satisfied nod, remarking "that he would make up the fifty."

"Henry, are you not going to contribute?" asked Mary.

"I do not approve of poor students. Let them go to work and earn their living by the sweat of their brow and leave the professions to those who can afford to prepare for them," the young man coldly replied.

A shade passed over the girl's face, but reply was precluded by the entrance of Mrs. Langdon, declaring it high time to prepare for home. "Emma will go with us, Guy, and she has a long journey before her on the morrow."

It being vacation Emma was to join her aunt on a tour in Maine. Good night was at length spoken lingeringly and tenderly. "When shall we all meet again" sounded in a merry refrain from Emma's smiling lips, but there was a melancholy cadence thrilling through the glee. Miss Eustis accompanied her brother and Henry Mears on their re-

turn to Boston the next day. Mary remained through the week at Archer Place. On leaving, with Grandpa Archer's permission, she took home the Countess's miniature to copy, a task which occupied her leisure through the vacation. The picnic became the topic of conversation throughout the town. Ford's caravan was a favorite theme for tea table gossip,—the worthy dames little dreaming that before another decade they with zest would join just such a caravan, composed of their own religious society and Sunday school.

CHAPTER XXI.

HARVARD.

Vacation over, Guy repaired to Cambridge. Fanny and Jenny to Mrs. Gray's seminary and Emma returned from her eastern tour.

Life at Harvard was much more primitive than at present. The dormitories were uncarpeted and furnished with common bedsteads, pine washstands, tables and chairs. What were termed Boston rocking chairs were luxuries recently introduced by some of the students into their rooms. Though coal was common in many private houses, wood was still the only fuel used at the University. The meals in commons, though sufficent in quantity and wholesome in quality, were not always appetizing to a young man reared in a neat home with a well served table. The dining rooms were on the lower floor of University Hall. The college officers and graduates occupied tables on a raised platform at the head of each room. The students were grouped on the main flour in messes of eight or ten. The kitchen was in the basement, and at that time was the largest culinary establishment in New England. The price of board in commons was a dollar and seventy-five cents a week. Board of a better quality could be procured in a few private families on a slight advance in the college price, and two or three of the professors received a select few at the extravagant charge of three dollars per week. In summer, morning prayers were at half-past six, in winter half an hour before sunrise, in an unheated chapel in University Hall. The devotions were succeeded by recitations in the recitation rooms in the same building. Then came breakfast. Between ten and twelve came another recitation or lecture. Dinner was served at half past twelve. With the exception of Saturday most of the afternoon was devoted to recitation. Evening prayers were at six in summer, on shorter days in the chilly twilight. Then came supper. Plain, like breakfast—hot rolls with tea instead of coffee. After the evening meal the dormitaries rang with song, fun and frolic till the study bell at eight in winter and nine in summer proclaimed silence, under severe penalties if unheeded. Saturday was the only day when leave of absence could be obtained. Then the students were required to return to evening prayers and be present at the two services on Sunday in the College chapel.

The only public conveyance at that time between Cambridge and Boston

was a two horse stage coach, which made two trips daily.

Anxious for her son's health, Mrs. Langdon proposed board at one of the Professors, but Guy would not listen.

"He was not to be a baby, he would rough it like the majority." Her next proposition to carpet his room at Hollis, met with a similar rebuff. "He would not set himself up for a Don, he should live like the others." She was obliged to content herself with rugs before the hearth, bedstead and table, and a stuffed easy chair, upon these she insisted, though Guy grimaced and feared they would be thought fluperosities, as old Jerry Turner said, describing the improvements in his neighbors new barn. The only luxury in which the youth indulged was the hanging of two or three really fine pictures upon the walls. These with a few knick knacks presented by Mary and Emma, took away the cheerless aspect common to most of the students' rooms. In the spirit with which Guy commenced college life, complaint was not to be expected, but his letters showed that he was content, and as he became better acquainted they took a tone of manly vigor, which was most satisfactory. His washing was done at home, forwarded fortnightly by the stage, this gave Nancy an opportunity to keep her "college boy," as she proudly termed him, well supplied with "goodies."

To Emma and Mary life passed most quietly through the ensuing months. The great Eastern land speculation that made some fortunes, but unmade more, had arisen. Judge Minot had owned large tracts of wild land in Maine, which Mrs. Archer had inherited. Her husband at the first intimation of the coming boom hastened to the scene of action, he was at the East most of the autumn. As Mrs. Archer and Mary were lonely, Emma was invited to be their guest. Thus the intimacy, which had been gradually growing between the young ladies, ripened into firm affection.

A short time after Guy's entrance at Harvard, Emma received a letter from a relative, a sophmore there, that brought both gratification and amusement. He wrote, that some of the fellows made an attempt to haze Guy. The second evening of the term, a knock come upon his door, and he was informed that the president wished to see him. Accompanying the messenger, he was ushered into a room dimly lighted by a shaded astral lamp. Around an oval table covered with a green cloth, upon which was strewn several ponderous volumes, were seated a number of gentlemen in black silk gowns and Oxford caps. As Guy stepped up the room, one at the head of the table, in a very grave and dignified tone, announced that some errors had been discovered in his examination, and he wished to ask a few questions. The questions were put but the answers were ready. The hazers soon began to feel that they were the hazed. The examination closed with the verdict that Langdon was deuce of a good fellow, spite of his money, and delicate, aristocractic appearance. The girls were too much elated to keep this letter private. Guy's family circle and intimate friends enjoyed a hearty laugh over the affair. His grandfather heard the story in silence, but satisfaction was imprinted on every line of his grim visage. Nancy was irrepressible. The deacon could not turn but

he encountered his handmaiden, rubbing her hands and chuckling "Langdon all over, mabby theres a leetle Blake. Te, he he!" while she worked her exstacy into an extra quantity of good things to be dispatched by the next clothes bag. Guy wrote that he had become a member of the Pierian Sodality—a society formed by members of the University for the culture of orchestral music. He was practicing on the flute, having become quite proficient on that instrument before he left home. He had a violin and had commenced a course of lessons on Saturdays, and his instructor, a celebrated violinist of Boston, spoke hopefully of his progress.

Emma's correspondent gave the additional information that the young man had secured the favor and gratitude of the Faculty by his successful efforts in the improvement in the singing in the college chapel. Then followed a question that rather startled the girls: "Does Mr. Langdon intend to enter the ministry?" This query was answered by another: "Why this question?" The reply read: "Because he regularly attends the evening meetings of the Society of the Christian brethren. I believe he has not joined the society, but he is intimate with several of its members and is often present at the exercises."

As Emma read this explanation, she raised her eyes to Mary's. For an instant the girls gazed at each other in silence. Guy's future, his life beyond the college, had never been a subject of thought or conjecture. To the question in her friend's eyes Mary replied, "Guy has a taste for theology—I think that is a bit of Blake. He is interested in Swedenborg's works, he likes to read sermons, he used to take a text and write little sermons when quite a small lad. I do not think that he intends studying for a profession. I have not the least idea that he will become a clergyman."

Emma dubiously shook her head, then laughingly returned, "I hear that Nancy avers that I am deep. I think she may pronounce Guy unfathomable." This Thanksgiving season was hailed with uncommon expectation and joy. The scattered band would again be united.

At that time this festival was a State institution. Each governor appointed a day for its celebration. Thanksgiving in New Hampshire was usually a week earlier than that in Massachusetts. Thus Henry Mears was enabled to pass one holiday with his family and the other with his Massachusetts friends. Martin Alger, the Andover student, much to his surprise became the recipient of fifty dollars, contributed by Walter Eustis and Guy. After an unsuccessful attempt to ascertain the donor he settled into the conviction that Miss Fanny Archer was the primary cause if not the sole bestower of the gift. With deep gratitude in his heart, he handed the money to his mother to defray her expenses to the West, where a lucrative situation awaited her. With the conviction of Fanny's interest in his welfare it was but natural that his attention should become marked. Finding that the young teacher contemplated a gloomy Thanksgiving, separated from his mother and his home, Fanny wrote for her parents' permission to invite her friend to pass the festival at Archer Place, a favor which was cordially granted.

Mary and Emma looked forward with much curiosity to the advent of the guest. Many sly jokes were perpetrated at Fanny's expense, especially by her brother Archie, the only son and heir of Archer Place, a lad now of an age to join the youthful coterie.

It had been decided that Emma was to remain with Mary over Thanksgiving. Fanny and Jennie Archer came home the Saturday previous. Monday morning Fanny was early astir, busy and important with the preparations. Naturally active, with a talent for management and housekeeping, she became the head of the domestic force. Her mother declared her superiority to a professional cook. All praised her viands. Miss Archer bore these honors quite the reverse of meekly. Archie pronounced her prouder than a peacock, and Jennie, tired of her orders and tasks, declared her sister positively unbearable. "She was sick of the sight of the kitchen; and perfectly coincided with the old lady who had rather have two Fasts than one Thanksgiving." During Fannie's absence Archie slyly abstracted a pie from the oven, and having pricked the name of Martin upon the cover, he returned it to its place.

Mr. Archer had come from Maine elated. He should make Mrs. Archer a millionaire from her father's wild land. He had taken his family to Archer Place the afternoon preceding Thanksgiving. Mary and Emma joined their cousins in the kitchen, where Archie was gravely watching the oven. As Fanny pronounced the pies done to a turn, he seized the pie hook, declaring "that being over the hot stove was ruining his sister's complexion, which could not be permitted, as savages were much impressed by beauty, and the future missionary must keep the few good looks she had, if possible." A tremendous flourish of the pie hook concluded this harangue, which drew from Fanny the tart direction to take out the pies quick. Five, delicate and flaky, were deposited on the table, the sixth came down with a peculiar whack which fastened all eyes upon it. A general titter ensued, followed by a loud oh! from Fanny. Seizing the broom she ran after her brother, who was making for the door. "Hoity toity, what's to pay!" exclaimed a voice. First Nancy's head, then her shoulders, then the whole woman appeared in the doorway. Slowly advancing she superciliously eyed the table, and somewhat contemptuously exclaimed, "Are them yer make, Fanny?"

"Yes, Nancy, arn't they nice? That is a puff paste, better than any you ever made, if you are such a cook. Your pastry is all out of date in genteel circles, decidedly old fashioned," she proudly returned.

Nancy screwed up her visage, closed one eye, squinted at the table. "Puff paste is it, and ye made it? Well, Fanny Archer," she continued, indescribable contempt and derision in her mien and tone, "if I was you I would make one pie that would praise itself." It was impossible not to laugh. Fanny was compelled to retreat in ignominy, while Nancy screwing and unscrewing her face, chuckled over her victory. Archie treated the company to his decorated pie. Nancy ate her piece with slow criticism in every gesture, then called up the back stairs to Fanny in her chamber, "to keep trying, and she

guessed she might in time make a pie to suit the Fejee cannibals."

As Guy had written that he should come by the four o'clock stage, Nancy urged Mr. Archer to ride round by Mrs. Langdon's on his return to town, but Mrs. Archer and the girls felt that the mother and son ought to have a quiet evening to themselves, so he drove directly home.

Henry Mears was expected at seven, consequently tea was postponed till his arrival. Punctually the stage rattled up the avenue, and the young man warmly returned the greeting of his friends. "Handsomer than ever," was the unanimous assertion of Mrs. Archer and the young ladies. Even Mr. Archer complimented Henry on his good looks. "Yes," he smilingly replied as he took his seat at the supper table, "I am well and prosperous. The firm has advanced me another notch, with a slight increase of salary." This was fine news. Mr. and Mrs. Archer expressed their gratification and Mary's eyes sparkled with satisfaction. Tea was not half over when a chaise drove to the door and Mrs. Langdon and Guy entered. This was an unexpected pleasure. Mrs. Langdon explained, "that Guy thought it would gratify his grandfather if they accompanied him and his grandmother to meeting on the morrow. As he had brought some books for Mr. Ford, after an early tea they concluded to ride to town, call on Mr. and Mrs. Ford, then come and see if Emma and Mary Minot would recognize Guy."

Yes, they could do that, still during the short period of his absence he had greatly changed — how they could scarcely define, but the change was there. The boy had become merged in the man. There was a firmness and self-reliance in look, step and tone wholly new. Wraps having been laid aside, Mrs. Archer insisted that the visitors should seat themselves at the table. Mrs. Langdon said she would take her place for sociability, but Guy declared himself "ready to eat his share of Thanksgiving fixings. School boys are proverbially hungry."

"Fanny must have learned the truth of that axiom. You ought to have seen the exertion she has made to feed her Andover student," Mary laughingly replied as she passed Guy cake, which she announced as her make, and pie that was Emma's."

"Better than nectar and ambrosia, I am certain," Guy gallantly returned. "Is that Andover fellow to spend Thanksgiving at Archer Place? Nancy said something to that effect, but I thought it one of her yarns."

"No, his mother is absent at the West, and Uncle Archie. invited Mr. Alger," Mary replied.

"Did you ever hear about that money, Mary?" he asked.

"Yes, Fanny says the young man was greatly surprised at its reception. As he suspected she knew something respecting it, he questioned her, but she kept your secret. Jennie says Mr. Alger thinks Fanny sent it, but she scouts the idea. How could she give the sum? It remains a great mystery."

"Ellis and I hope it will continue such," Guy replied as he drew from his pocket some half dozen letters and notes. "Here are the missives Irwin and some of the other fellows have sent you, Emma. What a belle you are

among them—a general favorite. I should think Eustis would despair."

"He doesn't, he is determined on success, Henry returned, as he arose, and unlocking his carpet bag took out a package which he handed to Emma saying, Miss Eustis asked me to bring this. I believe your aunt has sprained her wrist, and Catharine has written for her."

Emma untied the bundle and read a note of explanation. Henry was right. "Mrs. Irwin being disabled Catharine had been her amanuensis, The lady had forwarded a few articles that she thought might be useful, and Catharine had begged her friend's acceptance of the accompanying package."

Mrs. Irwin's gift was a handsomely wrought muslin collar and cuffs and some bright ribbons. Miss Eutis's package contained half a dozen white and variously colored French kid gloves. Mary's eyes beamed with delight. Emma looked serious over the gloves. Glancing up she met Guy's searching gaze. "Are they a fit, Emma?" he demurely asked. "Yes." "Do the colors suit?" "Perfectly." "Then a mountain of remorseful regret is lifted from my soul. I will report to Nancy the first thing to-morrow morning. She has taken the charge of Miss Irwin's hands and had sent me explicit orders for gloves, but thoughtless mortal that I am, I entirely forgot them till I saw these. Can you forgive such remissness, fair lady?"

"Scarcely," Emma poutingly returned. "What a wretch to leave my pretty little white hands to the mercy of pitiless Jack Frost. It is really almost unpardonable." "So it is. Now you see how much more thoughtful Eustis is—Miss Eustis I should have said," Guy mischievously replied. Emma pressed her white teeth over her red lip as she gave Guy an inquiring look, then silently turned to read her letters.

A merry hour followed,—then the visitors made their adieus till the morrow. They would dine at Deacon Blake's, but take tea at Archer Place.

As the girls entered their room Mary began to admire Emma's gifts. "Yes, they are nice," she replied, trying on the collar, "but I wish I could return those gloves. Walter Eustis is deep as well as others."

"Why do you suspect that he knew of them, Emma?"

"Just as though Catharine Eustis would have ever thought of such a present! If she had, one pair would have been the extent of her generosity. It was Walter, it is just like him," Emma pettishly replied.

Mary gazed inquiringly at her friend, and asked, "If he is so good and noble, why do you turn from him, Emma?"

"Because I am deep, ma chere," the girl laughingly replied, as she gathered up her finery.

Mary could say nothing farther, but she lay awake a long time thinking of many things, after her companion was wrapped in the arms of Morpheus.

Thanksgiving Day dawned bright and cold, an early flight of snow had nearly disappeared, the frozen roads gave smooth travelling. Grandpa Archer wishing to hear Mr. Ford's sermon came to accompany his son's family to the service. On his return he secured Emma for a companion, entertaining her with a description of Mr. Alger's intro-

duction at Archer Place. The old gentleman was too polite and kind-hearted to ridicule a guest, but he made Emma laugh most heartily at the narrative.

Mary, upon her arrival, found her cousins in their chamber. Emma was in the parlor.

"Do hurry my hair, Jennie," Fanny queriously urged. "Emma Irwin will be flirting with Martin Alger. She will be certain so make him say or do something foolish,—something that will make him an object of ridicule. Archie is bad enough, but Emma with her sly cat's paw is worse."

"I would not invite a guest who was liable to render himself ridiculous," said Mary, as she untied her bonnet. "No one who knows Mr. Alger thoroughly would ever be ashamed of his acquaintance, but he is bashful and nervous, and many things so disconcert him that at times he appears to great disadvantage. Alone with a friend, or in congenial company, he shows his superiority both in knowledge and character."

"Hear! hear!" exclaimed a voice in the passage, and Archie's roguish face appeared at the half-open door.

"Fanny waxes eloquent, but her rhetoric is useless,—the Dominie is prodigious. Miss Irwin is the lone, congenial company to draw forth his full capacity. He is discoursing like all the Pharaohs, Miltiades, Socrates, Themistocles and those other old fellows, while my lady sits beside him, her fair face beaming with interest as she maintains the conversation like a Sybil, and knits on a purse that displays her pretty little white hands to the best advantage. The look of surprised admiration with which Martin Alger is regarding her, is enough to drive you distracted, Fanny. What does he care for pies beside a girl who talks as though she had lived for ages among the antedeluvians. I tell you he is a goner. Emma Irwin has floored him."

Fanny snatched the hair brush from Jennie's hand, and hurled it at her brother's head with such good aim, that had he not dodged he would have received a smart blow.

Mary followed the laughing lad below. Entering the parlor she found Emma seated on a low chair knitting a green silk purse interspersed with silver beads. Mr. Alger had drawn a chair beside her and the two were conversing —the gentleman most enthusiastically, upon the ruins of ancient cities. Henry Mears sat opposite, behind a newspaper, amusedly watching the pair. Grandpa Archer lolled back in his armchair, twirling his thumbs, his jolly visage one twinkle of enjoyment.

Mary advanced and held out her hand. Mr. Alger rose. After a cordial greeting and a few polite phrases he relapsed into the interrupted theme. Mary went to her grandfather and in a low tone begged him to accompany her to the library. The old gentleman rose and followed Mary into the next room; as the door closed, with a merry laugh he asked, "how that Irwin girl had acquired so much knowledge. She is always ready to talk and talk well upon any topic. I can't understand how such a young, flighty thing has managed to get her pretty cranium so full of general information."

"She is a great reader and has a retentive memory with a wonderful faculty for culling out the most important items

in a work without close study. Emma is a valuable companion. I spend so much time over my drawing and painting. I have little time for reading. She reads aloud while I paint," Mary replied as she took a package from her pocket. "Here is the miniature of Uncle Joseph Dummer's wife, and here is my copy," she added, handing the pictures to her grandfather.

Mr. Archer took the pictures and carefully scanned Mary's painting, "It is good, Mollie, remarkably fine. The execution is equal to the original, and though I never saw the lady, I should pronounce it more life-like."

"Remember, this is a secret between us. No one but Emma knows I have copied the miniature. I was obliged to give her my confidence."

"Well, Puss, just as you say, but I should like to display your work," Mr. Archer replied, as he returned the painting.

The dinner bell interrupted the colloquy. Mr. Archer hastened out, and Mary having carefully replaced her painting in the box, followed. Emma was seated at Grandpa's right hand. As Mary came to the table he placed her on his other side. Fanny and Mr. Alger were opposite. Though the young lady was striving to be most engaging, the gentleman's gaze wandered across the board to Grandpa, Emma and Archie, who were making the meal especially merry. Grandma declared "her husband more boyish than his grandson,—she believed he grew younger every year."

"Now, don't, don't Madam! Don't hint that I am entering my second childhood, I beseech," Grandpa returned with such a ludicrously deprecatory air that it raised a general laugh.

After the dessert a letter was read from the absent son and brother, written for this occasion. The sad, lonely tone of the missive drew tears from every eye. Mary had much ado to repress an outburst of sobs, but the self-control exercised from infancy enabled her to suppress undue demonstration. How her heart ached for the absent parent, not even cognizant of her existence. Ought he to be undeceived? She glanced up the table to Mr. and Mrs. William Archer. No, the time had not arrived, was her firm decision. At this moment Mrs. Langdon and Guy entered, the latter bearing a pair of skates. Henry and Archie hastened or their's. A pair having been found for Mr. Alger the young men started for the adjacent river. The older gentlemen drew their chairs round the dining room fire, the ladies repaired to the parlor, the younger ones seating themselves in a group with their fancy work. Embroidery on muslin and in German wool had superseded bead work. Mary, who was an adept in such things, seated herself at the table to draw a pattern on a muslin collar for Fanny. Blue pencils had not yet come—the lining was done with indigo and a camel's hair brush. Jennie under Emma's supervision commenced a slipper in worsted, the pair being designed as a New Year's gift for her father.

Fanny sank back in a rocking chair, idle and sulky. Emma asked if she was ill.

"I think you had better be concerned for my health," Fanny snappishly replied. "I wouldn't be such a flirt as

you are, Emma Irwin, for worlds."

Emma dropped her knitting, raised her head and stared at Fanny in blank astonishment. "What do you mean?" she wonderingly inquired. "Where, when and how did I flirt?"

"This noon. You know you so bewitched Martin Alger that he had neither eyes nor ears for any one but you all through dinner."

Emma's eyes distended to their fullest capacity. "Now, Fanny," she replied with decision, "if I was not a sinful Episcopalian instead of an Orthodox member in full communion, I should scold. I found Mr. Alger alone in the parlor. According to my code of good breeding, I entered into conversation,—the topic chanced to fall upon a book of travels we had recently read. If that was flirting, I must acknowledge the fact."

Fanny pouted. "One, two, three, four," counted Jennie. "Fanny, do be quiet and not be a fool. You have made me do this rose all wrong," she exclaimed. Mary called her cousin to mix more indigo, and the girl regained her usual amiability.

At four o'clock the skaters returned. All the gentlemen joined the ladies. Grandma Archer inquired if Henry had found his family well, and if he had a pleasant Thanksgiving at home?"

A great sensation had commenced through the preaching of William Miller, a so-called prophet, who predicted the end of the world in 1843. He was born in Pittsfield, Mass., in 1781, was a farmer and a man of limited education. In the war of 1812 he served as a volunteer with the rank of Captain on the Canadian frontier. Afterwards he became a preacher. In 1833 he began to lecture on the second coming of Christ, and to predict the end of the world. For ten years he continued his prophecies, and his converts in the United States, Canada and Great Britain were called Millerites, Adventists and Second Adventists, and numbered over 50,000. He was one of those honest fanatics whose zeal and piety drew the multitude. Miller died in Hampton, N. Y., Dec. 20, 1849, aged 68.

Henry told Grandma, "that his father had become much interested in Miller. He seemed perfectly infatuated."

Grandma asked if Mrs. Mears sympathized with her husband? "No, mother thinks it all bosh, wishes father would attend to his farm more and read the Bible less."

"I never knew the Bible to hurt anyone," Mrs. Fanny Archer reprovingly returned.

"Some of these Millerites are neglecting daily duties, wife," her husband remarked.

"Brother is right," said Mr. Archer, as he rose and beckoned Henry from the room.

Guy drew his chair to the group of girls; calling Mr. Alger to join him the conversation turned upon college life and studies.

After a time Henry joined the company, but he was singularly silent and pre-occupied. Preparations for tea having scattered the ladies Henry drew Mary aside and informed her that Mr. Joseph Dummer Archer had written to his brother William to procure a trustworthy young man capable to transact business in England and on the continent. He wished him to sail immedi-

ately—orders would await him on his arrival in London. The European business completed, he would proceed to Calcutta to fill the situation of a confidential clerk.

"Your father has offered me the situation. What shall I do? I have a fine place now, but your uncle offers a higher salary, and I feel that it will be the making of me to go to Calcutta. It is hard to leave. I have strong ties to bind me here, but the separation will not be eternal, I trust. Just decide for me, Mary."

The girl raised her dark eyes, soft and luminous, to her companions, and replied, "If it is your wish to go, mine seconds it. Go, and be as a son to the lone, bereaved man."

"Trust me for gaining his blind side, and I shall interest him in you. I know I shall make this venture a good thing," Henry vivaciously returned.

This reply, so contrary to her thoughts, and the tone which it was uttered, grated upon the maiden's highly wrought sensibility, but her only reply, was the question, "What his parents would say to his new plans?"

"Father is too much taken up with the end of the world to heed my doings. Mother will feel badly at the separation, so will the girls and Willie, but they are used to my absence, and if I am doing well, and send them a cashmere shawl, India wrought muslins and other finery from time to time they will be content."

Mary was about to remind him that he must not forget his father and brother, but a summons to tea precluded a reply.

After the meal came the usual Thanksgiving game of Blind Man's Buff, then the company separated, part went to the kitchen to crack nuts, the others to the parlor. Grandma's harpsichord had given place to an elegant piano. Guy played a new tune, Mary and Emma a duet, Fanny and Jennie followed. Conversation having become general, Mary in a low tone asked Guy to go with her to the library. Closing the door, she took the miniatures from the cabinet, saying as she handed them to him, "You are good at keeping secrets, Guy, I now intrust you with one known only to Grandpa and Emma. Criticise my work, if you see any defect please point it out." The young man took the pictures, and carefully examined both. "Yours is perfect," he at length exclaimed, I see nothing to alter, your painting is excellent. What a lovely face it is! Sometimes Mollie I fancy you have the same expression!"

The girls turned, and raised her eyes gazing steadily into Guy's, in a firm measured tone she replied, "It is not fancy, I often catch the look myself in the mirror, and it brings a joy wholly indescribable." With a rosy flush suffusing neck and brow, she added, I cannot enter into explanations now, the time has not arrived, but during the past year I have though that you ought to know that you are not bound by that ridiculous will, half a dozen words from me can set it wholly aside.

Guy grasped the girl's hands, and impetuously replied "I suspected as much, but Mary, dear Mary do not distress yourself, take your own time for everything, and as heretofore, act precisely as your heart and conscience dictate."

"Guy, Guy, where are you?" exclaimed Emma, opening the door from the hall. Here is your mother and myself ready for home and you not even think-

ing how we are to get on our cloaks."

"A thousand pardons, Madmoselle," Guy replied, rushing forward. Seizing Emma's cloak from a peg of the hat rack, he threw it over her shoulders, then with an air that provoked general laughter he tied on her bonnet. "Finish with a good hearty smack," said Grandpa. "Oh, you are too bashful—well, I am not. Those pretty, ripe lips are too tempting," he added, as he took the girl in his arms and gave her a kiss. Grandma said the old fellow ought to be ashamed. Amid jokes and merriment good night was given. Emma accompanied Mrs. Langdon and her son. The young lady's skill in dress was often useful for her friends. Mrs. Langdon required her assistance in certain bows and trimmings.

As Mr. Archer drove from the avenue Henry said "that one of Mr. Eustis' fast clippers would sail for Liverpool the first of next week. I would like to take passage by her as a friend of mine, one of Eustis' clerks, is going out on business for his employer. I must be off by the first stage in the morning."

"Can you go on such short notice?" Mrs. Archer inquired.

"I must. I need but little preparation for the voyage. Our firm will be sorry to lose me, I fancy, but it cannot be helped. I would have given them a longer notice if it had been possible."

"Your family, your mother, Henry," Mary exclaimed. "You will not be able to bid them good bye."

"No, and I am not sorry. We shall all be spared the pain of parting. I will write."

"Yes, and I will take the letter to them, my boy. I will explain matters,—make everything smooth," said Mr. Archer.

"Yes, thanks. You will pacify mother, Willie and the girls. Father won't take it much to heart,—this new religion is his all-absorbing topic."

There was little sleep at Mr. Archer's that night, and before dawn Henry was on the road to Boston.

Guy brought Emma back in the afternoon, he would return to Cambridge on the morrow. The driver of afternoon stage brought a note from Henry, saying that the ship would sail on Tuesday, he would be able to pass Sunday with his friends.

Guy was greatly surprised at this sudden departure, said he would call on Henry on his way through Boston. The December vacation was so near that Guy's departure brought no sadness.

Monday Henry made his adieus. The parting from the Archers was as that of a favorite son and brother, but a few whispered words that required no response, told Mary that the young man's heart was wholly her's. Mr. Archer accompanied Henry to Boston. Tuesday morning the vessel sailed, with a clear sky and a fair wind.

Mr. Archer went directly to New Hampshire. Mrs. Mears and the brother and sisters were much affected at the news he brought, but it was a fine prospect for Henry and they were consoled. Mr. Mears, as his son had predicted, showed little concern. "The consummation of all things was approaching, it mattered little where Henry was, he only wished he could arouse him to a greater concern for his soul."

CHAPTER XXII.

GUY'S SUNDAY SCHOOL ADDRESS.

It had been planned that Mary Minot should give a party in the December vacation at Harvard, but when the girls began to arrange the preliminaries, Mrs. Archer asked, "if it would not be best to postpone it, Henry had been gone such a short time, besides she did not know how they could manage a large entertainment without him." "Henry is just the one for such an occasion, of course we shall miss him sadly, but I should not think of disappointing Guy and his friends. It has been understood from the time he entered college that he should meet them here this vacation," Mary replied.

Mrs. Archer sighed and languidly returned, "She could do as she pleased, Mr. Archer would provide everything desired and hire music for dancing."

"There will be no parade. It is to be only a large sociable. The refreshments are to be placed on the dining table, the gentlemen will serve, and we will dance to the piano. Emma, Jenny and I can play. Now do not worry about a thing, mamma," Mary playfully commanded as she pressed her lips to the pale lady's forehead. "We girls and Guy will make everything pass delightfully."

"Yes," interposed Emma, "Walter Eustis is coming, and though he cannot fill Henry's place, he will be a most efficient assistant."

"You concede that much in his favor. I am happy to learn that you will accept the service. I was not sure you would even take a glass of water from his hand." Mary jocosely replied. "I hope I am not a fool," was Emma's somewhat snappish rejoinder. Mary Minot, "she continued, as Mrs. Archer rose, and went up stairs." I think your mother takes Henry's absence much more to heart than yourself. I really think you ought to pine more at such a separation from so devoted a knight. Did you tell him to go, as Mrs. Archer avers? Mary blushed crimson, but after a moment's pause she quietly replied, "Yes. Uncle Joseph Dummer is so sad and lonely, I wished Henry to go. It was as much for companionship as use, and I only seconded Henry's wish, he thought it the best thing for himself." "Probably it is. Henry is bound to become a wealthy man. I dare say he will return a regular nabob. You were born with a gold spoon in your mouth, Mollie," Emma returned with a sigh, You need not look so glum if I was, the gold spoons are certainly coming to you. What other girl ever hand such host a of wealthy admirers?" Mary jestingly replied. .

"What a mercenary wretch you make me! One would think I only cared for money! No, my dear. I shall not marry for wealth nor position. I intend to win the gold spurs myself," Emma triumphantly exclaimed as she jumped off her chair and ran to the piano, declaring she must not waste another moment. "Remember, young ladies, you are to give a strict account of every idle word and moment," she added in such perfect mimicry of Mrs. Haze, that it drew forth a merry peal of laughter from her companions, which were drowned in Emma's vigorous thumps. "I am going to play 'The Battle of the Prague," she announced, "as a penance for idleness."

Vacation began on the second Wednesday in the month. Guy came Thursday. As the Archer cousins would come home Friday afternoon, the party was set for that evening. Catharine Eustis accompanied Fanny and Jennie. Walter came on with Guy. Mr. Alger had been invited. He intended to pass Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Lewis. As the girls had predicted the young men made matters glide smoothly. Everything was in readiness before it was time to dress. Martin Alger duly arrived, arrayed in a spic and span black suit. Walter Eustis had been exceedingly curious to meet him. "Doesn't he look ministerial?" Fanny delightedly inquired, as at the young man's request she rose to introduce her friend.

"Certainly. How soon does he complete his studies?"

"Next year, I believe," she replied, as with an air of irrepressible pride she made the introduction, then left the gentlemen to themselves to form an acquaintance.

At seven the guests began to arrive, by nine the spacious parlors were full. Everything worked to a charm. Guy had brought his violin, there was music and dancing and merry games. Walter and Guy managed the refreshment table with unsurpassed adroitness. Though Henry's absence was universally deplored, every one declared their pleasure at his brilliant prospects. Between eleven and twelve the company dispersed.

"Well, Emma, it is over — how have you been pleased?" said Mary as she closed the chamber door.

"The party has gone off splendidly, I knew it would, but do look at my dress!" and the girl drew out the skirt of a handsome green, figued silk, disclosing a narrow streak nearly the length of the breadth.

"What is it?" Mary asked, as she approached.

"Cream! Martin Alger, the great blockhead, spilled it from a saucer of blanc mage. He persisted in handing, though I said, no, I thank you perfectly audibly, in plain English, three times."

"Perhaps if it had been in Greek he would have understood," Mary laughingly replied. "Don't fret French chalk will remove the grease."

The following morning Guy came to take Emma and Mary to spend the day with his mother. Catharine Eustis was with her, and Fanny and Jennie would come in the afternoon. Mr. Alger was expected to tea.

After dinner Mr William Archer and his nephew Archie drove up and invited Walter and Guy to join them on a gunning excursion. Game was plenty in the adjacent woods.

Mr. Alger came as expected. He had much to say to Fanny respecting his visit at the clergyman's. It became known that he would address the Sabbath school on the morrow. Mr. Lewis invited him to preach, but he was unprepared.

Walter and Catharine Eustis were to spend Sunday at Mr. William Archer's. Guy would take his mother to hear Mr. Ford in the morning, but Fanny was so importunate that all promised to come and accompany her to meeting in the afternoon. The Sabbath school wss held immediately after the second service. "They must hear Mr. Alger's address."

Accordingly, Sunday morning Guy

came with his span of horses and double seated carriage to take back Walter and his sister. Mr. Archer took his family in his carriage. Emma, contrary to custom—for she was rather strict in religious matters, left her church to go with them.

The afternoon service was over, the children began to assemble for Sunday school. There was no vestry in those days, the scholars and their teachers occupied the pews in front of the pulpit at the opening and closing exercises. During the recitations they scattered over the building.

Notice having been given that a gentleman from Andover would address the school, most of the congregation remained.

A teacher being absent Mrs. Lewis asked Mary Minot to supply her place. "Mr. Ford says you are an excellent teacher," she said, as she made the request.

Mary smilingly disclaimed any superior qualification, but was happy to be useful.

The class to which Mrs. Lewis led her was directly in front of the pulpit. Having introduced the young lady to six little girls she took her place farther back with her class of young ladies. Mary seated herself in the midst of her flock. Mr. Lewis stepped behind the communion table and made the opening prayer; a hymn was next sung by the teachers and children. Instead of separating us usual for the lessons, the school became seated for the address. There was the pause of expectancy. Martin Alger, Walter Eustis and Guy were in a wall pew on the right of the pulpit. Mr. Lewis left the platform. Mr. Alger advanced and took his place. Every eye was upon him. The young man stood an instant, his eyes lowered, suddenly he raised them and met Mary's earnest gaze. The girl slowly turned her head, looking at the opposite wall, but the gentleman stood like one entranced. Then he appeared to awake to his position, the color rushed over his face, and he essayed to speak, but not a sound was heard. Another effort brought the words "Children, I hope you love Jesus." Then every vestige of color left the speaker's face, and he sank back dizzy and faint into the arm chair behind the table. The clergyman and Guy sprang forward, a glass of water was handed. Guy whispered, "Go into the air, I will speak to the children." Martin looked his thanks, and Guy took his place.

Smilingly looking over the little crowd of youthful faces, with an easy manner and familiar tone, he said, "My dear children, speaking to you to-day is an unexpected pleasure. I assure you it is a pleasure to meet you, though I have been absent only such a short time. I can heartily endorse the sweet song, 'There is no place like home.' Though sorry for my friend's indisposition, I am truly glad of the opportunity to speak to you. Now what shall I say? I have not thought. Suppose we have a little talk about Heaven. I used to have funny ideas respecting Heaven. I heard people say Heaven was an eternal Sabbath day, so I concluded that Heaven was like our old meeting-house, the one that was burned, only much larger, with a floor of glass and gold and ivory chairs in which sat the saints in white robes, palm branches in their hands,

singing hosannahs to the Lord. On a throne in the centre like a pulpit I pictured God as a venerable old man with white hair. To the right, on a lower throne I placed Jesus, a young man with flowing locks and a lovely face. To the lett, in a corner, I imagined a great white sheet stretched, which was the Holy Ghost. This, children, was my infantile idea of Heaven.

How does the blessed Lord Jesus define it. He says, as you have read in your testament, 'The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.' If the kingdom of heaven is within you, that bad place—its opposite, must also be in you. Now, children, perhaps you do not understand this. I will try to make it clear.

Tommy one morning went to drive the cows to pasture. He passed a melon patch belonging to his uncle. There was one particularly fine melon which he coveted. Now he knew his uncle was a kind and generous man, who would give a person anything reasonable; he also knew he ought not to take anything of this kind without permission, but the melon looked so luscious that he silenced the good monitor within his breast that told him not to touch it, and yielded to his appetite. He took the melon, saying there was plenty more, and ate it in the pasture. This made him late to breakfast, and his mother scolded him. Knowing what he had done, he had felt uncomfortable; this reprimand made him still more so. The meal was not over, when his uncle came to inquire if he knew anything of the melon; he had designed it for a sick friend and wished to take it to him.

Now, Tommy had done wrong, but still it was not a great sin, if he had confessed that he had eaten the melon and the sorrow that he felt at having taken it, now that he knew of his uncle's intention, everything would have been made right: but instead of that he plunged still further into evil and stoutly denied any knowledge of the melon. Children, sin always shows itself.

Tommy's face belied him, and though he asserted over and over again that he knew nothing of the matter, he looked so miserably guilty that both his mother and his uncle suspected he was not telling the truth, which was a much greater grief to them than the loss of the melon.

The gentleman left to procure another melon for his friend and Tommy was told to give his little sister a ride in her carriage. His ugly feelings made him cross and impatient. He rattled the carriage over a stone, which threw baby forward, making a great black and blue lump on her pretty, white forehead. His mother ran out and snatched up the screaming infant, ordering Tommy to the house; she shut him up alone, to study till school time. This did not increase his happiness. Cross and miserable, he tossed aside the books instead of preparing his lessons, scolding and muttering about the hard tasks — tasks that, if he had been good-natured, would have appeared very easy. On his way to school he picked a quarrel with a school-mate, who gave him the drubbing he richly deserved and a very black eye. Owing to his idleness in the morning he fell below in his classes. This excited his anger still more, and he spoke so disrespectfully to his teacher that he received a severe chastisement. Now, where was Tommy that morning? Was there anything heavenly in his

soul? No; wholly by his own acts he had placed himself in an exactly opposite state. Consequently he was exceedingly unhappy. At twelve o'clock you could not have found a more wretched child.

Tommy was a well-taught boy and generally well behaved. On his way home from school his better nature began to gain the ascendancy. Perhaps some good angel whispered: "Confess, Tommy, confess, and you will feel better."

Whatever the cause, the boy determined to tell the truth, which he did, amid tears and sobs. His mother and uncle, seeing he was really penitent, readily forgave him, but he was directed to ask forgiveness from a higher source — from his Heavenly Father, Whose commandments he had broken.

His contrition and confession eased the lad's mind and he went to a picnic in the afternoon and enjoyed himself: still the remembrance of the events of the morning, and his sore eye, overshadowed his pleasure — the punishment that always accompanies sin.

Now, children, you see that goodness brings happiness — brings you into the Kingdom of Heaven. If we were born angels this world would be a heaven, but every human being has a taint of evil. This comes in the same manner as the virtues, talents and other characteristics — from our ancestors. Now, as all have inherited this taint of evil, it is our special duty to ascertain what it is, and, as far as possible, to uproot it from our souls.

How are we to find our particular sin? I hear you ask. Your playmates can tell you. They can say whether you are "cross-patch," "old greedy," "fibber" or "tease." I learned this when I was a small boy. I learned that my ruling evil was a selfish laziness — a desire to put aside eyerything to gratify my own wish. This was to lie on a sofa, in a warm room in winter or in a cool, shady spot in summer, and read or dream wide-awake dreams. I did not like to go to school or meeting. I did not love to play. It was actually a distress to have company or go abroad. Now, I had become old enough to know that this was wrong; still I was bent on following my own inclination. What do you think roused me to better feelings? — a little girl's taunt. She called me a "ninny." She spoke the truth, and I knew it. It took a second little girl, however, to enforce the right. She told me I must not be a "ninny." When I feebly cried I could not help it, she did not tell me I was a fool, she was too polite, but she looked it. To the last hour of life I shall remember the look with which she turned from me as one wholly contemptible. That look awoke a sense of shame. I would not be a "ninny;" I would become a man amongst men. I would strive for the right, cast aside my own pleasure and do the duties that come to every one each day. But, children, it is one thing to resolve and another to act. We shall find it a hard task to walk in the straight and narrow way; none of us can do it alone, but with the help of the Lord we can overcome the world, even as He overcame it. With His aid we can lead useful and contented lives, undimmed happiness is not the lot of mortals, and when this life is over become fitted to enter a heavenly sphere, where the discords of

earth will disappear, and peace, harmony and beauty will be ours forever."

As the speaker closed in a low, solemn tone a serious hush pervaded the audidience. After a moment of perfect stillness, Mr. Lewis came forward. Guy whispered a few words to the clergyman, who, with a smile, gave a nod of assent. The young man then announced "that Mr. Alger of Andover would deliver a free lecture in that house the following evening (Monday evening) on the 'Ancient Cities of the East,' giving a description of many prominent in Scripture. It would be most interesting and instructive; he trusted there would be a crowded audience."

Mr. Lewis then said the lessons would be omitted, and proceeded to close the school.

Martin Alger, instead of seeking air as Guy directed, seated himself beside Mr. Eustis to hear the address. When the announcement of his lecture was given, he started, turned red, then white, and as soon as he could reach Guy he seized his arm, with the inquiry of "what he meant?"

"What I said," Guy demurely replied.

"Why, I haven't any such lecture," Martin returned, with a bewildered air.

"Of course not, but you are going home with me, where you and Miss Irwin can hunt up the facts, which can be written out to-morrow."

"To-night!" gasped Martin.

"Certainly; it is a Bible theme. It brings no desecration of Sunday."

"But I must be in Andover to-morrow."

"Mr. Lewis will ride there and make your peace in the morning. Now, not another word, Alger, this lecture is to be written and delivered. You can do it, and you must."

The young man made a face. Mr. Lewis and Walter laughed.

"How did you know I could do it, and how came you to think of securing Miss Irwin's assistance?" Martin queried.

"Oh, a bird of the air told me a tale one day. Poor Em. made Fanny furiously jealous; perhaps she will again. It can't be helped: Emma is the one to assist, and the time is so limited aid is requisite. I am bent on seeing you retrieve your character and become famous. It is in you, and it must come out. Fanny has had true discernment. Now, don't succumb to Emma's wiles. Remember it is just as natural for her to flirt as it is to breathe. You need not interrupt, Eustice, you know I speak truth, and that the glamour of her enchantment envelopes every one of us."

As the young men went down the aisle they were joined by the group of girls. Fanny pressed forward with eager inquiries: "Was Mr. Alger sure that the faintness had passed?" She wondered what possessed Mrs. Lewis to post Mary Minot right down before him. Well he might be disconcerted with her great eyes fixed upon him.

"I suppose you were taking him in to draw a caricature to make people laugh," she added, turning to her cousin."

"Why, Fanny Archer, I never thought of such a thing!" was Mary's indignant rejoinder.

"No indeed," Mr. Alger hurriedly interposed, "Miss Mary Minot was not to blame, it was my foolishness. I must take lessons of Langdon and acquire more self-command."

While this colloquy was progressing Guy was unfolding his plan to Emma, which met with unexpected opposition. "She did not like morning rides such cold weather, and her studies must not be neglected. Mrs. Haze would consider it highly improper. She must return with Mr. Archer."

"You must not, Madmoselle, we need you and Mary. I will make your peace with Mrs. Haze. She cannot resist a Harvard student. I will speak to Mr. Archer," Guy hurriedly replied.

Mr. Archer was pleased with Guy's plan; said "it was a capital idea; he would do all he could to secure a good audience. If the girls could be of use they must remain."

Emma's pretty lips took a decided pout, but Mary said "there was no necessity for haste in the morning, as their recitations did not commence until ten o'clock."

Mrs. Langdon asked Miss Eustis, Fanny and Jennie to join the party, but Mrs. Col. Archer coldly replied "that she did not approve of Sunday visiting," so Catharine Eustis concluded to accompany her school-mates, as she was to return to the seminary with them in the morning.

As Guy handed his mother into the carriage, Mr. Alger said he should like to walk, and asked Guy to go with him. "I have something particular to say," he added in a lower tone. The young man gave him a look of intelligence, then replied "he should enjoy a walk in the crisp air." Handing the reins to Mr. Eustis, he bade him drive his mother and the girls home.

Grandpa Archer was unhitching his horse. Hearing Guy's direction, he sprang forward, toward Emma; but she was too spry for him. Jumping over the wheel, she ensconced herself on the back seat beside Mrs. Langdon before the old gentleman could reach the barouche. All he could do was to hand Mary to the front seat beside Walter, which he did, with such a wry face, that grandma took him severely to task; but it caused a hearty laugh from the handsome and gentlemanly preceptor of Dummer Academy, who passed in his long, blue cloak, with rich velvet facings. Touching his beaver with urbane dignity, he bowed to the occupants of the carriage, then cordially extending his hand to Guy he said:

"You did very well this afternoon, my boy, very well. Call some evening; I shall be happy to see you."

Mr. Alger went to the Parsonage for his valise; then the two young men leaped the wall, taking a short cut through the fields and pastures. It was a clear, cold December afternoon; the sun, on the edge of the horizon, large and red. Snow had as yet only come in small quantities; the ground was mostly bare. Not a word was spoken until one field was crossed and another wall leaped. Then Guy exclaimed:

"What was it! we are sufficiently secluded here, but speak low. How came Mary Minot to disconcert you?"

"You saw that she did?"

Yes; and it was to screen her as well as yourself that I took your place. I wished to turn people's attention from both, or I never could have spoken. I now scarcely know what I said."

"You did capitally — much better than I could; speaking to children is not my forte. I scarcely know how to

make myself comprehensible respecting Miss Mary. As I stepped upon the platform, I encountered her fixed gaze. Our eyes met for an instant, then her's turned, and took an intense, far-seeing expression; she looked as if gazing into eternity. Then — "Have you ever seen the miniature of the countess, the deceased wife of the Archer in India?"

"Yes; have you?"

"Miss Fanny showed it to me at Thanksgiving. The face is a remarkable one; it made a firm impression on my memory. Miss Mary's trance like expression riveted my eyes; then suddenly it seemed as though she had passed away and the drowned countess had taken her place. I was looking at the living portraiture of that picture. Suddenly recollection returned. I recalled the place and time: why I was standing there. I had carefully prepared my little speech, but not one word could I recall. I must speak. I must do something. I made an effort; you know the rest. I was a fool, I know. I ought to have collected my scattered wits instead of being frightened out of them; but what did it mean? was I dreaming, or did I see a vision."

"I cannot tell," Guy replied, in a low, awe-struck voice.

After walking a few yards in silence, he added: "I am only too glad that you have made me your confidant instead of Fanny. Unwittingly you have discovered a family mystery and secret — one that I cannot explain, as I know next to nothing myself. I must enjoin the strictest secrecy. Never lisp a word of what you have seen to anyone. If ever I should be able I will give you an explanation: now it is a matter to be wholly ignored — something that must never be mentioned."

Mr. Alger eagerly gave a most solemn promise of secrecy and silence, and the conversation turned upon the proposed lecture.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LECTURE.

This episode in the monotony of the Sunday service created considerable sensensation. Most, especially the young ladies, were pleased with Guy's remarks. Many a wistful, slightly envious glance was cast upon Mary Minot. "They presumed she possessed the prize, though some said she was engaged to Henry Mears, and certainly Guy was most attentive to that Irwin girl; still Mrs. Blake's will was a pretty secure tie."

Deacon Blake and his wife received congratulations from several of the most prominent in the parish as they proceeded to the shed where the successor to old Dobbin, a handsome steed, was tied. The yellow-bodied chaise had recently given place to a new four-wheeled one. People asserted that the old gentleman was growing proud, but he declared "it was Marm's doings; she took it into her head that the old 'shay' wasn't safe, and, to speak truth, it was rather shaky."

"Guy did capitally, Deacon," said Squire Miles, as he untied his horse.

"So he did, Squire," said young Sam

Lovering, as he helped his grandmother into her chaise.

"He talked jest as you might expect of a student of that Arminian college. 'Tain't sound. Original sin inherited from our ancestors! 'In Adam all have died.' I believe in the 'Postle Paul," upspoke the old woman, snapping her black eyes at Mrs. Blake with an expression that plainly said: "I'm going to take down your pride, my lady."

"Why, grandmother," Sam interrupted, "you told me that I got my high temper and red hair from my grandfather, and he got them from his grandmother Wheeler; so, by your own showing, the hot temper and red hair have been transmitted five generations. Probably it came down several generations to my grandmother Wheeler — maybe, from Adam. I never heard of it, but perhaps he was a red-headed Wheeler."

A laugh circled around the group gathered about the vehicles, and Mrs. Lovering told Sam "She 'guessed his mates could say he had a flippant tongue."

The Deacon and Mrs. Blake rode forward in silence. Then the old gentleman, brushing aside a tear, said:

"Marm, I shouldn't have thought it was in the lad. If he could have thought it out and written it down I should not have been so much surprised, but to stand up there, with no preparation, and face that audience, with his shy, taciturn nature, and speak as he did, seems to me sort of wonderful."

"I'm glad you think so, sir," Mrs. Blake replied, with beaming eyes.

"I tell ye, Marm," Mr. Blake continued, "I felt it when he told how he didn't love to play nor go abroad. He wasn't born like most children; he was mentally, as well as physically, different. I used to be too hard on the little lad, when he was striving with might and main to do right and please us all. He thinks a deal of his great granther's copy of Josephus. You recollect how he used to look at the pictures when he first came here; I mean to present it to him to-morrow.

Nancy had ridden home with Mrs. Langdon's servants. She met the Deacon at the door.

"Not one word, Nancy," he exclaimed. "I have seen what I have seen and heard what I have heard."

The woman sank into a chair and burst into tears.

"It has come afore I thought," she sobbed.

"Yes, I dare say," Mr. Blake soothingly replied. "Marm, bring Nancy some anise."

This was a panacea for all the ills of Nancy's flesh; a quietus to her often over-wrought nerves. This kindness of the master brought on the sobs so hysterically that Mrs. Blake hastened to bring a wine glass full of the cordial. As Nancy took it, she looked up with one of her most comical leers and said:

"Deacon, 'cording to my 'Piscopal rearing, Guy's sentiments ruther bordered on the Latitudinarian. Te, he, he, he."

Mrs. Blake laughed; the deacon drew down the corners of his mouth and turned away with twinkling eyes.

Walter Eustis, having handed out Mary and Mrs. Langdon, lifted Emma

from the carriage. Still holding her, he whispered:

"Emma — Miss Irwin, if this task is distasteful I will take you home directly. You are not to be incommoded when I am by."

A dewy softness came into the girl's eyes.

"Thank you, Mr. Eustis," she answered in a low, thrilling tone, "Nothing ought to be disagreeable that pleases Guy. I was foolishly selfish, but he took me unawares. I am surprised that the idea ever entered his head, and can not sympathize in the interest he takes in this great booby. He may have talent, but there is a screw loose, which neither Guy nor Fanny can tighten. I suppose my interference will make Fan furiously jealous."

"I can't answer for her," the young man replied with a grimace. "If she isn't, I am. You can do disagreeable things to please Guy, when you wouldn't lift a finger to save my life."

"Oh, Walter Eustis, you know better! You know I am trying all I can to make you mind your Pa," Emma reprovingly replied, as she playfully broke from his hold and laughingly ran into the house.

The young man looked after her with admiring eyes. "Mind my Pa!" he muttered. "Does she think I would marry that idiot, if her thousands were millions?" She must understand me better."

"Hulloa, Eustis! here we are! Fan wouldn't let Em have full sway, so she has come to storm the fortress, and I am bearing the ammunition," shouted a voice in jolly tones.

The young man turned, and descried coming across the field path the three girls and Archie Archer, bearing a number of books.

"Our marm couldn't outwit her darter. She roused up grandpa, he hunted up authority, and here we are to supper, spite of Sabba' Day," Archie rattled forth as he joined Mr. Eustis, hot and breathless.

"Do be quiet, Archie, and behave rationally," said Fanny as she approached. "Grandpa said he had books that would materially assist Mr. Alger, so ma concluded we had better bring them over."

"But she told you it would be best to return soon, and you know your soon means nine o'clock," returned young hopeful.

"Be quiet, Archie. I shall do as Mrs. Langdon and Guy desire."

The lady took the girls' cloaks and bonnets, and told Archie not to fear, he should stay to supper if he would be a good boy. At which young scapegrace, putting a low chair in a corner of the room sat down, with a ludicrously demure face, to look at a porfolio of engravings.

Guy, on his arrival, was delighted with the accession to the party; declared that amongst them they should get up a lecntre that would be sought the length and breadth of the land, bringing both profit and renown to the lecturer.

When the group had gathered for supper, Walter Eustis glanced across the table to Emma, with the inquiry of how she came to be such an impolite little girl as to call Guy a ninny?

"I am happy to say that you are mistaken. I have the honor of always hav-

ing most emphatically declared that he was quite the contrary."

"I am the culprit," said Fanny. Turning to Guy, she added:

"Your words this afternoon brought balm to my soul, for latterly I have often wished to apologize for so cruelly underrating you."

"As the old cock crows, so crows the young," Mrs. Langdon pleasantly rejoined, as she handed the young lady a cup of tea. "You only repeated what you heard. No one here understood, my boy, but myself, and I not wholly. I believe Emma had the clearest insight."

Emma laid down her teaspoon and looked at Mrs. Langdon with a fixed, introspective gaze, then slowly replied:

"A mere infant as I then was, I had an intuitive conception that he was no ninny; but Mary broke the stone and developed the gem."

Mary started and blushed. Guy laughed.

"Do you remember the morning, Mollie, when you told me I need not be a ninny?"

Mary nodded assent.

"I wish I could depict to the present company the look and air of contempt with which you turned away, as I weakly whined forth my inability to become anything else. If I possessed your artist hand I would picter you up, Mollie."

As the waitress removed the tray, she told Mary Minot "that Mrs. Fernald wished to see her in the kitchen."

"Mrs. Fernald!" Guy exclaimed. "She is a character. Ask her in here, Rosa."

"She will not like to come; there is so much company, Mr. Guy."

"I will go and fetch her," Guy replied. Springing up he darted out, returning in a minute accompanied by a short, dark complexioned woman, who with an awkward obesience sank into a chair. Mary came forward and gave her hand. "You wish to speak with me, Mrs. Fernald," she said.

"Yes," the woman replied. "Ye know when I sold yer marm them cranberries, I telled ye I wouldn't take up the money then, but let it stand aginst I needed somethin at the dry goods store. Now I want calikor for a gown. I can't go to town my old man is so poorly, and if you will buy it for me sometime when yer shopping and fetch it up when yer come up, I shall be greatly obleeged."

Mary expressed her readiness to do the errand.

"I know what a dear kind creeter ye are Miss Mary Minot or I shouldn't made free to be so bold as to ask ye, and I want ye to get something dark and tarrifying for John can't last long with such a cough," she returned, putting a checked gingham handkerchief to her eyes.

An amused look went round the circle. Archie with a snort rushed into the library, and Jennie giggled audibly.

"I am sorry to learn that Mr. Fernald is so feeble," Mrs. Langdon after biting her lips a moment, found voice to utter.

"Yes, he's dreadful poorly. I didn't know but he would go the last storm. Jerusha and me sot up till twelve o'clock, then I telled the gal to go to sleep, and

I chucked a junk in the stove, hove up a prayer and went to bed."

Mrs. Langdon filled a basket with delicacies for the invalid, and Mrs. Fernald retired amid a profusion of thanks.

"It is to be hoped you can find that dark and tarrifying caliker, Mary," said Emma, as she went to Mr. Alger and asked "if he had made any arrangement of the topics of his lecture?"

"Yes, here is a schedule I drew up with Mr. Langdon's approval," he replied, handing her a paper.

The young lady glanced over it with a nod of assent, and directed Mary and Fanny to accompany Mr. Alger and herself to the library. "Too many cooks spoil the broth," though a homely, is a true proverb. The rest of the company may entertain themselves at their pleasure.

"You must have Archie, Emma," upspoke Jennie, "he knows those books he brought by heart, can point out any sentence directly,—that is why his mother permitted him to come."

"Very well, come Archie," and the young lady closed the library door.

Mrs. Langdon having supplied her guests with books and papers went to pass an hour at her father's, as was her custom on Sunday evenings, and Guy accompanied her. Mr. Alger and Emma conversed in low tones awhile, then the gentleman began to write, while Emma made selections for reference, which the young ladies and Archie copied on slips of paper for his use.

At eight o'clock Mrs. Langdon and Guy returned, and the Archer girls, Miss Eustis and Archie bade good night. Alger continued writing. The others drew round the parlor hearth. Guy brought a dish of apples. At nine Mr. Alger called Guy and Emma into the library. In a short time the others were summoned. Guy's eyes were sparkling. "It is capital," he exclaimed, "and can easily be completed to-morrow. Now read it to us, Alger,—deliver it just as you would to an audience."

The gentleman complied. In a low but distinct utterance he commenced; warming with his theme, as he proceeded he became really eloquent, and the plain face actually grew handsome.

His hearers were both surprised and delighted. Guy declared he had surpassed his expectations. The others were profuse in encomiums. Emma giving the gentleman her hand, begged forgiveness for her scepticism respecting his ability. "Guy was right, as he always is. It is in you, and you will not fail to-morrow night. I am sure you will not, though Mary's eyes should, like those in the fairy tale, grow as large as the round tower of Copenhagen."

"No, Miss Irwin, I will not fail," he returned, raising the white fingers to his lips. With a glance to Guy he added, "though angels and archangels should appear."

Guy had the girls at school before ten the next morning. Mrs. Haze was exceedingly propitious. Mr. Archer had hired a stage coach to convey friends to the lecture, and had invited the three ladies.

Mr. Lewis went to Andover, and half a dozen of Mr. Alger's fellow students returned with him. Archie had the girls home before dark, and they brought the information that Mrs. Gray had procured conveyance, and most of the young ladies of the seminary would be present.

Mary and Emma came out at four in

the afternoon. After a critical examination the girls and Guy pronounced the lecture excellent, and Mr. Alger returned to the parsonage.

Walter Eustis had been obliged to go to Boston in the early stage. As the young ladies were chatting over the fire in their room the sound of wheels was heard and a chaise dashed to the door. Guy ran out, joyous greetings in manly tones were exchanged. Mary sprang to her feet exclaiming, "Walter has come again." Emma rose, a deep flush suffusing her usually pale cheeks. "Yes, and that is Phil Irwin's voice. It is, certain sure!" Opening the door she rushed over the stairs to be met in a cousinly embrace by a tall young fellow in a shaggy overcoat and fur cap.

"Phew, how cold your face is, Phil. Where in the name of wonder did you come from?"

"Boston, my dear," he replied, giving his hand to Mary. "Yes, and we have made good time," said Walter, as he came in stamping his feet. "The city clocks were just striking two as we drove from the arch of the 'old Eastern.' I sent word by Jack Mendon of the 'Mail' that I was coming, the quarters would be ready. The hostlers spun those relay horses round like a top."

"I suppose this expressing will soon give place to something faster," said Mrs. Langdon, as she came forward with a warm welcome.

"Yes, the railroad is a fixed fact," said Walter.

"The turnpike, stage coaches, baggage wagons, relay horses, etc., will soon be known only in the tales of our youth, related to our grandchildren," said Mr. Irwin as he hung up his cap and coat and stepped into the parlor.

"Whom do you propose to honor with the title of your grandchildren's grandmother?" Emma archly inquired.

Any response was precluded by the appearance of Jennie Archer, a thick shawl thrown over her head, her curls flying, eyes sparkling, as breathlessly she exclaimed, "Guy, Fan. is in distress, fearing that Martin will appear in that pulpit with his coat wrong side out, his hair bristling like a porcupine and"—seeing a stranger she stopped abruptly and blushed vividly.

"My cousin Mr. Irwin, Miss Jennie Archer," said Emma, now what is the and, Jennie?" The girl stood dumb.

"Yes, Jennie, tell us the *and*," said Guy coaxingly. "You needn't mind Irwin ,speak out, bnt sit down," he added, handing a chair.

"No, I can't stop. I would not have Fanny know I came for anything, but she is worried, and to tell the truth I shared her concern, for Martin Alger will do the queerest things and make himself perfectly ridiculous. If you will superintend his toilet and see that he is O. K. we shall be greatly obliged."

"I certainly will, Jennie, but you must tell us that *and*."

"An old uncle of his in the India trade has given him an invoice of yellow and red bandanna handkerchiefs. Fanny has a vision of one of those yellow handkerchiefs spread over the sacred desk and flourished about through the lecture. Please see that the gentleman has a white mouchoir, and search his pockets so that by no possible chance a bandanna shall appear."

"I will be careful," Guy promised.

"It was very kind of you to think of all this, Jennie."

"Oh, I was as anxious as Fanny."

With an injunction to the girls to be at the church early, Miss Jennie made her adieu.

"Who is that handsome little witch," asked Mr. Irwin.

"Perhaps the coming grandmother." Emma demurely replied. "You have looked admiration enough the past five minutes to suggest the idea. That is Mary's cousin Jennie."

"Yes, I should know she was kin to Miss Mary Minot,—they both have the Archer beauty. Is Miss Fanny as handsome?"

"Fanny is very pretty, but she looks like her mother. Poor Fanny! What a life she has chosen! She will live in a constant turmoil, like aunt Wetmore," said Emma.

"Yes," her cousin replied with a laugh. "Poor aunt Wetmore. What a ringtum the Doctor leads her! Her life is passed in running after him with coats, brushes and combs. And with all her pains," Emma added, "One hot Sunday morning when she was ill, he contrived to get into his pulpit in his slippers minus stockings."

"Never marry a genius, girls," said Mrs. Langdon, as she summoned the party to the tea table.

Evening lectures at that period was a novelty. Lyceums had been in vogue but a short time. This free lecture drew a crowd. Short as was the notice people flocked in from the neighboring towns. The church became densely crowded. Though seats were placed in the aisles many were obliged to stand. Catharine Eustis, the Archer girls and Emma went early to receive their town friends. Mr. and Mrs. Ford came with Mr. and Mrs. William Archer. Philips Irwin contrived to secure a seat by Miss Jennie, and she kept him vastly entertained by her droll descriptions of those about them. Punctually at seven the lecturer ascended the pulpit stairs accompanied by Messrs. Lewis and Ford. His dress and hair were faultless, and he took his stand with a quiet ease. As on the preceding evening, his tone at first was low, but the enunciation was distinct. Proceeding, he soon became eloquent, holding his audience in wrapt attention for over an hour. He sat down amid a buzz of eulogium and admiration.

Fanny's eyes were bedewed. As soon as possible his friends, and many strangers, gathered about the lecturer with applause and congratulation.

Mrs. Lewis invited Mrs. Gray and her young ladies, with the town friends, to the parsonage, where Grandpa Archer, with old-time hospitality, had provided a collation of fruit, nuts, cakes and new cider. Mrs. Lewis added tea and coffee At the close of a merry hour, Mr. William Archer stepped forward and presented Mr. Alger with fifty dollars, contributed by admirers and friends. "Cash," he continued, "is somewhat useful, but that is a secondary consideration to the casket in which this is deposited — a purse woven by the fair fingers of Miss Irwin — which must always remain a priceless treasure."

This peroration, drawing a general laugh, covered, as it was intended, Martin's confused surprise, and he found voice to return suitable thanks.

The company then dispersed with

perfect satisfaction. Martin wrung Guy's hand, with a heart to full for utterance. Guy laughed, and told him "'All is well that ends well,' but this is but a beginning."

This was true, for the fame of the lecture and lecturer spread far and wide. He was solicited to repeat it before lyceums and in parish churches through the winter. By spring it had netted him quite an income, besides securing a popularity that was the promise of future success.

Walter Eustis drove home the morning after the lecture, but Philips Irwin stayed to accompany Mrs. Langdon and Guy, who were to go to Boston the last of the week to pass the remainder of the vacation with Guy's Langdon relatives.

Snow fell on Tuesday. As it was good sleighing Wednesday, the gentlemen took Mary and Emma to call on the young ladies at Mrs. Gray's Seminary.

During a merry hour, Emma, who had been teasing her cousin during the ride, inadvertently called Jennie "little grandmother."

Mary and Guy looked so comical and Mr. Irwin so preternaturally grave, that the curiosity of Jennie and her companions was thoroughly aroused. "What did Emma mean?" Mary and Guy were discreet, and nothing satisfactory could be elicited; but they shrewdly suspected that the epithet was in some way connected with Philips Irwin."

As usual, Emma was to spend Christmas with her aunt. As Mary wished to go to Boston, Mr. Archer proposed to take Mrs. Archer and the girls thither in his double sleigh and give Aunt Minot a surprise.

Mary and Emma were delighted, and Mrs. Archer made her preparations for the visit with unwonted alacrity.

The day set for the journey proved remarkably fine for the season: the sleighing was excellent. Miss Minot was as pleased as surprised. She had anticipated a dull, lonely Christmas and New Year. At that time these holidays were not so generally observed as now, but the week the party stayed in the city was one round of gaiety.

Mary received several elegant and valuable presents, and Emma a complete winter outfit from her aunt, Mrs. Langdoe, Mrs. Archer, and other relatives and friends. Guy presented a handsome set of furs and Walter Eustis sent a box of fine embroidered handkerchiefs; Guy took it to her New Year's Eve. She was alone with Mary in Mrs. Irwin's parlor. A note accompanied the box. Emma went to the centre table and opened it. Mary saw that Guy was watching her attentively. Did he know the contents? Curiously she glanced from one to the other. A rosy flush crept into Emma's cheeks as she read, her eyes grew soft and humid. Looking up, with a stifled sigh, she caught Guy's glance. Instantly the expression changed to one of mock pity.

"Poor fellow! Have you seen this heiress cousin that has prevented Mr. Eustis from doing himself the honor and pleasure of presenting his New Year's gift in person, Guy?

"Yes; she is a plain, shy, sensible girl."

"Why don't you add, worth half a dozen Emma Irwins?" she gaily asked, as she handed her handkerchiefs for Mary's inspection.

"Because that is not my opinion," Guy gravely replied.

"Oh, it isn't! See what a staid fellow Walter is; always presents something useful. That heiress is just the one for him. I shall second Pater Familias in his plans as far as possible."

Guy gazed at the girl with serious thoughtfulness, then replied:

"Emma, do nothing rashly — nothing that may bring life-long repentance."

The girl raised her hands and eyes and exclaimed:

"Do hear this young Solomon, Mary!" and rushing to the piano she rattled forth the then popular song of "The Last Link is Broken That Bound Me to Thee."

Emma had expected to return to Mrs. Haze at the commencement of the winter term, but Mrs. Archer and Mary would not hear of a separation, and Mr. Archer having ascertained that most of the young lady's patrimony would be exhausted in her education, kindly declared, that during her continuance as a pupil of Miss Haze, his house was to be her home.

Both Mary and Emma were intrusted with gifts for Fanny, Jennie and Archie Archer.

Philips Irwin sent Jennie a handsome album, which, at his request, Emma dedicated, in some pretty verses addressed to "Little Grandmother."

Letters arrived from Henry Mears sooner than had been expected. They contained a journal kept during the voyage, a graphic description of Liverpool and of his journey thence to London, with his reception there. He was overwhelmed with business, hopeful, even exultant: evidently happy and well fitted for the place he had been called to fill. He wrote that he should remain in England and on the continent several months.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

After their round of Boston gaiety Mary and Emma expected to settle into a quiet, studious life, but the survey of the Eastern railroad brought young civil engineers and their assistants. One of these engineers had an uncle residing in the place; his daughter made a party to introduce her cousin and his friends. This was followed by several others. The lyceum brought a weekly entertainment on Friday evening. As I have said, lyceum lectures were a new thing. There had been a course for two or three winters in Academy and Town Halls. The previous summer the hall over the Market had been fitted very commodiously for a lecture room and distinguished lecturers secured for the season. Interesting letters arrived monthly from Henry Mears. Mary kept a daily record which was forwarded by every English mail. Other friends kept him well posted in current events.

April brought Guy home for a fortnight's vacation. He looked somewhat worn with his winter's work, but was in fine spirits, had become a member of the Fraternity, a literary society founded in 1770. This society held debates, sometimes there was an oration or a poem; they possessed a fine library. Philips

Irwin wrote that Guy was distinguishing himself in this society.

During this vacation Mrs. Langdon and Guy took a trip to New York to visit relatives of Guy's father. The young man returned quite recuperated, and entertained the girls with graphic descriptions of the great metropolis.

The following May brought the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the town. The twenty-sixth of the month was appointed for an appropriate celebration.

As usual the Archer family were active participants in the preliminary arrangements and in the ceremonies and festivities of the day.

It was decided that the dinner should be given in a pavilion erected for that purpose on the Turnpike near the head of State street. This was finely decorated with evergreen, flags and ancient pictures. Somewhat to his wife's chagrin Mr. Archer permitted Mary to take the portraits of Judge and Madame Minot—fine life-size paintings by Copley, to grace the pavilion. Grandpa Archer contributed pictures of William and Mary and Sir Walter Raleigh, also portraits of Archer ancestors. The young ladies decided to entertain the expected guests in the evening by a tea party in Washington Hall. Emma Irwin proposed that attendants at the table should dress in ancient costume. The appropriate idea was hailed with especial favor. Mrs. Haze was happy to loan Emma her brocade. Mary Minot decided to wear a white satin—Madame Minot's wedding dress. Fanny had a fawn colored damask that had belonged to her great-grandmother Archer. Jennie a pink and green striped silk, a relict of the deceased aunt Bolton. Other dresses were drawn from long-locked drawers and chests, and the little coterie became supplied.

A few young gentlemen were to assist at the hall. Guy, who had obtained leave of absence for the day was appointed on the staff. Learning what the girls were to wear, he wrote to his mother to furbish for him a suit that had been his great-grandfather's. Hearing of Guy's order the other young gentlemen concluded to appear in old style dress. There was a great demand for coats, vests, breeches, silk stockings, wigs, stock, knee and shoe buckles, etc.

From her memorable ride in the stage coach Mary had been a favorite of Miss Eustis. That lady, a cousin of the elder Mr. Eustis, though in rather straightened circumstances, that made long visits to her richer relatives a great convenience still possessed the old Eustis mansion which was replete with relics of ancien grandeur.

Learning what was intended the lady hastened to inform the girls that she had Gen. Eustis's Continental uniform in perfect order. "Do please sit down to your desk directly, Miss Emma, and tell my young kinsman Walter, that I shall be most happy to see him arrayed in it on this anniversary. I have not permitted a soul to set eyes on it for years, fearing it might be purloined, but I always air it twice a year. I shall really feel honored by Walter's wearing it, and I fancy it will prove a perfect fit."

"Mr. Walter Eustis is a native of Boston," Emma coldly replied. "Perhaps he will not honor the tea party with his presence."

"Not present," the maiden replied, with a little scream. "Your are a stranger and your ignorance is pardonable, but no one by the name of Eustis ought to be absent at this celebration. Eustis is one of the most honorable of all the honorable names among the founders of this town, and my dear, what you will appreciate, it was one of the first to found our dear old St. Paul's. Part of the family, as was natural, were Loyalists, much of the property was confiscated by the government, but my grand, father, Gen. Eustis, was a staunch Whig. It is most fitting that his great-grandson should represent him on this historic occasion."

"Certainly, Miss Eustis, you are right," Mary remarked. "But why not write yourself?"

The lady playfully shook her head-setting the ringlets of her frisette in motion, screwed her sallow visage into what was intended for youthful archness, and simpered forth, "Oh, Mary Minot, what a question! Don't I know that one little scratch from Miss Emma's pen would give Walter more pleasure than a whole octavo from mine?"

"I do not consider it a duty to confer pleasure on any young man," Emma curtly replied. "If you wish your kinsman to wear the uniform, write and tell him so."

"To tell the truth, my dear, my eyes are weak. I have not been quite as well as usual recently; my hand is slightly unsteady. It would be an obligation if you would pen a few lines."

"Mary, you are idle: please act as Miss Eustis' amanuensis," said Emma, as she rose: and placing a writing desk before her friend, hastily left the room.

Mary wrote the note, and after a half hour's chit-chat Miss Eustis took leave with many thanks. Shaking her finger with gay incredulousness at Emma, who was standing on the stairs, she announced:

"I shall dance at your wedding when you become the bride of Walter Eustis, my dear."

"Why were you so surly to Miss Eustis, Emma?" Mary demanded, as she closed the door upon the departing guest. "You know she is not strong, and her eyesight is poor. It was too bad!"

"I will make her comprehend that I am not to be associated with her relative in any way," Emma crossly replied.

"You needn't be so savage; I fear your efforts will be futile. Miss Eustis is pertinacious in her ideas. She has determined that you shall marry Walter, and that she shall dance at your wedding." With a mischievous glance, she added: "I am not sure but she will, if her limbs permit."

"Instead of the repartee Mary anticipated, Emma immediately became wholly absorbed in her French exercise.

The twenty-sixth dawned auspiciously—a lovely May day. A salute of twenty-four guns was fired at sunrise. At an early hour the military and citizens were astir. Visitors from near and far began to arrive. At ten o'clock the procession formed, and under the escort of the artillery company and a rifle company, marched to the music of the Boston Brigade Band through some of the principal streets to the First Church. The order of exercises were a voluntary, a duet and chorus, reading of the Scrip-

tures, from a Bible printed in 1634, by the pastor of the Belleville Church; voluntary by the band, reading of selections from the Fourth and Forty-fourth Psalms, an original hymn, by one of America's poets, a son of the town (this was sung to the tune of "Old Hundred"); prayer, by the rector of St. Paul's Church; ode, by the author of the hymn, "The Pilgrims;" air, "Gaily the Troubadour." A brilliant oration was delivered by another gifted son of the place — the then distinguished representatives in Congress. An anthem followed and the benediction.

About five hundred sat down to dinner, among whom were many distinguished guests from abroad. The repast was followed by appropriate toasts and speeches; many reminiscences of "ye olden time" were recalled.

It was a most interesting and pleasant reunion. Many of the absent sons and daughters met after years of separation. The sun was sinking when the last guest left the Pavilion. Washington Hall presented a unique appearance in the evening. The tables were laid with old fashioned china, glass and silver, and surrounded by antique chairs. Several of the paintings were taken from the Pavilion to decorate the walls. The young gentlemen and ladies, in their ancient costumes, completed the coup d'œil.

Emma Irwin looked especially grand in the brocade; Mary, lovely and bride-like in the white satin. The damask proved exceedingly becoming to Fanny, and everyone declared Jennie made a darling little grandmother in the pink and green silk.

Various had been the girl's efforts to ascertain from whence this cognomen had arisen. Though she had elicited much wit and banter, all she could conjecture was that, in some way, it was connected with Phillips Irwin. Guy supported the character he had assumed with his usual skill. Walter Eustis looked every inch a general in his Continental uniform,

Miss Eustis was in ecstacies through the day, but the evening brought the climax. Catharine Eustis, whom she had furnished with a magnificent pearl-gray lute-string open gown and skirt, with an apron of Brussels lace, declared "she feared this anniversary would finish the spinister for this world."

Toward the close of the entertainment, Guy and Mary, Emma and Walter chanced to be standing at the head of the table. Noting the situation, Miss Eustice drew forward a group of her relatives — strangers from distant parts. "Permit me to introduce you," she said, "to the Hon. Guy Langdon and Madam Mary Minot. This is Gen. Eustis of Revolutionary fame and his bride, the Lady Margaret Ingalls, daughter of Lord Stanley and widow of Sir Henry Ingalls; that is the dress she wore at her nuptials with Gen. Eustis."

Emma flushed, then turned pale, but she had the tact to return the visitors' salutation. Then, with a frigid air, in a slightly sharp tone, she said, "You mistake, Miss Eustis; this dress belonged to the grandmother of my teacher's mother — Mrs. Haze."

"Yes, my dear, it was the bridal dress, as I said of the Lady Margaret Stanley Ingalls, the grandmother of Mrs. Haze and myself. My father was her oldest son, and the mother of Mrs. Haze, her oldest daughter."

Emm aflushed again, and, with a surprised air, said: "But you have no intercourse with the family."

"No, my dear; Mrs. Haze's father, Col. Lloyd, was an officer under the king. It was to be expected that he should adhere to him. He went to Halifax with the British troops when they evacuated Boston, and died there. His handsome estate on Pemberton Hill in Boston was taken by government. Mrs. Lloyd never forgave her father and brother for the loss of her property, though my father always most solemnly declared that he did all man could do to save his sister from ruin, but she did not believe him, and never would notice our family, though my father assisted her in many ways without her knowledge. Mrs. Haze was taught to shun us. I am happy to say that the lapse of time has eradicated these Revolutionary animosities. The Misses Haze have been very social on two occasions when I have met them at the houses of mutual friends. Sir. Henry Ingalls had a sister Amy, who married a Dr. Endicott. He was a surgeon in the army at the taking of Louisburg; for his services received large tracts of wild land in Maine. His only child, Emma, married a Phillips. By the sale of most of this land they became wealthy, but most of this property was lost in the war of 1812. Emma Endicott Phillips married John Irwin. Mrs. Irwin died soon after the birth of a daughter, and her husband survived her less than a year, leaving this young lady, Miss Emma Endicott Irwin, now representing her great uncle's widow, and the bride of Gen. Eustis." The last sentence was enunciated with a peculiar emphasis, accompanied by a wave of the thin hand towards Walter.

Emma turned so deadly pale, that involuntarily the young man stooped to support her: while Mary stepped to her side with a fan and Guy handed a glass of water. The emotion was only momentary; the girl's usual self-control was regained, and she immediately became the entrancing centre of the admiring group.

As soon as Emma was disengaged, Walter whispered: "So we are sort of relatives. Did you know of this family pedigree?"

"I have been told of the Dr. Endicott, and I knew his wife was an English lady of high birth, but I knew nothing of the connection with your family."

Mr. William Archer, who had been conversing aside with Miss Eustis, now came and asked Emma "if her guardian had been intrusted with all her father's papers."

The young lady "could not say, but her Aunt Irwin knew."

"Hum! hum!" said the gentleman in an absent way. Taking out a note book, he said: "How was it? Amy, what was her name?"

"Ingalls," Emma replied.

"Married Dr. Endicott," said Mr. Archer, as he resumed writing. "Miss Eustis, what was the doctor's Christian name?"

"Samuel, I think," she replied,

"Daughter Emma married ——"

"Eben Philips," Miss Eustis interposed.

"Yes, yes, Miss Eustis, I have it now," returned Mr. Archer, still writing.

"Why, in the name of wonder, is

father studying out your pedigree, Emma?" said Mary.

"I can't conceive; but do get home as soon as possible. I am stifling; I feel as if I had been a corpse half a century, and that this dress was my shroud."

Mary laughed. "You are a most beautiful corpse, and your shroud is vastly becoming," she replied. "Though not a blood relation to the Lady Margaret, you greatly resemble her. Miss Eustis has her portrait painted in that dress; you must go and look at it to-morrow."

When Emma returned the dress the next morning, she told Mrs. Haze the history Miss Eustis had related.

"It is all true, Emma," the lady replied. "Miss Selina Eustis is my cousin, though I never spoke to her, or recognized her in any way in my whole life. I could not while my mother lived without giving her mortal offence, and she died only the year previous to your coming here. Her animosity to her kindred was but natural. Margaret Eustis married at sixteen Col. Lloyd, a gentleman many years her senior. Her mother died, and hostilities with the mother country commenced soon after her marriage. Her father was an active patriot; her husband, holding an office under the crown, a decided Loyalist. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd withdrew from her family; her father, greatly incensed, disowned his daughter. He might have softened after Mr. Lloyd's death, but he was with the army. He was too far advanced in years to bear the hardships of war; paralysis prostrated both body and mind. He died before the surrender of Cornwallis. Miss Selina's father was high in authority in the new government. Naturally his sister relied upon him to assist her in regaining a part, if not the whole, of her estate, that which belonged to her in her own right, which would have been more than a competence. A widow, the daughter and sister of distinguished patriots, she thought her brother, with his influence, might have obtained at least a moiety of what was rightfully her own, independent of her husband. Perhaps Miss Selina is right that my uncle exerted himself to the utmost in our behalf, but my mother never would believe it. She lived and died with very bitter feelings towards her whole family, proudly ignoring them to the last. I cherish no ill will against that silly, affected cousin of mine, and it would give me pleasure to become acquainted with Mr. Walter and Miss Catharine Eustis. I suppose I must not ask you to introduce them; perhaps Mary will some day," the lady added with a smile.

Mary laughed; Emma blushed, looked confused for a moment, then asked "if Mrs. Haze knew of the connection between their ancestors?"

"Your aunt Irwin told me that was why you were placed here; I never mentioned it. I care little for genealogy, heraldry, etc. Though of Tory blood, I am every inch a Democrat, while my cousin Selina, on the contrary, is a complete aristocrat; living in the past, and doting on the grandeur of her ancestors."

"Self-knowledge is difficult of attainment, Mrs. Haze; I think you are proud of this old dress," said Mary.

"Perhaps you are right," the lady smilingly returned. "Maybe I never should have loaned it to anyone but

the great grandaughter of aunt Ingalls. Though it is pleasant to think of progenitors of merit, it is foolish to give ourselves airs in consequence. Besides, it is not best to search too closely into family histories; there are usually some black sheep to be found. Miss Eustis would never inform you that one of her blood shot a gentleman of high standing in a political altercation on one of the principal streets of Boston and fled from his country in consequence, or that another, though a brilliant man, and high in office during the last war, became a confirmed sot, and at last died of delirium tremens. Some things, in most families, had best be buried in oblivion. It is sufficient for us to do the daily duties in the sphere in which God has placed us, looking hopefully to the future, both for this world and the next."

"What if we cannot decide what our duty is, Mrs. Haze?" asked Mary.

Something in the girl's tone seemed to strike the lady. She turned and regarded her seriously, then slowly replied: "Ask your Heavenly Father's guidance. Rely upon Him; your duty will be clear."

The tears welled in the beautiful eyes. Stooping, the girl pressed her lips to the lady's in silence.

"Well!" exclaimed Emma, as she and Mary ascended the stairs, "Granny Haze is not so bad, after all. To think of her being a connection! I wonder what will come next!"

"Perhaps the fulfilment of Miss Eustis' prophecy," Mary roguishly replied.

"On the contrary, I think it may be the supplanting of yourself in the affections of a certain Indian nabob. I am such an enchantress, the thing is possible, incredulous as you may be, and I have a decided taste for oriental splendor," Emma gaily returned, as she opened the school-room door.

Mr. William Archer went to Boston the day succeeding the celebration; the next week he went East, where he remained nearly a month. He appeared so jubilant upon his return, and Mrs. Archer and Mary so evidently participated in his happiness, that Emma inquired "if Mrs. Archer had become the millionaire her husband had predicted?"

Mary laughed; said "she believed her father was doing very well with her mother's wild land, but he had been successful in a business transaction for a friend, which gave them great pleasure."

This explanation was made with such a gleeful expression, that Emma's astonishment increased. The next morning Mr. Archer asked her to come with him to the library. Placing a bundle of papers in her hand, he said, "Here are the deeds of some timber land in Maine that has descended to you from the grant to Dr. Samuel Endicott. It was so remote from civilization, your great-grandmother Phillips never disposed of it, and it had been overlooked and forgotten, till hearing Miss Eustis' narration I recollected having seen the name of Dr. Samuel Endicott, and have hunted it up and duly established your title. It is valuable now—I have an offer of three thousand dollars for it. In a few years you might obtain five thousand. Your guardian leaves the decision of an immediate sale or otherwise with you. He says that pretty head contains something besides fol-de-rol, and he thinks you have

come to an age to judge for yourself, and I am of the same opinion."

Looking the surprise she felt, Emma took the deeds: after reading them she leaned her head against the study chair, and with closed eyes remained in thought for some time. Rising, she approached Mr. Archer, who was reading by the window, and said, "There is an old adage 'that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' I have decided to sell, make sure of three thousand. That will furnish the funds to complete the education I desire, and leave something for a rainy day."

"I expected this answer," Mr. Archer replied, "and I think it judicious. You will not be crippled for means to finish your studies, and the remainder will furnish a suitable bridal trosseau." Emma laughed, and added, "or an old maid's dowry. Mr. Archer, how shall I thank you for all your kindness?"

"Pshaw, don't say a word. I am only too happy to be able to render this service. I need no gratitude. I have been feathering my own nest, meantime, as well as yours. I will see your guardian to-morrow, and go to Maine next week. Have you any choice respecting the investment of the money, Mr Hill told me to inquire."

"I think Savings Banks are the safest most convenient for women," Emma replied after consideration.

"Yes, I will tell Mr. Hill that he is right, that there is something in your head besides nonsense. By the way, gratitude is due to Walter Eustis. He assisted me materially in hunting up family documents. He was as interested as though it had been a legacy of his own, but I fear you have a hard heart along with that cool head."

Emma turned pale and trembled like an aspen. Mr. Archer drew her tenderly to him.

"Why, child," he exclaimed, "I did not intend to wound your feelings."

"You haven't," Emma sobbed. "Yes, my heart is perfect adamant. It is so delightful to feel free, independent, at liberty to carry out my own plans. I can never be sufficiently thankful for this money," and lightly pressing her lips to the gentleman's forehead she flew out of the room like a bird and ran above to receive the congratulations of Mrs. Archer and Mary Minot.

"Yes, it is nice," she replied, "I am not wealthy, but I shall not be dependent and can afford to pursue the studies I desire. I shall spend a year in Boston for that purpose after I leave Miss Haze."

"And then," queried Mary mischievously.

"Then I intend to attain both name and fame. You need not look so incredulous—I mean it."

CHAPTER XXV.

ANTI-SLAVERY.

The slavery question was beginning to agitate the community. A small anti-slavery society had been formed, consisting of members from the town, and others adjacent.

In June William Lloyd Garrison, then

becoming conspicuous in the cause, was invited to lecture before this society, but no place could be obtained for the speaker.

The popular opposition was so openly and forcibly demonstrated that the authorities dared not permit the use of of the town halls, neither could any private hall or church be procured.

The day appointed for the anti-slavery festival arrived. Mr. Garrison came the previous evening. Friends of the cause flocked in from different quarters. Quite a crowd was gathered at the mansion where Mr. Garrison was entertained. The populace became aroused. Knots of men and youth gathered at the street corners. Scowls and hoots greeted the anti-slavery committee as they went round, vainly seeking a place in which Mr. Garrison could be heard. As noon approached the signs of a mob became more and more apparent. At length the anti-slavery partisans adjourned to a large garden belonging to a prominent member of the society. There Mr. Garrison addressed his friends without great molestation, though the streets adjacent were filled with fierce looking fellows ready for an outburst at the slightest provocation, and the garden fence was freely bespattered with rotten eggs. Several speakers followed Mr. Garrison, the afternoon passed and the anti-slavery concourse separated with mutual congratulations.

The next day a hall in Amesbury was opened to Mr. Garrison, where he addressed a crowded audience.

Mary and Emma came from school much excited. A daughter of the owner of the garden where the society assembled was a schoolmate. Such a throng had gathered before the house that she dared not seek entrance by the front door or the gate, but reached her home through the back yard of a neighbor.

"I think we have come to a fine pass," said Mary, her black eyes flashing with indignation, "when a girl cannot go into her own house because her father chooses to entertain his friends. So long as people are civil, and infringe no law, why should they be disturbed? I thought every man's house was his castle. Why did you refuse the church to Mr. Garrison, papa? Mr. Ford would not have objected. With our principles it ought to be free for the discussion of every topic."

"You are right, my daughter," Mr. Archer replied, "I coincide with you; but our parish committee dared not give permission. They would have done so if possible, but we could not sacrifice our beautiful and historic house of worship even in the sacred cause of free speech. Neither did we wish to give cause for a commotion. A mob is to be feared. Of two evils we were compelled to choose the least. I have no sympathy with slavery. It is a foul blot on our escutcheon to have it established in the District of Columbia. The capital of our free country ought not to be a slave mart, but the anti-slavery people are not working judiciously. They are too intemperate in their language; they will breed discord with the South and engender a civil war, the consequences of which I must regard with horror. I think some milder measures might in time effect emancipation. I have joined the Colonization Society, and am ready to further any scheme I can approve for

emancipation. I cannot sympathize with much that I have heard at anti-slavery gatherings. Last winter in Boston I heard a clergyman say such extremely harsh and uncharitable things that I lost patience. He depicted every slaveholder as worse than a thief and a murderer, despatching him condignly to the lowest hell with such a fiendish delight that it was truly disgusting."

Mary replied that she supposed her father knew best; still she thought the church ought to have been opened, if the military had been called to defend it. She had no idea of succumbing to a vulgar horde.

Mrs. Archer laughed. Mr. Archer cast a glance of admiration at the girl as he left the room without remark.

Emma tosssd her head disdainfully and said "she didn't see why there should be this fuss about niggers! They were sons of Ham, born under the curse of bondage. Of course, it was for the Southern owners' interest to treat them well as much as it was for the Northerner to care for his beasts."

This summer completed Martin Alger's preparations for the ministry. The year previous he had received a certificate from the Andover Association which recommended him "as a preacher to the churches of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The Andover Theological Seminary was at that time in the height of its glory. The revivals that had swept over the country had drawn thither a throng of enthusiastic young men, willing to do and dare all things for their Lord and Master. The missionary spirit prevailed to an unprecedented extent. Many of the students were preparing to go to foreign lands or to remote parts of our own territory. The seminary possessed a noble band of professors — Woods, Stuart, Emerson and Park, the latter a successor to Skinner.

Martin Alger's graduation brought his mother from the West. Fannie, Jennie and Mary Archer and Emma Irwin were present and had the pleasure to make Mrs. Alger's acquaintance. They found her a staid, taciturn, but superior woman. Martin passed the day's ordeal with eclat.

"Thanks to Guy," he told the girls. "Though so much my junior, last winter he taught me a lesson of self-control that I shall never forget."

His mother, overhearing his remark, said, "She was only too thankful any one had done it. She hoped to have the opportunity to thank Mr. Langdon for performing that which her most strenuons endeavor had failed to achieve."

Catharine Eustis and Fanny Archer this season completed their academic course at Mrs. Gray's seminary. Jennie was to continue another year. The Ex amination Day brought a festival which was honored by many distinguished visitors.

It had been anticipated that this year would end Mary and Emma's connection with Miss Haze, but teachers of eminence in music, landscape and crayon drawing, pastel painting, and in the French and Spanish languages had secured classes in the town, which the young ladies had joined. It was decided that they should remain another year with Miss Haze, reviewing the higher studies and becoming more proficient in Latin, a language in which the lady was a most thorough teacher. Mrs. Irwin having gone to her country-seat at Brook-

line for the summer, Mary Minot was invited to accompany Emma thither through the vacation. Phillips insisted that Guy should join them for a couple of weeks. Miss Selina Eustis was also a guest, giving the young people a never-failing source of amusement, which, however, they were too polite to openly demonstrate. Mrs. Irwin's residence was a fine pre-revolutionary mansion. A wide lawn separated it from the road. On either side, entrance gates opened to circular drives, one leading to a substantial farm-house, flanked by a big barn and other farm buildings; the other to the mansion-house, a large, square, gambrel-roofed structure, with dormer windows and a piazza; two wings had been added to the ends, making an imposing edifice. Beyond the piazza was a gravel walk, bordered by a parterre of choice shrubs and flowers. The old style wide front door in two compartments, with its polished brass handle and massive knocker, led to a spacious hall, with a handsome staircase of low stairs. To the right were two parlors opening to each other by folding doors. To the left was the dining room, with an old-fashioned sideboard, glittering with glass and silver. Along one side stretched a dresser of shelves and cupboards, the shelves covered by sliding panels of panes of looking-glass, set in frames like a window. Beyond the dining room came the library, a most pleasant and inviting apartment, with a fine collection of books, maps and all the appurtenances for study, with stands of plants in the windows, and a brightly burnished fire set in the Dutch-tiled fireplace, with the logs laid ready for lighting on a damp, chilly day, which our New England summer often brings. In the rear of the dining room was a large kitchen, with a huge fireplace and the Jack for roasting, just as it had been when cooking stoves, ranges and coal were things unknown. The floor of this room was of brick tile, a security of the olden time from fire. Across the paved court was a handsome stable, in architecture matching the house; beyond stretched a large garden well stocked with fruit and vegetables.

Walter and Catharine Eustis having joined the party, Phillips proposed that Fannie and Jennie Archer should be invited.

"I wish to test that span I have on trial. I will go on tomorrow and bring them the next day, The one following we shall make an excursion to 'Fresh Pond.' So, Emma, get up your fixings for a picnic."

"I presume that Mrs. Alger and Martin are at Archer Place," said Mary.

"Very well, I will bring Martin," Phillips replied. The more the merrier and he will fill the fourth seat in the barouche."

Accordingly Tuesday morning the gentleman started to bring his guests. They arrived Wednesday charmed with the trip and the new horses which Mr. Irwin had decided to purchase.

That morning the girls had devoted to preparations for the picnic, and the young people of the vicinity had been invited to join the party. Thursday morning dawned cloudy and sultry, but after an early dinner, a procession of crowded carriages and a cavalcade of equestrians set forth for "Fresh Pond." A pleasant ride brought them to their destination. The spot was new to most of the visitors, and they were delighted with the

mirror-like sheet of water, surrounded by its steep, wooded banks. Mary seated herself to sketch. Emma went in search of specimens for her herbarium, as usual followed by her attendant knights.

Guy, with a comico-serious expression, said "he deemed it incumbent, as far as possible, to fill the place of his absent friend Mr. Mears, and seated himself beside Mary to point her pencils. Martin Alger and Fanny Archer strolled into the woods. Phillips Irwin led Jennie and the others into a game of romps. "Fox and Geese," etc., drew forth shouts of glee. The clouds were so portentious, refreshments were served early. Tea and coffee were procured at the hotel. After a merry meal, as large rain drops now and then fell, it was deemed expedient to take the homeward road; but the horseback riders had a race to escape a wetting. It was raining steadily when the carriages they had preceded arrived at Mrs. Irwin's. Phillips invited his neighbors to spend the evening, but the weather was so threatening they concluded to drive home. Night closed in with a perfect tempest. Lamps were lighted and curtains drawn. Most of the party assembled round the centre table in the back parlor. Guy stretched himself, in one of his taciturn fits, on the sofa in the dimly lighted front room. Emma had been playing chess with Walter Eustis. Much to Miss Selina's delight, having won the game, she rose and stepping forward between the folding doors, inquired "if Guy was sick or tired?"

"Neither," was the laconic reply.

"What can we propose for your entertainment, Mr. Langdon?" asked Mrs. Irwin.

Reply was precluded by Emma's exclaiming, "Guy, I discovered Swedenborg's 'Divine Providence' amongst some books in the library closet yesterday; that will chase away your blues."

"Swedenborg!" screamed Miss Selina; "Guy read Swedenborg to chase away the blues! Well, I declare!"

"Yes," said Emma; "he is more interested in the works of the Swedish seer than in the last new novel."

"I recollect hearing a young lady say that she found Swedenborg's 'Heaven and Hell' as interesting as a novel," said Walter with a quizzical look.

"What a remarkable memory you possess respecting my sayings and doings. I wish it was as retentive for better things," retorted Emma.

"Why, Emma Irwin, how you surprise me, such a good church woman, too, but I find many are reading Swedenborg's writings," said Miss Selina. "I called on an old schoolmate last week, and was informed that she was engaged. Would I please call again. That evening I met her at a friend's, she apologized, said she ought to have come down, but to confess the truth she was so entranced with one of Swedenborg's works, she could not leave it. I was surprised, as she is quite a common sense body."

"So you think the receivers of Swedenborg's doctrines must be lacking in common sense, Miss Eustis?" said Walter. "They have a large congregation of certainly rather superior people, not fanatics by any means, women of sound judgment, and staunch business men. The clergyman is a deep thinker and a profound writer."

"I must confess that I see little sense

in putting a plate on the table for departed friends," Miss Selina returned in a sarcastic tone.

"Where have you seen it done, Miss Eustis?" Guy asked.

"Oh, I never saw it, but everybody says that is what Swedenborgians do," the lady returned with a toss that set her false curls in motion.

"Yes," said Guy, "that is the one thing everybody knows of Swedenborgians, as you term New Church people, but they themselves do not recognize any such custom, and after much research have failed to find any foundation for the ridiculous story."

"Well, at any rate they claim to converse with departed friends," the lady quickly returned. "The only Sweden borgian I ever knew, was an English gentleman of large fortune, who for a time resided in or near Washington. He had been a widower several years, and his friends and servants, said that he always shut himself in his library on each anniversary of his wifes death, to converse with her. This was the current report in society. At length he became enamored with a young lady of the District, and his suit was successful. During her courtship, Miss Arles was frequently bantered respecting this matter, friends asking 'if she was to be admitted to the yearly ghostly confab.' The wedding was splendid. The bride, the pet and pride of her husband, appeared the happiest of the happy. A few months after the marriage, there was to be a party at the house of a cousin. Mrs. Waldron was already dressed, when Mr. Waldron, complaining of headache, begged her to go alone, not to let his indisposition interfere with her enjoyment. After some demur she consented. Upon her arrival, her cousin jocosely exclaimed, 'Alone! Why it is the twentieth of October. Has Waldron stayed behind to keep the anniversary of her death with Mrs. W. No. 1?' These were thoughtless words, spoken in jest, but they had a magic effect on the young wife. At that time Mr. Waldron occupied a country seat some miles from the city. It had been decided that the lady should remain over night at her cousin's, but she determined to return home. Accordingly at eleven o'clock the carriage was ordered, and accompanied by her maid, from whom I had this story, she started. Most of the road was through dense woods. The night was cloudy and dark; the wind sighed eerily through the forest, wailing as if in moans for a lost soul. It seemed as if the ride would never end. At length the coach drew up before the mansion, which was shrouded in darkness, with the exception of the library; a dim light could be discerned there through the closely-drawn curtains. Mrs. Waldron and the maid jumped quickly down and ascended the portico. After repeated bangs of the ponderous knocker, the door was opened by a half-awake negro. Snatching the candle from his hand, his mistress sprang up the stairs, followed by her maid. At the door of the library, Mrs. Waldron paused and listened. It was immediately opened, when the lady fell forward into her husband's arms in a dead faint. The maid went into hysterices, and there was an exciting scene. Mr. Waldron soon after returned to England. Though Mrs. Waldron

never mentioned the subject, the maid always solemnly averred that she heard the first Mrs. Waldron's voice."

Miss Selina told this story with the utmost dramatic effect. Silence followed its recital; then Emma saucily exclaimed, "Girls, I warn you never to become Guy's second wife; Miss Eustis has given us such indisputable proof that Swedenborgian widowers always converse with their deceased better halves."

Miss Selina looked so undeniably angry, casting such a glance of rage at Emma, that Martin Alger, to prevent discord, hastily remarked "that we often heard of occurrances that must be termed supernatural."

"Cannot these mostly be explained by the new science of mesmerism and clairvoyance?" asked Walter Eustis.

"Clair-humbug! You do not mean to say you believe in these impostures?" Emma exclaimed.

"I really can't say what I believe. I only know what I have seen and don't pretend any explanation. Last winter my uncle's wife came from Hyannis to Boston to inquire of a clairvoyant respecting her husband. His ship was overdue, and she, poor creature, was half demented from anxiety and loss of sleep. At her request, I went with her to a Dr. Colton's in Temple Place. The clairvoyant was a pretty unassuming young woman. She seated herself in a cane seat rocking chair, the doctor made a few passes, then she sat silent some moments. After a time her lips moved; she murmured, 'Water, billows,—yes, it is the ocean'; then in a louder, more assured tone she continued, 'I see the ocean and a ship; on the deck stands a stout, dark-complexioned man, with black eyes and hair; he has a commanding bearing,—yes, he is the captain of the ship. He orders the sailors; all is going well now; he will arrive soon; but the ship has been detained by head winds and boisterous weather. Your husband will come to you safe and well, but his vessel will get aground coming up Boston harbor in a thick fog, but it will be got off directly without much injury.' This description was the exact truth. She pictured my uncle to a T. His voyage was just as she said, and what caps the climax, he did get aground coming up the harbor. How she knew all this, or that it was the lady's husband, is more than I can comprehend."

"No one will ever make me disbelieve that I saw Aunt Catharine the morning she died," said Catharine Eustis; "I woke early, and there was Aunt Cathy standing at the foot of my bed. I saw her just as plain as I ever did in my life. She looked serene and smiling. I started up exclaiming, 'Why, Aunt Cathy, how came you here so early?' As I spoke, the form melted away, vanished. I sprang from bed. What did it mean? I looked under the bed, behind the easy chair, in the closet;—no, my aunt had not hidden from me. Dressing, I quickly went below. Everyone laughed at my story, said I was dreaming, but I knew better because I had been looking at a new dress, that had come from the dressmaker's the evening previous, and had been thrown over a chair near the bed. At breakfast the news came that aunt Catharine had been found dead in her bed, an hour before.

"A similar event occured here," said Mrs. Irwin. "An aunt of my husband's, Miss Lydia Irwin, was engaged to John

Hutchinson, a young gentleman of Boston. On the breaking out of the Revolution he joined the army, where he attained the rank of Colonel. One night Miss Lydia remained below after the family had retired. The wings then were not built, she was seated at an end window of the parlor, which commanded a view of the avenue. She sat sometime enjoying the moonlight and the evening breeze. Suddenly she descried a horseman coming slowly up the avenue, becoming more distinct as he passed the trees. Could she believe her eyes? Yes, it was Col. Hutchenson! Springing to her feet, she ran into the back hall; unbarring the door, stepped into the yard to meet her lover. He rode toward her, a loving smile on his face, inexpressible tenderness in the sad, earnest eyes, his left hand pressed to his side, from beneath which blood trickled. The young lady sprang forward with a cry of joy and concern, when both horse and rider vanished. Stunned, confounded she stood and gazed, but the yard was empty. Then it struck her that not a sound had fallen from the horse's hoofs. With a distracted cry she rushed to her brother's room: waking him and his wife she told what she had seen. They both said she must have fallen asleep and dreamed, but Miss Lydia declared the contrary. Mrs. Irwin rose and vainly strove to calm and comfort her.

The news of the battle of Monmouth and the death of Col. Hutchinson soon arrived. Miss Irwin was rich, accomplished and beautiful. Many suitors sought her hand, but she remained true to the dead, living here in quiet maidenhood till an advanced age, her life rich in good works, full of kindness and benevolence. Her death was most peaceful. After lying motionless and speechless for hours she suddenly raised her arms, holding out her hands as welcoming some one; opening her eyes and looking up she exclaimed "John," then in a louder and more exultant tone she called "John" twice, then her hands fell, the eyes closed and her spirit had joined that of her betrothed.

Her portrait hangs in the hall at the foot of the staircase.

"Yes," said Mary, "the face is so lovely I sketched it the other day."

"I have not observed it particularly. I must go and look at one so true to her first love," Jennie enthusiastically exclaimed springing from her chair. Phillips took a lamp from a side table and led the way, whispering, "Would you be thus true, little grandmother?"

The girl glanced up into his face, a sudden seriousness coming into the bright eyes, but the advance of others prevented reply. The portrait having been duly scanned and admired, Phillips declaring he was starving, directed Emma to set forth the eatables while he mixed the lemonade. "Here, Walter," he added, handing the lemon squeezer to that gentleman. "Make yourself useful as well as ornamental while I concoct a glass of sangaree for that old girl in the parlor, she doats on sangaree."

"You ought not to speak so disrespectfully of Miss Eustis, Mr. Irwin," said Jennie demurely.

"I beg pardon, my dear, I meant no disrespect. She certainly wishes to pass for a girl and I am sure you cannot call her a young one."

Jennie gravely shook her head and

replied, "I fear you are incorrigible."

"Pray, what sort of a scamp is that, little grandmother? Come folks, come and refresh yourselves," Phillips called.

All gathered round the table but Guy and Mary Minot. Guy, begging to be excused, remained on the sofa. Mary had seated herself at the library table and was busily drawing, her pencil glided swiftly over the paper, and she was evidently wholly absorbed. Emma said it would be useless to call her. When in one of these drawing fits, nothing could take her from her work.

Before ten o'clock the philopenas had been distributed and the merry chat had ceased. All had gone upstairs but Guy and Mary Minot. Soon after the tall clock in the hall struck ten. Guy rose, and going into the dining room, poured out a glass of lemonade. Mary lifted her head; after scanning her drawing she called, "Guy." He set down the glass, and stepping forward, pushed open the half-closed door and asked "if she spoke?"

"Yes," she replied. "Come here please. You are discreet. Do not question; only tell me if you recognize the lady and child in this sketch."

Guy advanced and took the drawing. On the portico of what appeared to be a palatial mansion stood a lady with a child apparently about two years old in her arms; beyond was an aged man, evidently her attendant. The young man at once recognized the Countess Anna Maria Teresa and her child. The lady was descending the first step, holding up the little girl, who was laughing and tossing up her hands in glee; the aged servitor's grave face catching a gleam of joy as his eyes followed the pair. Guy gazed at the sketch for some moments in silence, astonishment giving place to admiration. It was difficult to repress curiosity and enthusiasm, but at length he simply remarked in a quiet tone, "Yes, I recognize the figures; they are excellent; the whole sketch is good; the poise of the lady is perfect, and the child is so natural, it seems as though you could hear her laugh. The expression on the face of the attendant shows loving devotion; he looks as if he would sacrifice himself for that babe."

"He did," Mary softly murmured. "You think that it is sufficiently correct for a picture, after I have acquired more skill in painting?" she asked, anxiously gazing into her companion's eyes.

"Certainly. It will make an exquisite painting," he replied as he handed back the drawing.

Mary laid it on the table, and taking her pencil, wrote beneath the sketch the words, "The Vision."

"Why do you name it The Vision?" Guy asked.

"Because it is one," Mary replied. "It came to me last Tuesday evening. I was sitting here in the study chair. I was never wider awake, but my eyes were shut. I was picturing what they were doing and saying at Archer Place. You know Phillips went there that day. Suddenly this scene came before me. My eyes were closed, but I saw it all. It seemed about a yard from me. I saw the whole even to the color of every article of dress. I never shall forget the slightest minutiæ. It was there long enough for me to take in every detail; then it slowly melted away. I presume you think I was dreaming: do not be-

lieve I could see this with closed eyes, but I did."

"Yes, Mary, I believe what you say," Guy gravely replied. "I believe you saw it with spiritual eyes, if I may use the expression. Did not memory, however, have something to do with it?"

"Perhaps so," Mary thoughtfully returned. "I have read that everything is retained in memory, though apparently forgotten; but I have no remembrance of any such scene. What do you mean by my seeing with spiritual eyes, Guy?"

The young man reflected a few moments; then he reverently replied: "We are told in Genesis that God said, 'Let us make man in our image, after our likeness.' St. Paul says, 'There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body.' Swedenborg asserts that this natural body is merely a clothing to this spiritual body, our real selves: that from our birth we are in a spiritual sphere, though in this world in this natural body. Our Lord says of little children, 'Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven.' Swedenborg says that children are led by angels till of an age to know good from evil."

"Yes," Mary gravely added, "he teaches that even in this world we, by our own conduct and thoughts, are in companionship with angels or their opposites, making our own heaven or hell. This is a very solemn idea. I have been much impressed by it. You have led me to comprehend how his doctrine shows the opening of the internal sight. You perceive that I am not quite stupid, though I cannot skim over books, science and theories, and make myself as companionable as Emma."

A look of surprise, changing to one of amusement, came over Guy's face, but the rejoinder that sprang to his lips was stopped by the young lady just mentioned calling from the staircase:

"Mary Minot, are you going to draw all night?"

"No, I'm coming," Mary replied, hastily, placing her drawing in the portfolio.

"Here is a letter for you," said Emma coming into the dining room. "I beg pardon," she hastily added, "I beg was not aware that I was interrupting a tate-a-tete."

"You are not," Guy quickly replied. "Mary wishes to put Miss Eustis into a historical picture. Could you purloin her wig for a sketch?"

Mary started, bit her lips, and turned an arch look on Guy, while Emma innocently returned, "I will engage the lady in conversation to-morrow, while Mary sketches it. It stormed so fearfully Phillips asked one of the men at the farmhouse, who was obliged to go to the city, to bring out the mail. Bridget handed me this letter when I went above. I think it is from Miss Mears."

"Yes, that is Elizabeth Archer's writting." Mary returned as she took the letter. Guy and Emma went into the dining room leaving Mary to read the missive. Henry Mears had sailed for Calcutta the first of |the moath,—his farewell letters from Europe had been received a few days before. Mary's face grew dissatisfied and sad as she read his sister's epistle. She wrote; "Grandma Archer sent word that if I would like a year at Mrs. Gray's seminary she would pay the expense. Father is so demented over this Millerism that

the farm is sadly neglected and mother could not procure me the necessary outfit. The barn leaks badly. She wrote Henry the state of affairs and asked him to send a hundred dollars. We have just received an answer, he sent only fifty, says he has sunk all his ready cash in a venture, if it succeeds he will forward the other fifty. The cattle must be sheltered, and I cannot accept Grandma's kind offer. I scarcely know how to express my refusal, as I would not have her know the truth for world. I am sure she would give me everything needed, and you remember the proverb of riding a free horse to death. Tell her Ma cannot spare me or something of the kind. I will write her soon,—after I get over my disappointment a little. I am so sorry, as I hoped to qualify myself to teach. I cannot help being provoked with Henry for not allowing me the opportunity, with his large salary and brilliant expectations he might have sent me the money I so much needed. I wrote him explicitly respecting it. We have written plainly enough how the circumstances are. He knew how it was before he left, and Ma has kept him informed of every home detail; but he always was just full of himself, and determined to be rich. We wish to live at present, rather than be nabobs in the future."

Mary folded her letter and joined Emma and Guy. Her resolution had been instantly formed. Mr. Alger was to supply the pulpit for Mr. Lewis for a few Sundays. He would return with Fanny aad Jennie by stagecoach to Archer Place Saturday. She determined to accompany them and get her father to take her to Meredith. Mrs. Mears would be glad of his advice and assistance in her repairs, and Elizabeth Archer should return with them to make all suitable additions to her wardrobe.

Mrs. Archer had given Mary the money to purchase herself a silk dress in Boston during her visit. She did not actually need it, and its cost should be applied to her friend. Though this plan brought satisfaction, discomposure was so evident on the girl's face as she came forward that Guy looked concern and Emma hastily asked "if she had received bad news?"

"Yes, Mr. Mears has become a perfect monomaniac over this Millerism, and Mrs. Mears is at her wit's end. Grandma Archer proposes a year's education at Mrs. Gray's to her name-sake, and Lizzie is in a dilemma respecting dress. I must go home with the others Saturday and get father to take me to Meredith to bring the poor girl down. You know her horror of being thought countryfied, and I think father will be of real use to Mrs. Mears, as the barn is to be shingled, and other things set to rights. There will be time to fix Lizzie's things before the term commences."

"Oh, yes, I can't bear to lose you, Mary, but I see no alternative," Emma gloomily replied. Brightening, she added, "Send for me on your return. My skill in remodelling, trimming, etc., will save in manteau makers' bills, though of course, Henry with his means has sent the requisite funds."

This last was in such a questioning term that the hot blood mantled to Mary's brow, but she hurriedly replied, "Yes, he has sent money, but I suspect it is mostly needed for the buildings.

Your offer is a godsend; it is very charitable for you to make it."

"No, it isn't charitable at all, as it will be the greatest pleasure to assist Miss Mears; besides, I shall be only too glad of an excuse to join you, as I shall be all in the dumps here after Guy and Phillips start on their fishing excursion."

Mr. and Mrs. Archer were surprised at Mary's unexpected arrival; but when the circumstances had been detailed, both said she was right; and Mr. Archer immediately arranged to start for New Hampshire early Monday morning, expressing much dissatisfaction at what he termed Henry's unsympathizing thoughtlessness. Mrs. Archer had a ready excuse:

"The dear boy was so full of business, it was little wonder that he failed to appreciate the situation."

Mrs. Mears and her children welcomed Mr. Archer and Mary with grateful joy. During his short stay Mr. Archer rendered himself most serviceable to Mrs. Mears and he earnestly but vainly strove to rouse Mr. Mears to a more lively interest in his affairs. Saturday night brought the travellers home again, accompanied by Elizabeth Archer. Emma arrived the following Tuesday, and busy days ensued. Mrs. Archer forbade Mary's using her money, making purchases herself. Mrs. Fanny Archer, having received a hint to that effect, also liberally contributed. Notwithstanding Mary's effort of secrecy, Guy, suspecting Henry's niggardly parsimony, suggested to his mother that perhaps a gift from her would be acceptable as he handed a parcel which he brought from Boston on his return from Cape Cod. On examination it was found to contain a dress pattern of fawn silk, then a most fashionable color, gloves, laces, handkerchiefs and ribbons. Emma clapped her hands over these elegancies as they were displayed on the bed in Mary's room.

"Aren't they splendid! Just what Lizzie needed and could not afford. These are Guy's purchases, I know, though his mother presented them, as was proper. How unselfishly thoughtful Guy always is."

"Yes," Mary gravely replied.

"What makes you so glum, Mollie?" Emma wonderingly asked. "One would think you were sorry these things had come."

"No, indeed," the girl hurriedly exclaimed, the hot blood rushing to her cheek, "I am very glad indeed, and Guy is everything you say, always generous and noble."

Emma stared at her friend's vehemence.

"Dear me," she mischievously returned: "but I recollect you used to dub him a ninny. I believe I shall be obliged to resign him to you and take the nabob."

Mary, her cheeks still ablaze, hastily ran down the stairs. Emma gazed thoughtfully after her. After standing in the middle of the room some five minutes most unladyllke whistling "The girl I left behind me," she also descended.

Owing to the benevolence, tact and skill of her friends Miss Mears entered upon her boarding school term as elegantly apparelled as the best. With a grateful determination to reflect credit upon her benefactors she applied herself to her studies with a zest that soon

placed her in the highest rank of scholarship.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MARGARET EUSTIS.

A clergyman in the western town where Mrs. Alger resided, wishing for a vacation, Martin was secured to fill his pulpit for a few months, then it was decided he should join the mission to the Sandwich Islands. His engagement to Fanny was publicly declared when he left. The young lady appeared at the summit of felicity, and her mother expressed the greatest satisfaction at her daughter's prospects. "She always felt the highest interest in foreign missions, particularly in these Pacific isles. She esteemed it one of the greatest privileges to be enabled to give a daughter to the sacred cause. Really she must now reguard herself as a mother in Israel."

Neither her father nor grandfather were as jubilant over Fanny's choice, and her grandmother declared "the girl was too young to appreciate the trials awaiting her."

Miss Jennie said she washed her hands of the matter. She had wasted much good rhetoric in vainly striving to dissuade Fanny from thus throwing away her life," while Archie devoutly hoped "Alger would shake himself to death with fever and ague, get swallowed by a catamount, or tomahawked by an Indian before he carried his sister among these heathen. If she was a silly goose she was too good a girl to be immolated on any such shrine."

Nancy huffed and grimaced, informing Emma and Mary "that sich sot up folks never was seed. La sakes, ye couldn't tech Miss Archer or Fanny with a ten-foot pole. I telled Fan she needn't feel so sot up cause she's the fust of yer set to be engaged,—some others could have been engaged long ago if they'd a mind to, and that if talk was true Jennie was going to outdo her by a long chalk. That Phillips Irwin was every inch a gentleman, but Martin Alger will never be mor'n half a man. One half of his wits don't hitch on to the tother half. Te, he, he, he, he."

On an afternoon in November, upon their return from school, Emma and Mary found Miss Eustis in the parlor.

"Girls, girls, such news, such news!" she screamed, elevating her hands and and tossing her ringlets in wild confusion. "Whom do you suppose proposes me a visit—is actually coming at six o'clock. Well, you could not guess in a week of Sundays. Margaret Eustis."

The lady having enunciated this name closed her mouth and eyes and sat like one petrified.

"Margaret Eustis?" Mary questioned.

"It is Walter's heiress cousin," Emma explained.

"How does it happen that she comes here, Miss Eustis?"

The lady opened her eyes and replied that she made her acquaintance in Boston, and Margaret wished to visit the birthplace of her ancestors. Her great-grandfather was brother to my grandfather, he owned a large estate here but sold and moved to New York

city, where his son amassed a large fortune. Margaret's father was his only child, he and his wife both died when she was a mere infant. A parallel case to yours, Emma."

"Only I was left poor, and Miss Eustis rich," Emma replied.

"Don't envy her," Miss Eustis exclaimed, "her fortune is her bane. She has taken it into her head to consider herself plain and mediocre, that her money is her only recommendation. This has brought distrust of every one. I pitied her and took it upon myself to act the chaperone, which I suppose has brought me the honor of this visit. I should like to make it enjoyable, but scarcely have the means. I live so plainly and quietly. I hope you will take tea with me to-morrow afternoon as it is your Wednesday half-holiday."

Both the young ladies expressed the pleasure it would give them to go, and Miss Eustis hastened her adieus in order to reach home in time to receive her guest.

With a mingling of interest aud curiosity the two friends repaired to the Eustis mansion the following afternoon, They found a short, slender, sallow, dark complexioned girl of eighteen, with piercing black eyes and a superabundance of glossy, raven-black hair. As Miss Eustis had said, she was shy and reticent. She was embroidering a muslin collar, and seldom looked from her work. Even Emma's efforts to draw her into conversation proved futile,—something unprecedented. At length giving it up as a hopeless task, the young lady rose from the sofa, where she had been seated by the visitor, and approached one of the front windows. "There is Miss Atherton distributing her tracts," she exclaimed. "What a bore she is, thrusting them upon everybody. She is coming here. Do you take her tracts, Miss Eustis?"

"Of course I care nothing for the dissenting trash," was the reply, but she persists in shoving them upon me as she does upon everyone. They do nicely to polish mirrors and windows. I like paper for that. She usually comes in the morning when I have cake and wine set out for visitors, though lately, since this temperance movement, she refuses the wine, and the last time she had the impudence to lecture me upon offering it, as it might be the means of causing intemperance."

"She was right,—it might, cousin Selina," upspoke the taciturn maiden on the sofa, with a sparkle in the eyes, a color in the cheeks, and a radiant expression in the whole face, that as she looked towards her hostess rendered her bewitchingly lovely.

If a thunderbolt had burst the three ladies could not have been more surprised, but the color faded and the embroidery was resumed as a tall, thin, pale woman in green spectacles, a faded dress and shawl, and a straw bonnet sadly needing bleaching, its trimming limp and washed out from repeated exposure to rain, entered, bearing in an ungloved hand a basket of "American Tract Society's" issues. Compliments and introductions over, Miss Atherton quietly laid a tract on Miss Selina's workstand entitled 'The Fallacy of Episcopacy;' remarking, with a pinched, little smile, "I presume it is casting pearls before swine, if I may be permitted the quotation, but you know I like to do

what I consider a duty, Selina, and we have known each other too many years to quarrel now."

"Yes," Miss Eustis patronizingly returned, and my large Dutch mirrors need polishing. Do sit nearer the fire, Elsie, you must be cold."

"Oh, no, I have only been to Mrs. Miles this afternoon. Have you heard the news? There is to be another steam cotton factory built;—the company is formed, it is to be larger than either of those now running."

"Dear, dear!" screamed Miss Eustis, "our beautiful town will be ruined with horrid brick chimneys and mills, and our select society crowded with parvenue factory agents and overseers and their families."

"That is not to be so much deplored as this Irish invasion," Miss Atherton returned in a deprecating tone. These factories, and the making the railroad has brought a horde of ignorant Catholics into our midst. Why, I am informed that a priest comes from Boston once a month to say mass, and they are actually talking of fitting up a small building at the South end for a church. Our Puritan town to be thus desecrated! There was never any such doings before."

"Yes, there have been Catholic services here, Elsie," Miss Eustis replied. "I remember when a child that Bishop Chevereux used to come from Boston occasionally to administer the sacraments of the Catholic church at Mrs. Carlton's, Capt. Carlton's widow. You know she was a French woman. It was done very quietly, almost secretly, and there was only a few interested,—these were mostly French refugees who had fled from the West Indies in the troublous times of the French Revolution. Bishop Chevereux was a gentleman and his communicants people of quality who had been brought up in the Catholic church and knew no other."

The collar was dropped, again the eyes sparkled and the cheeks flushed, as Margaret Eustis exclaimed, "The Irish laborers have been born and baptised in the Catholic church, cousin Selina, they know no other, they ought to have every facility for worship."

Mary cast a bright look of sympathizing approval at the stranger and remarked, "My father came in the stage from Boston last Saturday with a priest who was to officiciate here Sunday. They fell into conversation. Papa was greatly pleased with him; he says he will contribute towards fitting a Catholic church, that the Irish are needed, we could not do without them, and that they ought to be able to enjoy their faith."

"Oh, yes, miss," returned Miss Atherton in the tartest of tones: "Your father is Squire Archer, I believe, a most worldly Unitarian. I shouldn't expect anything better of him, and as for that matter I had as 'lieves be a Catholic as a Unitarian."

Again the maiden on the sofa looked sparklingly bright, as in a decided tone she remarked: "Perhaps in either case, Miss Atherton, you might be a better woman. St. Paul says, 'Faith, hope and charity, and the greatest of these is charity.'"

Miss Eustis looked absolutely frightened. Emma hastily caught a book from the table to conceal a smile, while Mary smothered a laugh in her handkerchief.

Miss Atherton having severely scanned the young lady from head to foot, remarked: "You are a Unitarian, I presume: — they are always crying up charity."

"On the contrary, I have been educated in the soundest of Old School Presbyterianism," was the reply, "but I have lived in a large city, been brought in contact with a variety of people of different nationalities, and I have learned that neither in this mountain, nor at Jerusalem, is the true place for worship, that where the spirit of God dwells there is true religion, and those that possess the love of Christ are the true worshippers."

Miss Atherton rose, and snatching up her basket frigidly replied, "That she trusted the young lady would never swerve from the faith in which she had been reared; though I am a Congregationalist," she added, "do not believe in Presbyters and Synods;" — and with a hasty "good afternoon" she departed.

As the front door closed upon her, the suppressed hilarity rang round the parlor.

"Cousin Selina," said Margaret, "you spoke of those French refugees when we were in Boston. You said several were buried here."

"Yes, on the Old Burying Hill," Miss Eustis replied.

"I should like to visit that ground; I believe I have relations buried there," Margaret returned. "Yes, though most lie in St. Paul's churchyard, a few are on the hill. Emma can show you the stones. If you would like the walk, the girls will accompany you; and there can be no better opportunity than this afternoon, as this Indian summer weather will not last."

As Emma and Mary coincided with Miss Eustis, Margaret went for her bonnet and shawl. As she ran up stairs, Emma exclaimed: "Miss Eustis, why did you not tell us what a strange character we were to meet?"

"My dear, I knew nothing of it. I am as surprised as possible. I never really heard her converse but once; then Guy drew her out a little, talking about New York. I did not coincide with Walter in pronouncing her an idiot, but I never dreamed that she could look or talk like this. Dear me, she was eloquent, and how handsome she flashed out! If Walter could have seen and heard, you might have cause for jealousy, Emma, and as for Guy, I think he would simply adore her, Mary."

Reply was precluded by the entrance of the young lady ready for the walk. The girls returned at dusk, refreshed from the ramble, with keen appetites for the nice supper awaiting them. After tea they gathered round the work stand. Margaret produced some netting.

"Isn't that wide for fringe?" Mary inquired.

"It is a tidy," was the reply.

"A tidy, Miss Margaret?"

"Yes, haven't you seen any? They have come in fashion to throw over the backs of chairs to prevent their soiling. I shall darn a pattern into this and put on a fringe. They are very pretty. I knit tidies on large wooden needles. I know several stitches."

As her companions expressed a desire to learn, Margaret obligingly brought cotton and needles, to teach them.

"How notable you are!" Mary ex-

claimed, "I thought you knew nothing but boarding-school lore, Miss Margaret."

The young lady laughed and replied: "My mother was of German descent. My childhood was passed on a large farm in Pennsylvania with my grandparents, good old-fashioned country people. Grandma Werner took good care that I should learn to make and mend, bake and brew, sweep and scrub. You ought to have seen her house! Not one particle of paint or paper; every inch as white as whitewash and soap and sand could make it. All her carpets, blankets, linen and most of the clothing were of home spinning and weaving. I learned to spin, but left before I was old enough to weave. I can milk and have ridden a horse to plough many an hour."

"Why, Margaret Eustis, you are more accomplished than any of us!" Emma gaily exclaimed. "We must look to our laurels. You talk German like a native, I presume?"

"It was really my mother-tongue," the young lady replied.

"I wish you would assist me a little. I began to study the language with my cousin Phillips last summer, but I have not progressed far alone, and Mollie pronounces it hateful."

"Perhaps I should reverse that decision with Miss Margaret for a teacher," Mary returned.

"We will see," said Margaret. "I shall be pleased to assist you. You will be obliged to read and recite in the evening, I presume. Will two hours Tuesday and Thursday evenings suit?"

The girls acquiesced. The preliminaries for the first lesson having been arranged, they returned to the netting and knitting. Mr. Archer came to escort Emma and Mary home. Margaret froze into taciturnity. Mary could not draw her out as she wished, though she promised to accompany her on horseback to Archer Place the following Saturday.

The German lessons and rides soon familiarized the visitor. On Wednesday afternoon Emma accompanied Miss Eustis to the Rectory to work for the Christmas basket, it being a custom in St. Paul's society to fill a large basket with articles to sell at Christmas, the proceeds to be distributed among the poor of the parish. Mary was painting in her chamber, when the door softly opened and Margaret Eustis peeped in, with the inquiry "if she might enter?"

"Certainly," Mary exclaimed, springing up and placing a chair; "I am delighted to see you, but it is a surprise. I thought you went with Miss Eustis and Emma."

"No, I wished to see you alone, and took this opportunity. I have been arranging matters with cousin Selina this morning," she said as she threw off her shawl. "I was eighteen last week and have come into the possession of the income of my property, though I cannot touch the principal until I am twenty-one. I have hired the Eustis mansion and furniture, shall set up housekeeping and board cousin Selina."

"Margaret Eustis, you are the queerest of girls!" Mary exclaimed.

"I do not see anything strange in desiring a home. I like here and in this way I can assist poor cousin Selina. I am going below to consult with your mother respecting a cook and second

girl. I shall need a boy as I am going to keep a horse. I must ask your father's assistance in its purchase. I shall get a chaise and sleigh now. The horse must do for both carriage and saddle. Next summer I intend to have a span and carryall; but the buildings must be repaired first. I cannot do much to the house till spring, but the stable can be renovated this winter."

Mary expressed the delight this project gave.

"We will help you all that is possible," she said.

"How nice it is for poor Miss Eustis. I have always pitied her."

"Yes, and she has had troubles of which she never speaks. A dissipated brother, who brought himself an early death, squandered much of his father's property and gave his sister, who idolized him, and with reasson, as he was both handsome and talented, daily and nightly disquiet for years. Then she renounced a splendid lover, what is termed a great match, to nurse her invalid mother. After her death a second offer of marriage came: — if accepted it must separate her from her father, then in the decline of life, broken in purse and health. Renouncing self, she heroically declined the alliance and with uncomplaining cheerfulness, discreetly managed the remnant left from a large estate, and tenderly nursed her querulous old father to his grave; afterwards living on the simplest to save funds to raise a monument to his memory."

"I know something of Miss Eustis' history," said Mary. "She speaks of her brother with the tenderest affection, but unlike most old maids, seldom refers to girlhood's lovers. I never heard her mention marriage but once; then she told Emma that at her age she never thought of remaining single, but that in the order of Providence it was the state to which she had been called."

"Poor dear!" Margaret thoughtfully exclaimed. "I intend to become as a daughter to her. We are both without near kindred. I think I can modify her assumption of youthfulness: persuade a mode of attire better suited to her years. Lack of means has had something to do with her fashions, I fancy. What a little bijou you have here," she continued, taking up an autumn sketch to which Mary was putting the finishing touches.

"It is a view of Pleasant Valley, a lovely spot up the river," Mary replied. "I design it for the St. Paul's Christmas basket. I have so many friends in that society I like to contribute."

"They are very pleasant people. I told consin Selina that her pew must be newly upholstered. She asked if I would not like to attend one of the Presbyterian churches. I replied that I intended to keep up the Eustis name at St. Paul's. You ought to have seen her look of gratified pride. From that moment I have been set down as a regular Eustis;" and with a merry laugh Margaret accompanied Mary below to arrange her affairs with Mr. and Mrs. Archer.

Before the end of the week, the servants had been hired and the horse and chaise purchased. Miss Eustis declared Margaret a witch, and her new friends became daily more impressed by the energy and talent displayed.

The Tuesday night prior to Thanksgiving, as Emma and Mary were pre-

paring to leave after their German lesson, Margaret remarked: "I wish I could have had a family gathering here Thursday, but I must wait till next year. I have invited Miss Atherton to dine with us. If she does consider it a Christian duty to mortify the flesh, a good dinner won't hurt her. Cousin Selina tells me that if government did its duty and paid those French claims, Miss Atherton would receive more than a competence."

"Yes, so I have been told," Mary replied. "It is a shame for Congress to be so dilatory. There are several aged people in town, going to their graves in penury, that if they could have their just dues would be able to command every luxury. I am glad you have invited Miss Atherton. Mamma says if she dared she would give her a bonnet."

"Tell her to dare, and I will present a cloak," Margaret gleefully replied.

"Good!" Emma exclaimed. "I will cut it, and you and Mollie must help sew."

"Agreed," both smilingly returned.

Margaret bade them good night with a promise if the weather permitted to call at Archer Place Thanksgiving afternoon.

It was a quiet Thanksgiving there. The usual letter from Joseph Dummer was read, and one from Martin Alger. Fanny was blushingly important, and her mother showed the ladies several articles that Fanny had already completed for the bridal trousseau. About three o'clock, Emma, who for the past hour had been on the watch, announced that Margaret Eustis was riding horseback up the avenue. There was a rush to the windows. Archie, declaring her a "brick," sprang out ro assist the lady to dismount. Lightly swinging from the saddle she ran up the portico steps, returning the salutations of her friends with a beaming face. Grandpa Archer whispered Emma "that the homely little thing was growing handsome"; and Col. Archer complimented her on her fine equestrianism.

Deacon Blake was confined to the house by a severe attack of rheumatism. Mrs. Langdon and Guy would not leave him to make their customary visit at Archer Place, but Guy ran over after dinner. Not noticing that any one was present but the family, he entered, exclaiming, "Girls, did you see Die Vernon ride past?"

"No, she did not ride past, she rode up. Allow me to present you," said Mary, as she took his hand and led him up to Margaret. The young man colored and in a dazed way exclaimed, "Is it possible?" Instantly recovering himself he bowed, and with extended hand, said, "Miss Eustis, this is an unexpected pleasure. I did not recognize you as you cantered past my grandfather's. I thought it was one of Mr. William Archer's horses, but could not conceive who was the rider."

The young lady cordially took Guy's hand, and replied that Mr. Archer had kindly sold her the horse, as he possessed the qualifications she required, and inquired for her Boston relatives. The conversation became general, Margaret sustaining her part with a vivacity that astonished Guy. At half past four she asked Archie to bring her horse, "as she must be back to entertain her ladies. She left them entertaining each other with school-girl reminiscences."

Archie went out. Guy rose, and after a moment's colloquy with Col. Archer, followed. Archie brought the horse to the front door. Grandpa Archer with old-time gallantry handed the lady out and assisted her to mount. At that instant Guy came round the house on Col. Archer's parade horse, a magnificent animal. Riding up, gracefully touching his cap, with one of his roguish smiles he said, "I am going to be so bold as to take the great pleasure of escorting you to town, Miss Eustis."

The girl turned, and with a scrutinizing look in her great black eyes, asked, "Will it be a pleasure? Tell the truth, I despise compliments."

"Real pleasure, my Lady Die," was the gay rejoinder. "Come then," Margaret exclaimed, bowing an adieu to the group on the portico. With the flush on her cheek and the sparkle in her eyes she touched her horse with her whip and started a canter. The pair went side by side down the avenue, the steeds keeping perfect step.

"That girl is splendid," said Col. Archer, "a perfect rara avis," remarked his brother. "A complete trump," said Grandpa, pinching Emma's cheek. Archie whistled and looked archly at Emma and Mary.

"I am so glad that Guy has seen her at her best," said Mary, as she turned into the house.

"And you are not jealous," queried Emma.

Mary looked at her friend in astonment, laughing merrily she replied, "Jealous? Not in the least. Why, are you?"

Emma made no reply, but going to the piano she sang, "My heart is in the highlands, my heart is not here."

"How you have improved in voice, Emma," said Jennie. I think Phillips aided you last summer with his flute accompaniment."

"Probably. Archie bring your flute, perhaps this little grandmother can imagine you to be Phillips," Emma gaily replied. Archie laughed and brought the flute, which he played well. Quite a concert followed.

Guy returned at six. Thanking Col. Archer for the loan of the horse he joined the group in the parlor for a short time, then left to take tea with his grandfather. To Emma inquiry, "If he was not agreeably disappointed in Margaret Eustis," he replied, "From my introduction I recognized the ring of true metal, but a new beauty has become developed."

"Yes, I think Walter will be obliged to reverse his opinion both physically and mentally," Emma rejoined. Something in the girl's tone caused the young man to fix his gaze upon her. "Emma is jealous," said Jennie.

"Is she," asked Guy as he looked searchingly into the fair face. "If she is, it bodes good for Walter, Jennie, but I am sorry to say that Emma has not sufficient heart to be afflicted with that malady."

Amid a general laugh Emma made a quick dart with upraised hand for Guy's ear, but he was too spry for her. Dodging his head he ran into the hall, and left with a gay good-night.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HASTY PUDDING CLUB.

Mrs. Langdon and Guy passed his vacation and Christmas in Boston. Emma spent the holidays with her aunt Irwin. Mary intended to have accompanied her, but a cold brought such a severe indisposition to Mrs. Archer that she decided not to leave her.

On Christmas day Miss Eustis came out in a new brown silk, a satin bonnet and cloak of the same hue, and a rich set of furs. The garments were cut suitably for one of her years, and the lady wore them with a quiet dignity pleasing to the donor.

New Year's Eve Margaret and Mary contrived to smuggle into Miss Atherton's entry a purple merino cloak and velvet bonnet to match. The good woman was as mystified as the girls could wish, as Margaret said, "never suspecting that any good could come out of Nazareth."

Business called Mr. Archer to Washington. As the physician prescribed a warmer climate for Mrs. Archer, she concluded to accompany him. The horses were sent to Archer Place, the house was closed, and Mary and Emma were domiciled with Mrs. Haze. Margaret Eustis became intimate in the family, and on one memorable morning Miss Selina came to visit her kindred and invite them to a family party on the morrow. The lady was graciously received by Mrs. Haze, and the invitation condescendingly accepted. The hatchet was buried, the pipe of peace smoked, the old Revolutionary feud forgiven if not forgotten.

The winter was passed by Emma and Mary in quiet studiousness, their chief gaiety being the Lyceum. Friday evening was eagerly anticipated through the week by the young people, and it brought a pleasant change in the monotony of the weekly routine to their elders. Market Hall with its semi-circle of seats raised above each other, on these occasions presented a goodly sight. Noble men, handsome women, promising youth, and lovely maidens. Bonnets and wraps were generally removed, and the display of toilets, dress caps, braids and curls were elegant and tasteful. The lectures were good, from distinguished speakers, but I fear that sometimes these were a minor adjunct to the gay coteries of young ladies and gentlemen who thronged the hall at an early hour, ostensibly to secure seats, but really to laugh, chat and flirt under the rose with due decorum, while those of more mature years enjoyed a whispered chat with a neighbor or watched the entrance of the audience, noting the fashions, who had a new dress, and which lady was escorted by which gentleman. Altogether, the hour preceding the lecture, while the hall was becoming filled, exhibited an amusing and exciting scene.

Letters from Harvard brought much amusement. Phillips wrote that Guy was winning fame as a writer and orator. He had been admitted to the Hasty Pudding Club. This society met at the rooms of its members, chairs being cheerfully loaned from those adjacent. The evening opened with discussion and declamation, occasionally an original paper was furnished,—this was followed by a feast of hasty pudding of Indian and rye with milk and molasses.

For years this pudding was made by a Mrs. Stimson, who resided near. She was a quasi-member of the society, though never attending the meetings, she was always called Sister Stimson. Two huge kettles filled with the seething mush were borne on stakes by the two providers of the evening, often to the fourth story of the college building. It must have been a special providence that prevented serious scalds, but this was considered great fun without a thought of danger. A bowl of pudding was presented to the officer of the entry, and after the meeting had closed the occupants of the neighboring rooms not members of the society were called in to partake of the surplus that usually remained. Orations and a poem were delivered annually on the 22d of February, the Fourth of July and on the anniversary of the society. They were delivered in one of the recitation rooms in "University." The president and professors received invitations, which were usually accepted.

Nancy huffed indignantly over a hasty pudding feast. "She would show those college chaps what was what." Accordingly more than a peck of fried Indian pudding was despatched to Guy with directions "to get Sister Stimson to warm it, then to serve with the best New Orleans molasses."

Her order was obeyed. The thanks of the society were given and sent in a handsomely written document which Nancy persisted in having glassed and framed to hang in her chamber.

As the winter advanced an unusual aspect pervaded Mrs. Haze's school. There were nods, winks and smiles interchanged among the young ladies during the sessions, and whispered confabs at recess with groups, their heads close together, conversing eagerly in low tones on their way to and from scoool. The girls were in ecstacy. "Miss Haze had surely secured a beau."

Mr. Warrenton, a widowed neighbor, had attended the Haze party from Lyceum for several weeks, and had spent as many evenings with the family. The attraction must be Miss Haze. "Wasn't it splendid! If the gentleman was several years her senior and had a large family he was wealthy, his oldest son in business, and the oldest daughter engaged to be married. Miss Haze would only have the younger children to superintend, and little two years old Mattie was such a darling! Yes, it was just splendid, and Miss Haze would make a most excellent step-mother. The first class must act as bridemaids and the whole school attend the wedding, which of course would be in St. Paul's." Thus the young ladies arranged matters entirely to their satisfaction. The gentleman continued his attentions and Mrs. Haze received them graciously. Miss Haze and Miss Martha were perfectly undemonstrative, but it was evident that both entertained a high opinion of the widower. Emma having a severe cold did not attend the Lyceum the third week in February. Mary, upon her return was amazed to find her seated on the rug before the stove in their chamber, weeping hysterically.

"What is the matter—what has happened?" she asked throwing herself beside her. "Have you heard bad news, —have you received a letter?"

"No, no, don't be frightened," Emma replied, wiping her eyes. "I am a fool,

but Mollie, I just hate myself! Now, honest, tell the truth, do you think I have flirted with Mr. Warrenton? I know I have tried to make it agreeable to him evenings, have played and sang, and have talked with him about the lectures on our way home from Lyceum, but it was on Miss Haze's account. I never intended to give him occasion to make advances. I know, as Guy says, that I am a born flirt, but dear me, I feel as innocent as a babe in this matter."

Mary's eyes had been dilating to their greatest capacity during this harangue. Now in a tone of utter amazement, with a bewildered air, she exclaimed, "What on earth are you talking about, Emma Endicott Irwin. You don't mean that Mr. Warrenton accuses you of a flirtation?"

"No, I can't say that he does, but it seems as if I had unwittingly given him some encouragement to speak as he has tonight. I am sure I only wished to help Miss Haze, and only petted Mattie, because I love and pity the poor little, motherless darling."

Emma's voice failed and she broke into a fresh outburst of tears, while Mary, beginning to understand the situation, indulged in a merry peal of laughter.

"Why, Emma, what are you talking about?" she at length found voice to ask. "Has Mr. Warrenton proposed marriage?"

"Yes, he did, and I was a perfect fool not to understand in time to prevent his compromising himself, but as true as gospel, I never dreamed of such a thing. You believe me, Mary?"

"Certainly," Mary replied, wiping her eyes. "You have made me laugh till I cry. Do let me hear all about it. How did it happen?"

"Why, I was sitting here," Emma returned, "thinking I felt so miserable, as the clock struck eight that I would go to bed, when Bridget told me Mr. Warrenton would like to see me in the parlor. Much surprised, I descended."

"'Not at Lyceum this evening, Mr. Warrenton?' I exclaimed, as I entered the room. 'Why is this?'

"Coming forward, he took my hand and replied, 'Because you were at home and I wished to see you alone,'— and before I had time to gather my senses the murder was out. I was too confounded to speak or move for a moment; then withdrawing my hand, with all the hauteur I could assume, I replied, 'I thank you for the intended honor and beg pardon if I have given cause for your thus addressing me, but you have made a mistake. I feel that I am too mature for your companion and will send a more suitable one.' Springing out of the parlor, I went into the dining room and sent little Jennie Ross to him, told her Mr. Warrenton wished to see her, then ran up stairs."

"Oh, Emma!" Mary screamed, "You didn't send that ten-year-old girl to Mr. Warrenton!"

"Yes, I did, Miss Mary. She stayed about five minutes; then my gentleman went out, banging the front door behind him, and Jennie ran up to me, a large parcel of confectionery in her hand, which I suppose had been purchased for my especial benefit.

"'What did Mr. Warrenton say to you, Jennie?' I asked.

"'Why, when I went in, he just made

eyes at me and swared. Then he called me to him, told me I was a nice, little girl, asked me if I did not miss Anna, and gave me this candy.'

"I untied the package, gave her some peppermints, and telling her to put the rest away for tomorrow, sent her to bed with a strict injunction not to mention Mr. Warrenton's call."

"Do you think she will mind the order?" Mary asked.

"'Yes," Emma thoughtfully returned. "When Anna went home she put Jennie under my care, and she is good to obey. I do hope this affair will be kept from the family, but of course they will see a change in Mr. Warrenton. Dear, dear, it is incumbent on every married woman to keep alive if possible, for it seems as if their husbands, every mother's son of them, buried all their good sense in the graves of their wives."

"Oh, Emma, I believe you will be the death of me. I have laughed till I am exhausted. Don't say another word, I beg," Mary exclaimed, as she threw off her hood and shawl. "How I do wish Guy could have seen you, and heard you, Guy and Phillips."

"They would say I was reaping what I had sown, but I did not imagine anything of the sort. Poor Miss Haze, I fear she will be disappointed. Why couldn't the man do as he ought. Miss Haze is young and pretty and would have made him an elegant wife."

"Perhaps he will see her merits now," said Mary.

"Not he," Emma replied. "Catch him to darken these doors for one while."

Emma was right. The gentleman had business abroad. He left directly. After some months' absence he returned with a handsome bride of suitable age, who made a most excellent wife and mother, neighbor and friend. Much wonder at Mr. Warrenton's course was expressed among the school girls. Perhaps it was felt in the Haze family, but no remarks were made. Emma suspected that Mr. Warrenton's call was known, but no allusion was ever made to it. The ladies were among the first to welcome the bride, and she soon ranked among their most esteemed friends.

In due time letters arrived from Henry Mears announcing his safe arrival in Calcutta, and his pleasant reception from Mr. Archer. He wrote to Mary:

"Your uncle is somewhat different from his brothers, apart from his great grief, the impress of which is apparent. He is more dignified and taciturn, more like his mother; still at times there sparkles up a gleam of grandpa's merriment. He speaks most affectionately of his family. I have made you an especial subject of interest. I showed him the miniature you were so kind as to give me at parting, told him that it was an excellent likeness. He said he thought his own daughter would have closely resembled you if she had lived, and that it was a fine painting."

Henry's letter to Mr. Archer enclosed an order for fifty dollars to be paid to his mother, and a package of ostrich feathers, fans and muslin embroideries for his family and the Archers, arrived soon after, brought by the wife of a captain who had accompanied her husband to India. Mr. and Mrs. Archer returned home the first of April. Mrs. Archer was unusually well, and exultant over Henry's course. She "knew the dear boy would do right."

Mary and Emma were glad to be at home again, but Mary grew more silent and thoughtful day by day. Tears dropped on Henry's letter. "Poor, poor papa Joseph! He liked the miniature. She would paint the portraits of grandpa and grandma when she left school, if they would sit, to send to him."

Elizabeth Archer Mears passed the spring vacation with her friends. She did not express much gratitude to her brother. She said, "Mary, that fifty dollars would not have come had not Mr. Archer written as he did, and in some way these flummerdiddles cost him next to nothing," which was the exact truth.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE WEDDING.

This spring the town was thrown into a commotion by an entire change in the public school system. This was chiefly owing to the exertion of the Rev. Mr. Ford, who had been chosen on the school committee. The Lancastrian system was abolished and several teachers who had become superannuated in office were superseded. An entirely new course of instruction was instituted under an efficient corps of male and female teachers, and the school for girls that hitherto had been closed during the winter, were to be kept as those for boys through the year.

July terminated the school days of Emma Irwin, Mary Minot and Jennie Archer. At the urgent solicitation of Mrs. Gray it was decided that Miss Mears should remain at the Seminary another year. Her emancipation from academic halls was hailed with great delight by Miss Jennie, but Mary and Emma could not sever the ties that had so long bound them to the Haze family and domicile without tears. This sadness was enhanced by the knowledge that they must now part. Though they hoped to see each other often their pleasant daily and nightly companionship was ended. Emma went to Brookline for a month's rest and recreation before commencing another year's study in Boston. Mrs. Irwin was urgent that Mary should pass this vacation with her friend, but as she would spend the following winter in Boston to pursue art study, and wished now to paint her grandparent's portrait, the visit was again postponed. Guy came home looking thin and pale, evidently much worn down by study. Saratoga was recommended, but his grandfather said, "as his mother's remedy of letting him do as he pleased at home had worked well when he was a little boy, maybe it it would do as well as anything now."

Guy thought his grandfather was right, "he intended to pass the vacation quietly at home."

"The colt is a nice saddle horse," the Deacon returned, easy as a cradle, the fishing rod is in its old place, and Nancy tells me you have had a present of a valuable double-barrel gun. Your mother's span were never in better condition and she has bought a handsome new style carryall. It seems as though the means for healthy recreation were at hand."

Guy replied with a smile, "Yes, grandsir, I am a lucky fellow. You must see my new gun. I will try the colt. Grandma's flower border needs weeding, I will attend to it, and rake hay this afternoon. When you mow the salt grass I must go with you. I think I shall enjoy getting a freight of hay as much as I did when I was a little boy."

"Yes, yes. Well do as you like, my boy. You will allers be a boy to me Guy," his grandfather returned with moist eyes. "Do what you like, only don't look so like your poor father. I can't bear to see it. College honors won't be anything if they sap your life."

"Oh, grandsir, don't worry," Guy gaily replied. "You know Nancy says there is a bit of Blake in my composition. I am tough, and shall live to be an old man crippled with rheumatism like you. The old Adam troubled me last winter, so you see I am not Langdon all over."

The Deacon regarded his grandson with a grim smile for a moment, then hobbled away to the hay field, while Guy with hoe and trowel went whistling into the front yard.

The first of August Mary Minot passed a week at Archer Place, during which she made good progress on her grandfather's portrait. She expected to have staid longer, but Mrs. Archer declared "she could not spare her. It was lone some enongh without Emma — Mary away the house was like a tomb." On pleasant days the young lady usually rode thither horskback in the morning, returning to take tea with Mr. and Mrs. Archer. Guy usually escorted her home. Margaret Eustis, now busy repairing and remodelling the Eustis mansion, often rode out to return with them.

Guy had grown quite robust; his active. open air life had been most beneficial. He often dropped into the library at Archer Place of a morning when Mary was at work. Grandpa Archer liked to have him come "to keep him awake and give him a happy expression," and Mary was pleased to have him at hand to criticise; he had such a true eye and good taste, she relied on his judgement. These were halcyon days that memory ever recalled with pleasure.

The ladies at Archer Place were now busy preparing for Fanny's marriage. Her father preferred a quiet wedding at home, but Mrs. Archer thought her daughter's friends ought to have the privilege of seeing her married. It was decided that the ceremony should be at the church, to be followed by a reception at Archer Place. Mary Minot and Jennie, Guy and Archie, were to be bridesmaids and groomsmen: Walter Eustis and Phillips Irwin would act as ushers.

Fanny was the recipient of many valuable and useful gifts. Her Uncle Joseph forwarded to his niece quite a dowry, with wrought India muslins for the bridal group and an exquisite lace veil for the bride.

The la t Thursday in October Martin Alger and three other young men were ordained as evangelists and missionaries to the heathen, in Park Street Church, Boston. Wednesday evening the candidates were examined as to their doctrinal and experimental acquaintance with religion, and their views and motives in offering themselves for mission-

ary work. The next morning the spacious edifice was densely thronged. The services, conducted by some of the most distinguished clergymen of Boston and its vicinity, were interesting and impressive. The music was especially fine. At the close of the ordination service, after a short recess, the Lord's Supper was administered to the pastors and members of the assembled churches. The whole evidently made a deep and salutary impression on many hearts.

Mary Minot accompanied her uncle's family to the ordination. Emma Irwin and Catharine Eustis joined them. Guy, Walter Eustis and Phillips Irwin were present. Mrs. Alger had come East with her son. She returned with the Archer family to give a helping hand in the preparations for the wedding, which was set for the following Thursday.

Emma Irwin, Catharine Eustis and Elizabeth Archer Mears came Tuesday. Emma immediately made herself so indispensible that Mrs. Fanny Archer declared, "One would overlook the girl's flightiness, she was so dexterous and tasty. The Monday prior to the wedding a package arrived from Henry Mears which contained a wrought muslin mantle, to match the dress for the bride; another to Mary Minot; collars to grandma and the two Mrs. Archers; handkerchiefs to Jennie and Emma; a piece of silk for his mother and sisters; nankeen for a suit for Millie, add a silk handkerchief to his father.

Mrs. William Archer was delighted,—"hoped she should hear no more of Henry's parsimony."

Mary looked pleased, but made no remark.

Elizabeth Archer said, "She was thankful that her mother and Lucinda could have new dresses for Sunday; that Willie would like a summer suit the next season, and she was glad her father was remembered, though unless he was changed, he would not care for such a sublunary thing as a handkerchief. Henry had made quite a spread, but such goods were cheap in India."

Mrs. Archer was really angry and reprimanded the young lady on her non-appreciation of her brother's generosity. Had she known that most of the articles had been presented to her favorite in the way of trade, and the others, as his sister said, had been inexpensive, she might not have been so eager in her laudations.

The important day dawned fair—a bright autumnal one. Mrs. Gray and some half dozen Fanny's former schoolmates, with other friends and relatives from a distance, came in the afternoon. The nuptials were appointed at six o'clock. Emma had declared "that there should not be any fluster, that Fanny should have an hour in which to compose her mind and fit herself for the solemn ceremony in which she was to bear such an important part,"—and she was as good as her word. By five everything was prepared. Walter and Phillips were Guy's guests. The young men arrived early in the afternoon. Having dressed they proceeded to Archer Place across the fields. As they entered the back yard on their way to the front of the house they passed the well. At that instant Mrs. Fernald approached with a pail. She had been hired as an auxiliary for the occasion. John had died, but she was not arrayed in the "dark and tarryfying caliker," but in a

neat black dress that had been fashioned for her from one of Mrs. Archer's.

Guy shook hands and introduced his friends, then gallantly lifted the pump handle; as he did so he remarked, "I suppose Fanny could not be married without your aid, Mrs. Fernald." The woman simpered and bashfully returned, "Well, Mr. Guy, I've tended a master sight of weddins, but I don't concait these ere in the meeten' us. Trouble allers follers these great splurges. There was Melissa Jane Blake, she that married the millioner as they called him. She had diamonds, the sidewalk was carpeted, and she had Charlot Roose and all sorts of furren dishes to the weddin supper. Well twant four year afore she was home agin, with children, poor as a church mouse, her husband dead. He died awful sudden—some folks whispered suicide. Then there was Alice Bond. She had all sorts of fixins and furniture, a white satin dress and a Hottentot veil; in just a year I put her and her baby in the coffin."

A suppressed smile circled over the faces of the trio, as Guy gayly returned, "We hope better things for Fanny, Mrs. Fernald," adding in a sympathetic tone, "I have not seen you since your husband's death. I trust that yon are comfortably situated."

The woman put a corner of her apron to her eyes and whimpered, "Poor John was a dreadfel sufferer, but he had a hope, Mr. Guy, a hope. He died in glory. Thanks to your mother and other friends, I have so far been borne over the sad billows of widowhood."

"I understood," Guy continued, "that your brother's wife at her father's decease came into possession of quite a fortune. I hope she remembered you."

The woman squinted her eyes into a knowing leer as she replied: "Yes, she remembers me sometimes; folks would talk, ye know, if she didn't. She gin my darter a lot of her old schoolbooks, because I said she couldn't go to school 'cause I couldn't afford to buy her books. They wan't what they use now, but they were books and sister sent 'em. Yer mother gave me right ones, and she's keeping the tothers to read to home. Brother Nathan killed a sheep tother day. His wife sent me a piece. I biled it four hours, but I bet if ye had set yer teeth inter it, ye would have taken yer bible oath that it was the identical ram that Abraham offered up in sacrifice instead of his son Isaac.."

Amid a general laugh, the gentlemen bade Mrs. Fernald adieu and joined the bridal group in the house.

Owing to Emma's urgent representation of the ntness of the thifig, Fanny and Mr. Alger had concluded to be married with a ring, according to the ritual of the Episcopal church. Jennie was in a spasm of anxiety respecting this part of the ceremony. Martin would do just like Alvin Sears,—when the moment came for placing the ring on his wife's finger it was not in his vest pocket, where he thought he put it. Luckily the bridesmaid had a plain gold ring, which she had the presence of mind to pass, and there was no delay. Upon their return to the house the bridal party found the ring on the door mat, where Alvin in his perturbation dropped it instead of his pocket. Guy must take this ring and hand it when required. Then Martin would contrive to blunder somehow, she would warrant."

Martin promised fair, and Phillips besought Jennie not to borrow trouble. Why, there are incipient wrinkles between your eyebrows now. It will never do, little grandmother, never."

The Archer gentlemen were proud of their punctuality. Precisely at six o'clock the bridal party passed up the broad aisle of the church,—Guy and Mary, Archie and Jennie, Fanny with her father, Mrs. Archer and Mr. Alger. The service was solemn and impressive, the ring was properly placed on the bride's finger. As Martin repeated the words, "With this ring I thee wed, and with all my wordly goods I thee endow," Nancy whispered to Mrs. Langdon's cook, "That she guessed the shoe would be on tother foot," then she indulged in a moment's silent chuckle, shaking from head to foot like an aspen.

As the wedded pair turned from the altar the organ struck up a lively wedding march and the bell pealed merrily. The carriages drove rapidly homeward, the bridal party and the family had a few quiet moments to themselves before the arrival of guests. For the first time Mrs. Fanny Archer gave vent to her feelings. For a few moments she held her daughter in her arms, sobbing convulsively, but her equanimity had been regained before the entrance of visitors. The reception was brilliant- Most of the clergymen of the vicinity, and their wives, with other notables were present, and an assemblage of youth and beauty that was seldom equalled. The bride and her attendants were especially lovely. The Misses Eustis won much attention, and Emma Irwin glided through the throng, as usual, charming every one, and unwittingly completely captivated one of Martin's brother missionaries. Miss Selina Eustis in a new steel grey silk trimmed with rich antique lace appeared to unusual advantage, was interesting without over demonstration.

"How has Margaret contrived to get the curb bit on cousin Selina?" Walter asked as he drew Emma's arm within his. The young lady laughed and professed ignorance. "Margaret is a witch, you know. How the older gentlemen admire her. That is the Rev. Mr. Sales conversing with her. He has just returned from Bombay."

"Yes, a very big gun, I understand," Walter returned.

"How radiant Margaret looks. As you say, she is handsome at times. Come nearer, I am curious to hear their conversation, it is no secret, of course." Crossing the room the first words they heard were from Margaret in reply to the clergyman. "Yes," she said after a slight pause, "I am interested in foreign missions, although I believs that all without the pale of Christianity who live and worship conscientiously according to the light they have, will receive the blessing of the Father of all. But Christianity is a higher type of religion and a higher civilization accompanies its teachings, though I must wish that this Christianity and this civilization were not so much mixed with evil. Little can we boast so long as Bibles and missionaries go in the cabin and rum and opium fill the hold. So long as the capital of our country is a slave mart and the red man, the true owner of the soil, is hunted from his ancestral acres with a ferocity not shown to wild beasts, so long as there is such cant and hypocrisy,

such dishonesty and deceit in church and state, such riot and dissipation in high places, I feel much more like becoming a missionary at home—like Harriet Livermore—lifting my voice against the sins of this vaunted republic."

How the girl's eyes flashed as she ceased speaking. Her clerical interlocutor seemed uncertain what to reply.

"Really, Miss Eustis," he stammered, then with a parting bow he hastily arose and accosted a lady passing, an acquaintance whom he had not yet seen. Walter drew Emma to the side porch near by. "Good heavens," he whispered when they were alone, "what has come over that shy, reticent girl? Lecture, I should like to hear her. I believe her sufficiently capable."

"Yes," laughed Emma, "and Margaret thinks women ought to vote, thinks that a woman of her intellect and education ought to have a voice in public affairs. She says it is unjust to compel women to pay taxes and give them no voice in town and parish affairs."

"So she sympathizes with this new woman's rights movement," Walter replied. "Well, I think she is right. It is a shame for a set of ignorant boors to carry measures contrary to her interests and she not able to protest."

"Oh, she must interest some gentleman in her behalf, a pretty woman can control affairs, any woman if she has tact," Emma replied, but wouldn't I like to hear Margaret make a speech in town meeting. Wouldn't she sweep everything before her? That would be the trouble of mixing women in public business. We should so turn your heads that under the spur of the occasion you would permit us to do things that in cooler moments your better judgment would not approve."

The young man stooped, and for a moment gazed into the eyes upturned to his, then gravely returned, "Then with Swedenborg you believe that woman has the will and man the understanding. I wish you would appreciate my judgment, but I suppose I must permit your will full sway."

"Certainly," Emma pouted.

"And you are determined on this course of study?" he asked, the least dash of tenderness in the tone. A faint flush rose to the girl's pale cheek, rendering her bewitchingly lovely, but the little mouth looked firm as she calmly replied, "most decidedly. Now don't say another word, but go and make love to Margaret. She is handsome and intellectual enough for the best man living, better than you deserve if she hadn't a red cent."

"That is true," Walter smilingly replied. "Here comes your missionary, he has been your shadow through the evening."

Glancing behind her Emma hastily withdrew her arm from her companion's and darted into a little sewing room at the back of the house.

"So that orphan asylum must be discontinued, you thine? Yes, for lack of funds, but report says that Miss Mary Minot is engaged to that gentleman in Calcutta. In that case we may get Miss Blake's legacy."

Emma looked up the dimly lighted apartment, and saw that the speakers were two ladies interested in charitable affairs, but at her entrance with a meaning glance to each other they dropped into another theme. The wedding was

followed by a week of festivity. Mrs. William Archer and Mrs. Langdon gave large parties. Mrs. Lewis held a parish gathering at the parsonage. The Eustis mansion was not in a state for the entertainment of a large assembly, but the Misses Eustis had a pleasant, social tea party. Emma and Catharine remained guests at Mr. William Archer's till the Tuesday following. Saturday evening Mr. Archer brought Emma a letter.

"I do not recognize the writing," she said, as she broke the seal. A crimson blush overspread her face as she read.

"What is it?" Mary cried. Has that missionary proposed?"

"What induced you to think of such a thing?" Emma asked as she looked at her friend in amazement.

"Oh, I knew he would!" she gaily replied, "I saw that he was perfectly enthralled. Do let me see the missive, it must be rich."

"Oh, the foolishness of man," Emma exclaimed. "Talk of silly girls, they don't compare with the weakness of the other sex. This ridiculous dolt is certain I was born for a missionary, that it was my especial qualification. I have such power to charm that I could lead the heathen whither I would. Lead them into the arms of the Saviour. The blockhead, what does he know of me? I cannot be accused of flirting this time for I did not talk with the man fifteen minutes through the evening."

"Hard, isn't it, Miss Irwin, to be thus troubled with admiration. Do try and be as uninteresting as my little Mollie,—I never hear of her being vexed with offers," Mr. Archer jocosely exclaimed.

Mary jumped from her chair and playfully pretended to box her Papa's ear, while she replied, "You need not think I should be exonerated if I was not engaged to both Henry Mears and Guy Langdon, no one dares to advance to such a be-spoken damsel,—all they can do is to gaze and sigh at a distance."

There was a general laugh, and Mr. Archer quizzingly begged Emma to consider. "Perhaps the young man is right. You may be just the one to convert the heathen." "Yes," chimed in Mrs. Archer, "self-knowledge is difficult of attainment, Emma. The clergyman may possess the acuteness to perceive your perfect adaptability."

"Oh, Mrs. Archer, do not set yourself to assist Mrs. Archer in poking fun at the simpleton. You ought to have seen the wickedness in your husband's eyes the other night as he asked 'green spectacles' where horses were first mentioned in the Bible. The unfledged clergyman was completely posed,—he colored, stammered, at length said he would consult his Bible dictionary. Oh, it was nuts for Grandpa and his son knew it. I wish you could have seen them, Mrs. Archer, so grave and gentlemnnly with Satan just glinting in their eyes and curling the corners of their mouths.

"I can imagine it, they looked precisely the same at that moment. I know the expression perfectly, Emma," Mrs. Archer laughingly replied. "So that is the respect you show the cloth, William," she continued, turning to her husband.

Mr. Archer grimaced, shrugged his shoulders, and took refuge behind his newspaper. Mary and Catharine drew their chairs bside Emma's, "to give

their assistance in concocting a reply to her adorer." First one would repeat a ridiculous sentence, then the other. Emma bore their badinage awhile with perfect good humor, then she rose and went into the library, where an epistle was indited that made her correspondent a graver if not a wiser man.

The week flew all too swiftly for the newly wedded pair. The last day at home was spent in packing trunks. Early the next morning the farewells were taken, as the vessel would sail at noon. Col. Archer and Jennie accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Alger. Emma, Catharine and Walter were on the wharf when they arrived. In a moment, to every one's surprise, Phillips and Guy made their appearance, breathless from haste. As a very great favor permission had been obtained to say good bye to their friends. The party went down the harbor and returned with the pilot. Each of the little band strove to be cheerful. Fanny bore up bravely, but it was a painful parting, and a very silent group landed from the pilot boat, in the evening. Col. Archer returned home the next day, but Jennie staid a week with Emma and Catharine, Mrs. William Archer kindly permitting Mary Minot to take her place in the household, while she painted on her grandmother's portrait. The day after Fanny's departure was like one after a funeral. Mrs. Archer and Mrs. Alger kept their rooms, and Grandma glided noiselessly about with tearful eyes, Grandpa, jolly Grandpa, broke down entirely. Fanny was his first grandchild, he recalled her baby face, her little clinging arms, her first toddling steps and infant prattle, and cried like a child. It took Mary quite a while to restore his equanimity. "You shall not go off to the ends of the earth my precious," he exclaimed, taking her on his knee, while she kissed away his tears. You must take Guy and settle down beside me. He is good enough for you. I did not think so once, but do now."

Mary laughed and told her grandfather that she was wedded to art.

Archie had remained at home to superintend matters. He went about whistling with an important air, but there was a suspicious redness about his eyes, that showed that he was not quite as stoical as he pretended.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A WINTER OF IN BOSTON.

After some hesitation, and consultation with Boston friends, Miss Margaret concluded to heat the Eustis mansion by the new method of a furnace in the cellar. As this was a novelty in the town the fixtures and mechanics were procured in Boston. One morning while the work was in progress, Miss Selina rushed into her cousin's room, screaming, "Margaret, Margaret, I met Stephen Eustis in the lower hall as I came through. Yes, Stephen Eustis!" she reiterated, dropping into an easy chair and gazing at the young lady with dilated eyes.

"Stephen Eustis?" Margaret repeated inquiringly.

"Yes, the cousin who was such a

splendid scapegrace — the one that married the singer at Niblo's Garden," explained Miss Selina. "I never heard of a ghost's appearing in the forenoon, but he certainly was there and stepped towards me," she added with such emphatic solemnity that Margaret, though mystified, could not forbear laughing. Saying she would go and reconnoitre, she ran below. To her surprise, for she had not expected to see anyone, she found a tall, handsome young man gazing at the family portraits on the wall, whose face certainly bore a strong resemblance to that of Stephen Eustis.

As she approached, the gentleman turned; bowing, he handed her a card inscribed, "Stephen Leon Eustis."

With a startled flush Margaret extended her hand.

"You recognize who I am?" he said, as he took it. "The son of Stephen Eustis and Miss Leon." A mischievous twinkle glinted in the large, dark eyes, as he added, "You cannot have lived these months with cousin Selina without having become conversant with all the romance of the Eustis family. I am certain you know the story, — that I was left an orphan and adopted by a relative of my mother's. That relative is the senior member of the firm who are putting in your furnace. I came to see that all was right, and to tell the truth, to introduce myself. I am soon to leave for Europe, and I felt that I would like to visit my ancestral home and become acquainted with my kindred, as Providence seemed to have opened an opportunity. The door was open and I could not forbear stepping in here to look at the portraits a minute; but I believe I gave our good cousin Selina a terrible fright. I think when she came in she took me for my father's apparition. As I stepped towards her to hand her my card, she rushed up the staircase, screaming, "Stephen Eustis, if I live; Stephen Eustis, if I live."

Margaret laughed and replied that Miss Selina really thought that she had seen his father. Then with a cordial welcome she led the way to the parlor, and went above to fetch Miss Selina.

That lady went into an ecstacy, crying and laughing together, hugging and kissing the visitor, as though he impersonated everyone of the defunct members of her family.

"You dear, dear boy," she exclaimed. "Why did you not come to see me before? I never knew if you lived to grow up. You naughty, naughty boy," she reiterated, holding the young man at arm's length and scrutinizing him intently. "Oh, what a perfect image of your father you are, though I think you are handsomer, — something from your beautilul mother. Oh, Stephen, she was a lovely creature, good and noble; but you know our high-toned, aristocratic notions! You must not blame me for your being cast from us. I did all I could, but oh, I was helpless, — indeed, I was, Stephen, — and you passed from my knowledge. I am so glad to find you! Do not blame me, and believe that I am sincere."

Tears stood in the young man's eyes, as he affectionately returned his relative's caress, with the assurance that he had been taught to regard her as his friend.

"I have met you often in Boston, dear cousin," he said, "but never when it would have been proper to have

introduced myself. Now, as I had the opportunity, I have availed myself of it. I am especially happy to do so, as I am about to sail for Russia, where our firm have a large contract. I felt that I must speak to you today, but I did not intend to frighten you, never dreaming that I was sufficiently etherial to be taken for a spirit."

Miss Selina laughed and placed her new-found relative on the sofa beside her to talk over the past, while Margaret went to the kitchen and dining room to arrange for the dinner.

The meal was scarcely over, when Mary Minot and Elizabeth Archer Mears came in. The girls had come to impart good news to their friends. The preceptress of an academy in a town near Mr. Mears' residence had resigned her situation before the end of the term, and the trustees had immediately appointed Elizabeth Archer to fill her place. The Misses Eustis expressed the pleasure they felt and explained the situation to Mr. Eustis, who was regarding the young ladies with admiration.

Mr. Archer was to take Miss Mears home, and Mary would accompany them. As they would go early on the morrow, the girls' visit was brief, as there were several farewell calls to make and shopping to be done.

After some coaxing, Mr. Eustis consented to remain until the next morning, when he made his adieus feeling that he had indeed parted from dear kindred.

At Thanksgiving, Margaret was able to execute the plan of the previous year to entertain the Eustis family. Miss Selina was proud and pleased to return the hospitality of her Boston relatives, and to introduce Mrs. Haze and her daughters to the other branches of the family. Miss Atherton also received an invitation, which she hesitated to accept; but Margaret would not receive a denial.

Emma Irwin came to pass the week with Mary Minot. It was rather a sombre day at Archer Place. Managing, bustling Fanny was missed more than anyone had thought possible. Even Nancy declared "it seemed terrible lonesome. It would raly seem good to hear the gal scold."

The usual letter was read from Joseph Dummer, and one from Henry Mears, a genial, affectionate epistle, that could not but please.

Margaret claimed the young people in the evening. Miss Selina regretted not being able to present the newly found cousin.

"Stephen Leon Eustis," Emma repeated. "I have known him since childhood. I made his acquaintance at dancing school. He is a fine fellow and much sought in society, especially by ladies interested in charities. He inherited his mother's splendid voice and is always happy to sing when called upon for charitable purposes."

"Strange that I should not have met him. I cannot conceive how it was," said Miss Selina.

"He has always been called Stephen Leon, has borne his adopted father's name till recently," Emma replied.

"So he has gone to Russia," she added, after a thoughtful pause. "Doubtless he will amass a fortune there. Margaret has an acquisition in this new cousin. I quite envy her the pleasure of his correspondence."

As the young lady ceased speaking, Miss Atherton, who was sitting near, rose and with a suppressed sob left the room. Emma looked astonished.

"Poor Elsie! Do not mind her," said Miss Selina. "She will soon recover herself, but she cannot forget her youthful love. You knew she was engaged to Stephen Leon's father?"

"No," Emma replied.

"She was!" exclaimed Catharine Eustis, seating herself beside Miss Selina, while the others gathered about her to hear the story.

"Yes," Miss Eustis continued. "It was a youthful attachment, but Stephen was so wild her parents forbade the match. She clung to him for awhile, but having experienced religion, she renounced him. This was a heartrending trial and was not done until every effort to bring her lover to her way of thinking and feeling was futile. It was well that she possessed the firmness to do what she deemed right, but at times, as tonight, the girlish love will assert itself."

"Every old maid has her romance," said Catharine. "I do not believe it will be my case," Margaret smilingly returned.

"Oh, you will become Mrs. Stephen Leon Eustis," Catharine gaily replied. "You ought to have seen the gentleman's eyes when he was talking about you."

"His eyes are very handsome," Walter remarked.

"Not handsomer than yours," Margaret quietly replied.

A smile circled round the little group. With the color mounting in his cheek, the young man glanced across to his cousin, but she at that moment rose to meet Miss Atherton who was returning. Leading her to the piano, she begged "for an old style Scottish song."

The warmer climate had proved so beneficial to Mrs. William Archer the past winter, that her husband had made arrangements to pass this in New Orleans. Soon after Thanksgiving they sailed for that city in a new ship, just built at one of the yards on the river, of which Mr. Archer was one of the principal owners. Mary remained to put the finishing touches to her grandparents' portraits and make the final arrangement preparatory to closing the establishment. The day before Christmas everything was completed. The pictures were framed and boxed ready to send to Calcutta by the first opportunity, and Mary took the stage for Boston, where she intended to pass the winter with her aunt Minot and devote herself to the study of art.

That autumn Miss Minot had purchased a residence in a block recently erected on Mt. Vernon Street. The front faced Louisburg Square; the long shed and yard in the rear extended to Acorn Street, upon which the back gate opened. The lady was then quite settled in her new abode. The season had been so mild, she had been able to have the back yard laid out for the planting of shrubs and sowing of flower seeds in the spring, intending to turn it into a miniature garden. All the unsightly roughness had disappeared and an air of quiet elegance pervaded the whole establishment.

It was dusk Christmas Eve when Mary arrived. Miss Minot received her

niece most affectionately and led the way to the back parlor.

"Come in here and warm yourself, my dear, before you go to your chamber," she directed, as she seated Mary in a large rocking chair before a glowing grate. The house was warmed by a furnace, but Miss Minot said she kept this fire 'for sociability.'"

The sliding doors between this room and the front parlor were closed, but as Mary took the chair, the sound of suppressed laughter caused her to turn her head. The doors slid open a crack, and two bright eyes peeped out.

"You may come in, Miss Emma," Mary called. "I know your giggle."

Amid a merry peal of laughter, Emma Irwin, Catharine Eustis and Guy Langdon sprang forward. This was a surprise.

"Walter and Phillips are coming to tea. Take off your wraps, Mollie," said Guy, as he took her muff and untied her bonnet.

A pleasant evening followed. The visitors were taken over the new house. A commodious attic chamber Miss Minot assigned to Mary for a studio. This room, she found in the morning, had a window commanding a lovely prospect of Charles River, the Mill Dam, Cambridge Bridge, Cambridge and other towns across the river.

The holidays with their round of genial, social gayety passed, Emma returned to her studies, and Mary commenced painting assiduously, under the best instruction the city afforded.

At this time Boston was in a state of transition. The ancient regime was slowly but surely passing away. The recent religious awakening and the preaching of the celebrated divines in both the liberal and evangelical divisions, had given the public themes for much serious thought and discussion. While the old houses of worship were thronged, and new ones were erected, and communicants were added to the churches, a tone of skepticism had arisen, which culminated in the formation of a society under the direction of a person named Abner Kneeland. Mr. Kneeland had formerly been a Baptist clergyman, then he joined the Universalists; finally he became what was termed a Deist. He had edited periodicals in New York and Philadelphia. In 1830 he founded the Investigator in Boston. This society of free thinkers occupied Julian Hall, and when William Lloyd Garrison had sought in vain for a church or hall in which to speak upon slavery, and was about to resort to the Common, Mr. Kneeland and his friends offered the use of the hall under their control, where his lectures were delivered.

In 1836 Mr. Kneeland was tried for blasphemy in the superior court of Massachusetts. The charge rested on a paragraph in the Investigator which read: "He believes in a God, which I do not."

Mr. Kneeland, in his defence, declared "that the comma after the word God was erroneously inserted, that he only meant to affirm that he did not believe in a God of the same character as that depicted by his opponent."

At the first trial the jury stood eleven for conviction and one for acquittal, the dissentient being Charles Gordon Green of the Morning Post. A second trial resulted in conviction, and Mr. Knee-

land was sentenced to be imprisoned a short time in Boston jail.

This trial caused a great agitation in the community, and the sentence was disapproved by many Christians, who deemed it a violation of true liberty of speech and calculated to bring reproach upon Christianity. The Rev. Dr. Channing and other eminent persons, with many distinguished citizens, united in a public protest against the prosecution.

This was the last prosecution under the statute in the state, though hundreds have avowed their disbelief in much more offensive language than that used by Mr. Kneeland.

The Millerite excitement had become intense. A tabernacle had been erected on Howard Street, which was crowded on Sundays and every evening during the week by an excited throng.

Though there was no public library, there were good circulating libraries; for a small fee books could be procured upon a variety of subjects.

Bulwer and Disraeli were attracting much attention; Dickens and Thackeray were rising luminaries; Washington Irving, Cooper, William Gilmore Simms, Willis, Prescott, Alcott and other distinguished writers were delighting their countrymen; Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes and Whittier were small stars on the horizon. Mrs. Sigourney and Miss Sedgewick were popular. Godey's Ladies' Book, with its monthly fashion plate and excellent corps of writers, was a favorite magazine among the ladies. Boston was proud of possessing the author of an excellent book entitled, "Three Experiments of Living: Within ones means; Up to ones means; Beyond ones means." This lady, Mrs. Lee, the daughter of Judge Minot's former physician, was an intimate friend of Miss Minot's; and another friend, Mrs. Maria L. Child, was rapidly making herself famous.

There were many good concerts and lectures. Though the opera was not frequent, the lovers of music had many sources of gratification. The Boston Academy of Music furnished first-class concerts, and the Handel and Haydn Society gave a series of oratorios on Sunday evenings.

Of the three theatres—Tremont, Howard, Athenæum and National—the Tremont was considered the most genteel. Its manager was Thomas Barry, the stage manager John Gilbert, Ostenelli led the orchestra, George H. Andrews was comedian, Murdock, Davenport, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Barrymore, Miss Fisher and others were on the stage. Miss McBride was the dancer. Mrs. Barrymore, a most estimable English lady, was a popular teacher of dancing. Her classes met at her house in Bulfinch Place. For several years she supported her husband, who usually spent his evenings at the Albion, and he was often compelled to accept an escort home. After Mr. Barrymore's death she returned to England.

Though Mary Minot was devoted to what she termed the business of her life she found time for the cultivation of other accomplishments. The week after her arrival she joined one of Mrs. Barrymore's dancing classes, and with Emma took lessons in French of Mr. Peletier, formerly one of Napoleon's officers. One evening in the week was spent in singing with Emma, and her piano practice was not neglected. When

the young lady began to embroider a lamp mat in worsted Miss Minot thought it a duty to expostulate. The girl would certainly work herself to death."

Mary laughed heartily, and told her aunt "that the days of indolent fine ladyism had passed, she was not working as hard as Emma."

The two friends generally met on Beacon street of an evening to take a brisk walk round the Common, and enjoy a confidential chat in the winter twilight. It was difficult for Guy to come to the city excepting on Saturdays, and permission was rarely granted to remain over Sunday.

Phillips Irwin had graduated the previous summer, and was now a student of the Medical school. Mary was often invited to dine with Guy at his aunt Langdon's. She had vacated the Langdon mansion on Fort Hill, which had been fitted into two beautiful tenements and rented to families a few rounds in the social ladder below Mrs. Langdon. That lady had purchased a handsome residence on Beacon street, which was furnished with much taste and elegance,—a happy intermingling of the ancient heirlooms with more modern fixtures.

Mary had lost her dread of the taciturn and somewhat haughty lady,—one of the most delightful companions when she chose to make herself such. Mary was a favorite, consequently these Saturdays with Guy were most enjoyable.

In her aunt's house Mary was introduced to many notabilities besides Mrs. Lee and Mrs. Child, Miss Minot had interested her friend Washington Alston in her niece, and he promised to call on her. The great artist led such a secluded life, the lady scarcely expected him, but true to his word, he came one evening between eight and nine o'clock and remained till after twelve. These late visiting hours was another of his peculiarities. He was an interesting, poetical looking man, with a low, sweet voice and quiet manners, very attractive in conversation, and a delightful story teller.

He seemed much pleased with Mary, praised her pictures, giving her some useful hints. On taking leave he invited her to visit him at his studio, appointing the time when she should call. Accordingly Mary went to Cambridge, and Guy escorted her to the studio, a small building apart from others.

To the young ladies' surprise and chagrin, the door was locked; no one was within. Probably the appointment had slipped from Mr. Allston's memory.

Mary was sadly disappointed and vainly tried to peep in at the windows. She was obliged to return to Boston, declaring "that her self-esteem had been taken down a considerable number of pegs."

Miss Minot laughed and said "she supposed such forgetfulness was to be expected from men of genius."

Mrs. Irwin had invited Jennie Archer to pass the winter with her, but her going had been vetoed by the family at Archer Place. In February the girl became so listless and discontented that every one, even grandpa, gave consent to the visit.

Jennie's coming commenced a round of gaiety. Mary had a pleasant acquaintance, and Emma, though so studious, had not relinquished her love of society, where she shone a bright, par-

ticular star. This month brought an unusual attraction to the devotees of theatricals. Mr. and Miss Vandenhoff were engaged at the Tremont theatre. A Shakspearean week was announced with these stars for the central luminaries.

Guy obtained leave to accompany his friends to see "Romeo and Juliet" on Friday evening, and to remain over Sunday.

During the week Mary had heard several of her aunt's visitors speak in high terms of an article in the last number of the "Harvard Register." Before the play commenced on Friday evening, a distinguished literary gentleman came to the box and cordially shaking Guy's hand, congratulated him on his success. Mary, who sat beside him, looked her curiosity. Guy smiled.

"That article in the Register is perfect, Guy," whispered a lady leaning forward in the next box. "I told your aunt Langdon yesterday that we could all be proud of you."

Guy colored slightly and bowed.

"Oh, Guy!" Mary murmured in amazement.

The young man looked amused at her astonished expression, but made no reply.

"Just tell me," Mary excitedly whispered, glancing at Emma, "does she know?"

"No, — hush, the curtain is rising."

Mary obeyed and strove to give her whole attention to the mimic world before her, but there was a proud tumult in her breast that brought such a brilliant beauty to her face that she attracted many eyes, feminine as well as masculine. Opera glasses were levelled, with the query "of who is that handsome girl?"

The following morning brought such congratulations, that Guy declared "like Lord Byron he awoke and found himself famous."

CHAPTER XXX.

CITY LIFE.

Saturday Mrs. Langdon invited the coterie of young friends to dine with herself and Guy. Otis Frasier, a young gentleman from New York, accompanied Walter and Catharine Eustis. In the evening the party attended a concert given at the Odeon by the Boston Academy of Music. As the group became seated, Emma, to her chagrin found herself beside Walter apart from the others. The perfectly audible exclamation from a lady of "do see all those handsome couples," and a whisper from Walter of "don't look glum. I have taken you here for a confidential chat," chased the gloom from her brow.

"Rather a queer place for a confidential chat, young man," she saucily replied.

"Oh, no one can hear us amid this tuning of fiddles," he replied. "I am anxious to have your opinion of Mr. Frasier. How does he strike you?"

The light, bantering look faded, with grave earnestness the girl raised her eyes to her companion's, and replied in a decided tone. "Very agreeably. Catharine appears to have fascinated him.

Did you make his acquaintance at Saratoga last summer?"

"Yes," Walter returned with a sigh. The match is unexceptionable, and I suppose it must be an immediate engagement, but I do wish she might have chosen some Boston fellow! Home will not be home without Cathy," and the young man placed his hand over his eyes. If he had seen the expression that flashed over his companion's face he might have been somewhat consoled, but the discordant sounds ceased. Mr. Schmidt, the then popular leader took his stand, the concert commenced. When Walter lowered his hand Emma's gaze was on the orchestra, her attention wholly absorbed by the music-

Sunday morning Guy invited Mary Minot to accompany him to the New Jerusalem Church. This society within a few years had risen from twelve members to a large and influential congregation and worshipped in a building at the head of Phillips Place. The second story had been remodelled into a church, beneath were rooms for the Sabbath school and social gatherings. The society was so fortunate as to possess a distingnished professor of music, who played the organ and trained the choir.

Mary was pleased with the chants, liked the liturgy and was more than usually interested in the sermon. The subject was the New Jerusalem of the New Apocalypse. The preacher lucidly showed by the internal sense of the Word, as given by the science of correspondence that this was no material city,but the doctrines of the New Church, which was then descending from Heaven in fresh, inspiring influences upon the hearts and minds of men, by which the old would gradually be replaced by the new.

As they left the edifice, Guy received many cordial greetings. As the pastor and several of the parishioners lived near Miss Minot, Mary knew most of Guy's friends. She was introduced to others, and received an invatation which she was happy to accept, to a society sociable on Thursday evening. Regret was expressed that Guy could not be present, but college rules must be obeyed.

In the afternoon Guy excused himself from going out. Mary and Jennie accompanied the Irwins to Trinity Church. In the evening Phillips, Jennie, Mary and Guy went to the oratorio of David, performed by the Handel and Haydn Society at their hall on Boylston street. This was the first oratorio either of the girls had attended, and it gave great delight. Both warmly thanked their escort for the pleasure they had received.

Monday afternoon as Mary was ascending the front staircase, the bell rang. As the servant girl was busy in the kitchen, she stepped down and opened the front door. To her great surprise she found herself vis-a-vis with Mrs. Fernald.

"La, Miss Mary Minot, how do ye do," she exclaimed. "Ye didn't expectt to see me," she added, as Mary shook her hand.

. "No, indeed, Mrs. Fernald, I am perfectly astonished. Did you walk? I did not hear a carriage."

"I walked from my sister's in Charlestown. Miss Minot seems like a sister, as I went to the judge's at seven year old, bound till eighteen; but I stayed till twenty-eight. I looked afore I leaped,

had too good a home to hurry about marrying. Jerusha said Miss Minot wouldn't care to see the likes of me, but I telled her I wasnt going back without seeing her when I was so near."

"No, indeed, aunt, and I would never have forgiven you," Mary smilingly replied, as she took the woman's carpet bag, wondering the while whether she should usher her to the parlor or take her to the basement; but Miss Minot hearing voices, at this juncture appeared and with a cordial welcome took the visitor into the parlor.

"I though ye'd be glad to see me, Miss Minot," Mrs. Fernald said, as the lady seated her on the sofa and untied her bonnet strings; "though Jerusha thought otherwise."

"Why, Nancy, I am delighted," Miss Minot replied. "When did you come to Charlestown?"

"Last Thursday, but I'd been to Worcester to take back our Jemima."

The woman's face grew solemn and she shook head, and in a grave tone continued:

"She lost her husband just arter John died, and she thought we two widders had better put our means together and have one home. So she let her house at Worcester and come to me at Christmas. Well, it's no use mincing matters, the long and the short of it is that she's in an old-fashioned consumption. She coughs awfully, and when she lays abed nights has to set up, dreadfully straightened for breath. Then the air didn't suit her; she complained that everything was salt, wouldn't let me salt her gruel, though she used as much as a pint of salt a week at home. I seed twant no use, so I got her back to Worcester. She is to live with the family that has hired her house. They seem good sort of folks. I got her chamber fixed up, everything comfortable; then I thought I'd have a little tower about the country and see my friends. I am happy to say Jemima has enough to carry her through, if she lives on a spell, and Uncle Peletiah lived nigh upon forty years in one of those old-fashioned consumption. Their master sicknesses, I can tell ye."

Miss Minot expressed her concern at the invalid's state, was glad her circumstances were so cheerful, then asked Mary to order an early tea, as she was sure Mrs. Fernald needed refreshment. As Mary returned to the parlor, the women asked if she had been to the Millerite Tabernacle. Mary replied in the negative.

"Can't you go with me tonight?" she inquired in a coaxing tone. "I've hearn so much about it, I should like to go, though they won't skeer me. 'Tis written that no man knoweth the day nor the hour when the son of man cometh."

After conferring with Miss Minot, Mary went to consult with Emma. She was delighted and Jennie clapped her hands with glee.

"Oh, it will be rich," she exclaimed. "Won't Phillips enjoy that woman's talk. It will be as good as a play. I will run over and tell Catharine. Mr. Eraiser and Walter must go. We shall make quite a party. Oh, it is the funniest thing out,"— and the girl repaired to Mr. Eustis' residence, which was near, while Mary returned to give the visitor the welcome intelligence that her desire would be gratified.

Mary had charged Emma to come

early in order to secure good seats. When the visitor was introduced to the group that were to accompany her, for once she was surprised into silence. When the tall and handsome Mr. Eustls gallantly presented his arm her only demonstration was a look of gratification to Mary, with a mumured ejaculation of "La, I wish our Jerusha could see me."

Such a number of distinguished looking gentlemen and ladies elicited prompt attention. On their arrival at the Tabernacle they were ushered to eligible seats near the pulpit.

The building was a circular one storied structure, back of the speaker's stand it was run up higher. On the wall was painted what was termed the "Millerite chart." In the centre stood Nebuchadnezzar's image, the beast with seven heads and ten horns." Around wkre grouped the Red Dragon, the Scarlet Beast bearing the Mother of Harlots, the Lion and the Bear, the Leopard and the Ram and the Goat. On either side was presented the advance of the Millerite throng.

The edifice soon became crowded with a motley audience of all ages and both sexes. The exercises were opened with a short prayer from a stout, pleasant faced minister. Then the following hymn was well sung to a lively tune:

"You will see your Lord a coming,
You will see your Lord a coming,
You will see your Lord a coming
Through the old church yard.
With a band of music,
With a band of music,
With a band of music,
Hear it sounding through the air.

Gabriel sounds his mighty trumpet,
Gabriel sounds his mighty trumpet,
Gabriel sounds his mighty trumpet
Through the old church yard.
With a band of music,
With a band of music,
With a band of music,
Hear it sounding through the air.

He will awake all the nations,
He will awake all the nations,
He will awake all the nations
From the old church yard.
With a band of music,
With a band of music,
With a band of music,
Hear it sounding through the air.

There will be a mighty wailing,
There will be a mighty wailing,
There will be a mighty wailing
Through the old church yard.
With a band of music,
With a band of music,
With a band of music,
Hear it sounding through the air.

You will see the saints arising,
You will see the saints arising,
You will see the saints arising
From the old church yard.
With a band of music,
With a band of music,
With a band of music,
Hear it sounding through the air.

Then came another prayer from a tall, spiritual looking individual, evidently gifted in leading devotion; another hymn was sung to an inspiring tune:

"Awake ye, awake!
For the midnight cry is coming!
Awake ye, awake!
For behold, the bridegroom cometh.
Awake ye, awake!
Let your lamps be trimmed and burning.
Awake ye, awake!
Awake ye, awake!

Rejoice ye, rejoice!
For the night is now departing.
Rejoice ye, rejoice!
For behold the bridegroom cometh.
Rejoice ye, rejoice!
For redemption draweth nigh.

Rejoice ye, rejoice!
Rejoice ye, rejoice!

A fine appearing man arose and addressed the assembly for nearly an hour. He showed a perfect knowledge of the Old Testament, and proved from the prophecies that the end of the world was certainly near. The meeting closed by another prayer and the singing of a third hymn.

The gospel ship is sailing by,
The ark of safety now is nigh,
O, sinners, unto Jesue fly,
Improve your day of grace.
O, there'll be glory, glory, O, hallelujah!
O, there'll be glory,
When we the Lord embrace.

Come, fathers, will you go with me?
Come, mothers, will you go with me?
Eternity you soon must see,
O, haste, prepare to die.
O, there'll be glory, glory, O, hallelujah!
O, there'll be glory,
When saints shall reign on high.

Come, brothers, will you go with me?
Come, sisters, will you go with me?
Come, neighbors, will you go with me?
And flee from wrath to come?
O, there'll be glory, glory, O, hallelujah.
O, there'll be glory,
When all the saints get home.

The judgment day is rolling on,
The glass of life will soon be run,
Creation with her fiery doom,
The Lord will soon appear.
O, there'll be glory, glory, O, hallelujah.
O, there'll be glory
When saints shall view him near.

Now, hark! the trumpet rends the skies;
See slumbering millions wake and rise;
What joy, what terror and surprise!
The last great day has come.
O, there'll be glory, glory, O, hallelujah.
O, there'll be glory,
Around the judgment throne.

See nations throng this awful bar,
Both saints and sinners from afar—
All tribes and kindreds now appear,
And wait to hear their doom.
O, there'll be glory, glory, O, hallelujah.
O, there'll be glory,
When Christ the Lord shall come.

Jehovah now the book unseals;
The clearest light each heart reveals;
The pointed truth each conscience feels;—
The amazing throng divide.
O, there'll be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,
O, there'll be mourning,
When justice shall decide.

See parents and their children part,
See husbands and their wives must part,
See brothers and their sisters part,
To meet again no more.
O, there'll be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning,
The day of mercy's o'er.

Now all the ungodly must retire;
They're doomed to dwell in quenchless fire;
The gnawing worm will ne'er expire,—
Their anguish ne'er will cease.
O, there'll be mourning, mourning, mourning, mourning;
The forfeiture of grace.

See heaven display her pearly gates,
That kingdom for the righteous waits.
Come blessed children, take yoar seats,
O, old prepared for you.
O, there'll be glory, glory, O, hallelujah.
O, there'll be glory,
When we Mount Zion view.

See Jesus and his saints unite
And move to realms of endless light;
With him his bride shall walk in white,
In innocence and love.
O, there'll be glory, glory, O, hallelujah.
O, there'll be glory,
And sweetest songs above."

The benediction pronounced, the throng slowly filed out.

Mr. Eustis escorted Mrs. Fernald and Mary home; as the others' route lay in

an opposite direction they bade them good night at the door, Jennie regretting that they could not hear the woman's opinion of the service, but she was silent till Walter inquired, "how she had been pleased?"

"Well, I skeercely know," was the hesitating reply.

"That speaker showed a powerful knowledge of the Bible, but it seems to me he sot hisself above his Lord, for he declared that it would not be known, when he appeared. Then that last hymn! Well, John died in grace. I guess we shan't be seperated."

"You think you have sufficient to unite with him?" the young man mischievously asked.

"La, yes, Mr. Eustis. Why, havn't I been a church member in reglar standin nigh upon thirty year."

Jennie was at Miss Minot's soon after breakfast the next morning, when, as she expressed it, she untied Mrs. Fernald's tongue, drawing from her a most unique description to Miss Minot of the Tabernacle, chart, speakers, singing and audience.

Miss Minot invited her visitor to accompany her in a morning walk. She returned highly pleased.

"Only to think, Miss Mary," she exclaimed, as she took the chair which the young lady offered in her studio, "Yer aunt took me into Miss Lee's! I knowd her well when she was Miss Sawyer. She held the candle one night for her father to see to pull one of my teeth. Oh, graciour wasn't it a tough one! The Doctor tried to have me wait till mornin, but I jest said I couldn't nor wouldn't. Oh, my! how it did ache and jump! Well, I had my way, the tooth come out, and a piece of the jaw beside, and the tooth flew clean across the room. Miss Lee remembeaed the circumstance. Well, I can tell the folks at home that I have seen and talked soccably with a real, live authoress. Then Miss Minot said we must call on Guy's aunt Langdon. I remembered Elizabeth Jackson? I guess I did! Wasn't she good company? So we crossed over to Beacon street. I only wish our Jerusha could have seen the reception the grand lady gave me. She sot me right down beside her, and talked about John and everything, sympathized as only a widder can. Hope you'll never be able to do it, Miss Mary, but see what your aunt bought me; she took me to Washington street and bought me this delaine for a spring dress. See, Miss Lee give me one of her books, and Miss Langdon this handkercher. See, its all bordered with black and is real fine linen cambric."

Mary admired the dress, which though not dark nor tarryfying was a very pretty mousline de laine. Emma came to spend the afternoon and in her amiable manner offered to cut and baste the gown. Mrs. Fernald was nearly overcome by her kindness while she fitted the lining, and evoked all kinds of blessings on her and Walter, whom she persisted in coupling with the young lady.

Phillips Irwin having informed Guy of the advent of this visitor, he sent a note to Mary, begging Miss Minot to keep her till Saturday. Friday evening he would take her and Mary to the panorama of Bunker Hill, then on exhibition at Amory Hall.

Mrs. Fernald was profuse in thanks.

"Guy allers was a gentleman. She sposed she could stay if she shouldn't

wear out her welcome." The week passed most agreeably. Miss Minot and the young ladies took the visitor to many places of interest. Phillips invited her to the theatre, but she declined.

"Many thanks, Mr. Irwin," she said, "I am jest as much obleged as if I went, but ye see 'twouldn't sound well to home, me a church member and John dead."

"I see," Phillips gravely replied, "You are right, Mrs. Fernald. I ought to have been more considerate. I honor your discretion."

The woman was charmed, said "she could not express her admiration for the young man; he was worth more than forty Martin Algers."

Friday evening Guy came from Cambridge. Miss Minot joined the party to the panorama at Amory Hall. In the first scene the audience were supposed to be on Charlestown side, looking toward the southeast. It presented obscured starlight. View of the Americans, headed by Col. Prescott and two surgeons, crossing Charlestown Neck on their way to the hill, with horses and wagons loaded with entrenching tools, etc.

Scene Second. View in Boston; King street; the old State House forming the centre of the view; George the King's Custom House, Butcher's Hall, etc. on the right, — the whole forming a correct view as it appeared at that time. The scene depicted the bustle of the British soldiery when they discovered the formidable foe entrenched in their strong position. Gen. Gage issued orders for a council of war. The bearer of the message rode furiously through the street. The British troops were soon moving rapidly. The rattling of artillery carriages and wagons was heard, and every note of preparation for a military movement. The roar of cannon from Copp's Hill, the floating batteries and frigates, announced a speedy engagement. The drums beat to arms, the trumpets sounded, and the bustle and confusion increased. The British troops moved through the streets to the places of embarkation; company succeeded company in rapid succession; cannon, wagons, etc., were rattling over the pavements; — the whole was continued till the arrival of the troops at the Ferry.

Scene third. The British troops embark from Winnissimit Ferry and Long Wharf. Boats were seen moving in all directions, some up, some down the river. The troops land at Morton's Point and Madlin's shipyard. Boats crossed from the Boston side to Bunker Hill; during the battle they conveyed the wounded back to Boston. The field artillery of the British opened on the Americans, which was the signal to advance. The drums of the Americans beat to arms. The British moved slowly towards the foe; the battle commenced. The Glasgow frigate sailed up the river. The British were repulsed and driven back twice. The third time Gen. Howe commanded a forward movement to scale the works and rush on the enemy with the bayonet. At that moment the flames were seen ascending from Charlestown. The scene concluded with the destruction of the town.

This spectacle gave the audience great satisfaction. An old gentleman seated back of Guy's party told them "that it was a graphic portraiture, as he was a

lad at the time and remembered the events of the day perfectly."

The show closed with Fairy Land and the Palace of the fairies — a very pretty display.

Saturday morning Mrs. Fernald left for Charlestown, and in a few days she returned home, where she hastened to report her adventures at Archer Place. Archie wrote to his sister "that her description was prodigious. It ought to have been written, as it even beat Dickens."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SAILORS' FAIR.

The morning succeeding Mrs. Fernald's visit to Archer Place, grandpa announced that he had business in Boston and should take the twelve o'clock stage for that city.

The family looked surprised. What business could grandpa possibly have? Grandma shrewdly declared, "none, only he was going to make it his business to bring back Jennie."

This was the truth. Much to his granddaughter's amazement, he was ushered into Mrs. Irwin's parlor after tea that evening.

"Why, grandpa, where did you come from?" she exclaimed, as she returned his caress.

"Home, this noon, from the Eastern stage house now. Don't look frightened, but I am such an old fool I could not live longer without my little girl."

Tears swam in the girl's eyes, as she again kissed her grandfather and impulsively replied, "I am abominably selfish. I will go back with you tomorrow. I should have gone last week, but stayed for a concert that is to be given this evening by the Boston Brass Band at Tremont Temple.

"Mr. Archer must accompany us," said Phillips as he advanced and shook the old gentleman's hand.

"Yes, he must go," Mrs. Irwin and Emma insisted as they entered with a cordial welcome.

Mrs. Irwin would not permit Mr. Archer to pass the night at the hotel, and despatched a servant to bring his valise.

At this moment Mary Minot and Catharine and Walter Eustis entered. Mary looked astounded.

"Why, grandpa, I can scarcely believe that I am not dreaming," she said, after she and the old gentleman had half smothered each other with kisses. "Go to the concert, of course you must."

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Archer," chimed in Catharine, while Walter declared, "his company would be the greatest treat of the season."

As it was seven o'clock, and the concert began in half an hour, the party hastened away. Though they had been somewhat delayed by Mr. Archer's arrival, they were so fortunate as to secure good seats.

Mr. E. Kendall was at that time leader of the band; Mr. Holloway led the orchestra; Mr. J. F. Barrett was vocalist; Mr. George Freemantle performed on the harp, and Moody G. Stanwood played the accordeon.

The band played quick-steps and waltzes. The Pirate's Serenade, dic-

Nodding, the Medley Song, and other songs were sung. Mr. Freemantle played the pot pouri on the harp, and Mr. Stanwood gave several favorite airs on the accordeon. Then came the finale of the "Battle of Prague," by the whole band.

The concert was pronounced fine. Grandpa was greatly elated by the music. Miss Minot would not permit him to leave the next day, and claimed him as her visitor, but on the one following Jennie bade her friends adieu and accompanied her grandfather home. Mr. Archer would have insisted upon Mary's joining them had her engagements permitted. He "supposed this painting was all right, but he hoped to live to see the day when Mary would be settled with Guy, nursing — Oh, I beg the artist's pardon, painting their babies."

The twinkle with which this was enunciated was most expressive.

Emma and Mary had become interested in a Fair which was held on the twenty-fourth of April for the benefit of the "Seaman's Aid Society." Faneuil Hall was handsomely decorated under the direction of Capt. Sturgis of the United States Revenue Service. The galleries were hung with flags, banners, tokens, telegraphic signals and mottoes, interspersed with evergreen. Continuous streamers ascended from the floor to the ceiling. The old continental flag waved from a conspicuous point. At the head of the hall stood a beautiful miniature frigate, the Sturgis, decorated with banners and ensigns. To the right was "Flora's Bower," devoted to the sale of flowers; to the left the Postoffice. On either side stretched the sale tables, loaded with a handsome display of useful and ornamental articles. At the lower end stood the refreshment table. In the centre an automatic figure of the Ancient Mariner, with a joyous nod secured any money given to his charge. Mrs. Sigourney generously sent the following poem, copies of which were for sale:

THE SAILOR.

Ye dwellers on the stable land,
Of danger what know ye?
Like us who brave the whelming surge,
Or trust the treacherous sea?
The fair trees shade you from the sun;
You see the harvest grow,
And breathe the fragrance of the breeze,
When the first roses blow.

While high amid the slippery shroud
We make our midnight path,
And e'en the strongest mast is bowed
Beneath the tempest's wrath,
You slumber on your beds of down,
Close wrapped in chambers warm,
Lulled only to a deeper dream
By the descending storm.

But still, what know ye of the joy
That lights our ocean strife,
When on its way our gallant ship
Rides like a thing of life;
When gayly toward the wished-for port
With favoring winds we stand,
Or first your misty line descry,
Hills of our native land.

But yet, there's peril in our path
Beyond the wrecking blast,—
A peril that may reach the soul
When life's short voyage is past;
Send us your Bibles when we go
To dare the whelming wave,
Your men of prayer to teach us how
To meet a watery grave.

And Savior,—thou whose foot sublime
The foaming surge did tread,
Whose hand the rash disciple drew
From darkness and the dead,—
Oh, be our Ark when floods descend,

When thunders shake the spheres,
Our Ararat when tempests end
And the green earth appears."

A friend of seamen's children sent a little book entitled, "Arthur Lee and Tom Palmer, or the Sailor Reclaimed," which was sold for twenty-five cents per copy. The "Herald of the Fair" was also for sale. This contained a description of the hall and articles of interest, with this notice under a wood cut of the frigate :

FOR SALE—"The fine clipper built revenue cutter brig, "Josiah Sturgis," mounting eighteen guns with pivot gun amidships. A grand opportunity is here offered to anyone desirous of engaging in privateering as the present unsettled state of the boundary question may unfortunately lead to war. Her speed is unrivalled, and her present officers and crew are so attached to her that they are ready to enter into any engagement of the kind alluded to, with whoever may become the purchaser."

In another column was the following: "The beautiful brig at the head of the hall which is advertised for sale is represented as having just entered port, and in the act of coming to. She will fire a salute at 8 o'clock in the evening.

For the information of any of the ladies whose weak nerves might not be able to bear the report of heavy guns we would merely state that the amount of powder which will be used on the occasion will probably not exceed a thimble full." It also contained this poem on the "Fate Lady."

THE FATE LADY.

"Which lady shall I woo?
I answer—which."

Have you ever heard of Moll Pitcher?
Who could fortunes so rarely weave?
She was a most excellent witch, or
Had a wonderful art to deceive.
She lived in a curious dwelling,
A cave by the rock's frowning brow,
And as true as I live—there's no telling
But what she is stopping there now!
The merchant, whose vessel was going
To Greece, or wherever you please,—
Just offered a purse overflowing,
And asked for a right pleasant breeze.
The sailor, who sadly was leaving
His home and the friends loved so well,
Gave over his pitiful grieving
When the old lady gave him a spell.
The maiden, the lover, the poet,
All sought her remarkable home,
And found in its depths, (did you know it?)
A presage of what was to come.

With a granite heart,
And a furrowed brow,
Which made me start,
And say, "how now?"
Moll Pitcher stood
In her cavern rude,
Or sat—full well I trow,
And as for her dress,
Or how it was put on,
'Twas of silk, I guess,
Or else made of cotton.
For her other traits,
(Should you wish to know 'em,)
You must read the Fates.
Or friend Whittier's poem.

When in her lone palace Moll Pitcher appeared,
The noble and peasant gazed on her and feared,
For the night gloom about them—the image of mirth
Seemed banished for aye from the face of the earth—
The fate which she uttered was dismal and cold,
If her hand were not crossed with the yellowest gold,
And many a time hath a cheek the most fair
Been blanched and grown pale with indefinite care.
'Tis well that such feelings have passed from the heart,
That no more we anticipate sorrow,
But catch from the magic of ladylike art

A gleam to illumine the morrow!
For now in the hall, where the young and the gay
Are meeting to pass the glad moments away,
Another Moll Pitcher is waiting for you,
Whose dicta are pleasant and happy and true!
To the young and the joyous, her song is forever—
"A bark floating gladly on life's sunny river,
For those who are pensive—the tone of a bird
O'er the path of existance is silently stirred,—
And, in the lone desert a fountain is springing,
A voice to the spirit, how sweetly is singing!
Then haste—that our witch may your destiny weave,
Just open the record—then read and believe—
Moll Pitcher's old hand must be crossed with fine gold,
By a fairer, your fate shall for silver be told."

For a few weeks prior to the fair, Emma and Mary were busy with the preparations. Emma tended at the post-office and Mary at the art table. The day was fine, warm for the season. The hall was densely crowded, especially in the evening when the Brigade band gave an additional attraction. It was difficult for Capt. Sturgis to pioneer his men, stout tars in naval unlform, through the crowd to fire the salute from the toy frigate.

This fair proved a great success. The proceeds were larger than had been anticipated, and an increased interest was secured for the welfare of seamen.

The first of May, Mary Minot, much to the regret of her teachers and friends, returned home to prepare for the reception of Mr. and Mrs. Archer who arrived the last of the month. Mrs. Archer had greatly improved but Mr. Archer looked thin and sallow. Life at the sunny South had evidently not agreed with him as well as with his wife, but he said New England air would soon set him right. They had enjoyed their winter and made many pleasant friends.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS MISSION.

Owing to his mother's entreaty, Henry Mears empowered Mr. William Archer to pay the help requisite for the proper cultivation of the farm, but Mr. Mears forbade work. "The world would certainly end the following winter, all that was neccessary was to secure food till that time." Friends and neighbors vainly strove to combat this idea, and at length the selectmen of the town took up the matter and Mrs. Mears was enabled to put her fine acres in good condition. Elizabeth Archer was retained as preceptress of the academy, Mr. Joseph Dummer Archer having become interested in the Mears family, sent Mrs. Mears two hundred dollars and Elizabeth Archer a costly watch and chain. Emma Irwin declared the girl born to luck. "Mary Minot," said she, "deserved it," but was slightly angry with Elizabeth for hinting that "Henry would have been more parsimonious had he not feared losing cast with her and the Archer family."

At the summer vacation Guy came home crowned with honor. He had been admitted to the Phi Beta Kappa Society. His articles in the "Register" attracted much attention, being highly praised and also severely criticised. These criticisms were received by his

grandfather with much satisfaction. "If they were worth the time and ink for discussion it showed that the essays merited notice, and that was something for a boy who had not got over his youngness."

The old gentleman enjoyed drawing his grandson into an argument, and if Guy gained his point he would gravely shake his head, but the smile at the corners of the firm mouth showed that he was anything but displeased. At these times Nancy would go about her house work in an ecstaticst ate, muttering "Guy wound Sir up, he did, te, he, he. Yes, he did, he wound the old man up, te, he, he."

Emma Irwin came to the Archers in August, and Catharine Eustis, now the fiancee of Otis Frazier, made Miss Selina and Margaret a visit. Margaret received letters regularly from her cousin Stephen Leon. He was successful in business, and found much to interest and amuse in Russia.

In due time letters arrived from Mr. and Mrs. Alger. Fannie wrote, "We had an unusually pleasant voyage, favorable winds prevailed most of the time, only sufficient storm to show us the power and sublimity of the ocean, nothing to create alarm. Our accommodations were excellent, the Captain most kind, the officers obliging, the crew respectful. Permission waa obtained to have morning and evening prayers, to ask God's blessings at our meals and to have public worship on the Sabbath. Great religious interest was aroused, and about half the ship's company gave encouraging evidence of having entered on the Christian life. Two of the officers and six sailors on our arrival at Honolulu made a public profession of religion at the mission church there. You can sympathize with our joy when Hawaii and the cloud-capped and snow-capped Mouna Keah appeared in view. The islands were before us a group of grey barren peaks, rising out of the wide sea. As we approached, the lofty peaks disclosed their volcanic origin, grey and red, cleft by deep chasms and ravines of unequalled verdure and cool shade, with sparkling rivulets ribboning their sides. Still nearer, the coast line came in sight, fringed by feathery cocoanut trees, and marked by a line of surf. The promontory of Diamond Head terminated the view on one side, and the Punch-bowl, an extinct crater, stood out brilliant against the neutral tints of the mountains. We were close upon the coral reef when the cry arose, "Honolulu!" The town stood amid a mass of foliage, a church spire, brown roofs and grass huts with deep verandahs nestled amid palms and bananas on the emerald sward bordered by the white surf which foamed over the environing coral reef with its ceaseless thundering roar. The pilot came on board. As we passed through the narrow channel we fancied we could see the coral forests deep down under our keel. The coral pickers in canoes with outriggers rode the combers and whirled around the ship. Brown amphibious beings swam through the transparent waves, welcoming us with cries of joy. The ship glided through the calm blue water and anchored at the wharf. We gazed from the deck upon a crowd of natives who welcomed us with great demonstrations of rejoicing. Our missionary friends pressed forward to receive us. We were

conducted to the residence of Mr. Smith, which was nearest. A one storied structure with cool, shaded rooms and a wide verandah hidden in a mass of passion flowers, jessamine and the gorgeous Bougainvilliers. In the afternoon we received a visit and a warm welcome from the king and some of the principal chiefs. The king invited us to dine with him on the morrow. His palace is an extensive building amid a perfect forest of tropical vegetation. As we approached we came upon a group of chiefs gambling for amusement. The dinner was served very well, in American style, but there were fish and fruit wholly new to us. The neat grass huts of the natives are mixed with the more elaborate dwellings of the of the foreign residents. We saw many families seated outside round a mat, beneath the trees, eating from calabashes "poi," a fermented paste made from the root of the "kalo." The natives have rich brown complexions, glossy black hair, large, lustrous brown eyes, and teeth like ivory. The women are inclined to obesity which they consider a mark of beauty. This lack of symmetry is concealed by loose, flowing robes. They are fond of ornamenting their persons with flowers, and such flowers! roses, tube roses, oleanders, lillies, trumpet flowers and many others to which I am a stranger. The ferns are splendid. One rides on roads overarched with bamboo, mango, orange, caoutchouc, umbrilla date, coco palm, candle-nut, monkey pod, alligator pear, prides of Bombay, India and Peru, and other trees, exotics with wide spreading branches and large leaves many bearing parasitic ferns, others bright with blossoms. These are indeed the "Isles of Eden."

> "Where every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile."

"We are stationed at Lahaina in the mountainous island of Maiu, but owing to the illness of one of the clergymen, Mr. Alger took his place for a few days before coming here. He visited Hilo, where he preached, examined schools, married four couples, and spent a day in visiting from house to house, praying and conversing with the families. On the Sabbath he preached at Hakalu. About three hundred were present. After the close of the morning service, fifty-five persons arranged themselves as verse-a-day scholars, most of whom were able to repeat a verse of scripture.

Approached from the sea, Lahaina is extremely picturesque. Beyond the foaming, glittering reef, the eye scans a collection of one-storied, thatched-roofed houses, some frame, but mostly grass, with deep verandahs, half hidden by mango, banana, breadfruit, kukuis and other trees. Dark groves, with a background of gentle declivities, covered with sugar cane of bright green; beyond rise the red, flaming, almost inaccessible Maiu hills, which tower skyward to the height of six thousand feet, pinnacled and buttressed with deep chasms, without verdure, excepting a few clefts which are green with ferns and candlenut trees, watered by sparkling rivulets. We have a comfortable frame house, painted white, shaded by trees, and the verandah covered with vines and flowers. It is conveniently furnished, and I have rendered it homelike with the pictures, books, tidies, mats, cushions, etc., so

kindly presented by my relatives and friends. I find the silver and china, everything that I brought, most serviceable. I have a pleasant and willing native attendant, whom in a short time I think I shall also make competent. I wish you could see her mother, a tattoed old woman, who, like most of the elderly people, is extremely averse to clothes of our fashion. Most of the more elderly natives are elaborately tattoed.

Mr. Alger has a large congregation. Some of the church members seem much interested and are anxious to assist him to their utmost; — still there is a wide margin for improvement. He holds two services on the Sabbath with a Sunday school in the morning. I have a large class of girls. The Bible class meet on Wednesday evening. The week day school is well attended. Mr. Alger intends to translate a geography for the use of the scholars. The language is not difficult. It has but twelve letters, but K is also T, and L is also R. It is most musical, every syllable ending with a vowel. I have organized a sewing and a singing school, and a number of the native women assemble here every Thursday afternoon to receive instruction in domestic matters, cutting garments, mending, etc. Considering how short has been the time since our arrival, I think we have arranged matters very satisfactorily.

The field is indeed ripe for the harvest, and I thank God that I have the privilege of being one of the reapers. I trust many sheaves will be gathered into the Heavenly garner."

The epistle closed with affectionate messages to relatives and friends.

This, with Mr. Alger's letters, gave much gratification. Even grandpa and Jennie expressed a desire to visit the "Isles of Eden." Fannie's mother was jubilant. "She could not have chosen a more satisfactory position for her daughter. Only see the good done in the conversion of those seamen; and she doubted not that Mr. Alger in his short ministration had sown much good seed. Fannie was energetic, patient and winning; she was certain she must do a vast amount of good amongst those heathen females. She thought her daughter was filling a right and fitting vocation."

Nancy averred that "Mrs. Archer was as proud as a peacock; — spiritoolly proud. Every other word was 'my son-in-law at the Sandwich Islands,' or 'my darter the missionary.' Well, she held that spiritool pride was wus thau worldly. Te, he, he!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LIFE IN VIRGINIA.

Catharine Eustis was married to Otis Fraiser in October; — a quiet wedding: only the family and a few near relatives and intimate friends present. As Emma positively refused to be bridesmaid with Walter for groomsman, declaring that it was Margaret's place, and as the gentleman as decidedly refused to act in that capacity with his cousin, Catharine to smooth matters concluded to dispense with bridal attendants, the young peolpe forming a semicircle around the pair during the ceremony.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraiser went directly to their home in Brooklyn. Miss Selina and Margaret Eustis remained in Boston till after Thanksgiving, and Emma declared "there was no good reason for Walter's blues. One would think he had buried his sister. He was enough to give one the hypo."

The middle of November the young lady astonished everyone with the announcement "that she had engaged as governess in a family residing in the vicinity of Port Royal in Virginia. The mistress, a Mrs. Fitz Hugh, formerly a Miss Eustis, a widow, had met Emma at the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary and had been much struck by her appearance on that memorable evening. Hearing through Miss Selina of the thorough education she had acquired, as the lady had a son and an orphan nephew to fit for college and four younger daughters to educate, she conceived the idea of securing Emma for their teacher. Scarcely hoping of success, a larger salary was offered than under other circumstances would have been named. To Mrs. Fitz Hugh's delight, Emma accepted without hesitation, writing that she would come after Thanksgiving.

Much to the disquiet of her relatives and friends, she commenced preparations for her departure. Mrs. Irwin was displeased, but Phillips was furious. He besought Walter to interfere, but he curtly replied, "It would only hasten her going: she made it a rule to act contrary to his wishes."

Margaret's aid was invoked to coax the young lady to reverse her decision, but as Miss Selina said "she might have spared her breath. If ever there was an obstinate being it was that sweet, gentle Emma Irwin."

As a last resource, Phillips appealed to Mary Minot.

"Now, Mollie, don't tease," Emma implored, with beaming eyes and a tender kiss. "I desire a total change. Aunt Irwin thinks I shall work myself into a consumption, but do not fear, I shall care for my health. The salary is temptingly large, and you know I am a bigger miser than Henry Mear-, determined to win myself a fortune. Then, this is the closest of secrets: If I am away I think Walter will turn to Margaret."

"I thought you had assigned her to Stephen Leon," Mary replied.

"Oh, they say he will be a millionaire. I think of appropriating him myself. He used to be my little lover at that baby dancing school. Don't you think I would succeed?" she demurely inquired tossing back her glossy, golden ringlets and surveying herself in the mirror."

"Emma, you are incorrigable," Mary half angrily returned. "Why cannot you settle to wedded bliss with Walter?"

"In that case what good would all my larning do me, as the old woman said, buried in the backwoods," Emma gaily asked as she turned from the glass.

Mary could not repress a smile, and in a slightly provoked tone replied, "I suppose I must assist in packing this trunk. You must write nice lomg letters."

"Yes, Mollie, you shall have epistles equal to a new novel. I will report all my conquests. I intend to astonish those F. F. V.'s. They will find I am some pumpkins if I am a Yankee, but as I am an Endicott, Irwin, etc., I sup-

pose Mrs. Fitz Hugh will consider my blood sufficiently suffused with indigo, true blue like herself."

As a last resource, Phillips appealed to Guy to remonstrate with the refractory girl. To his chagrin his friend replied "that he thought Emma ought to go. It was a proper sphere,— one he doubted not she would enjoy. The change would probably be beneficial to both mind and body. He was certain she would give satisfaction and secure hosts of friends."

As it was found that the girl was inexorable, at length everyone came to her assistance. Every necessity and many elegancies were provided, and the first of December, Emma commenced her journey South, under the escort of a gentleman residing in Port Royal.

As he wished to remain a few days in the city of New York, she paid Mr. and Mrs. Fraiser a visit. She wrote Mary:

"Catharine has a model husband, a pleasant and convenient house, prettily furnished. The pair seem perfectly adapted to each other. This picture of connubial bliss did not, as you predicted give me the least desire to follow suit. On the contrary I thanked my stars that I was not confined to such a humdrum existence. It is amusing to see how absorbed Cathy is in the trivial concerns of housekeeping, anxious and worried over petty matters not worth a moment's thought. She actually wept respecting a quarrel between her two serving maids, feared she had not done her duty, lacked wisdom to train her servants. I could not forbear laughing. She was a little angry and said "she could not conceive why I did not marry her brother and be the mistress of the nice house he would give me, instead of going among strangers to teach a parcel of unruly boys and girls." I retorted that her paragon of a brother had never invited me to preside over that delightful home concerning which people were so voluble. You may imagine the look of annihilation I received as she replied in what she tried to make a severe tone, "But you know his wishes, Emma. That you cannot deny without speaking an untruth." As it was even so, I just turned the conversation in my happiest style.

Our journey South though tiresome gave me much pleasure. It was pleasant to get a glimpse of our vast country with its variety of inhabitants. Near the close of a cloudy, chilly day we arrived at the small station where I expected a carriage would be in waiting. Owing to some mistake there was only a horse with a gentleman's saddle. "Can you ride double, Miss Irwin?" Mr. Gates demurely inquired. At first I did not understand, then affrightedly answered, "No sir." He laughed heartily and bade me not fear, he would send for the carriage. It soon appeared, and I was driven in the dim, winter twilight through a dense wood, over a corduroy road, to an old style brick mansion on a large plantation with the negro quarters and all the appurtenances of a Virginia country house. Greatly fatigued and shivering from cold, I was thankful when the horses drew up at the door, Mrs. Fitz Hugh and all my pupils were there to receive me. A handsome youth of fifteen sprang down the piazza steps, unfastening the coach door, handed me out and to his mother who advanced

with extended hands, saying, "These are your boys and girls, Miss Irwin, but do not stop here to be introduced, come to the fire directly. I was ushered into a spacious parlor with high narrow windows and broad window seats, wainscotted walls, and a huge wood fire blazing in a large fireplace, with a high, elaborately carved mantel surmounted by a quaint pastoral painting on the wainscot. The fire glinted on the tall brass andirons and fender, flickered on the marble tiles and irradiated the crimson furniture and curtains. Having thawed my benumbed fingers I shook hands with Frederick, the son and heir, and his cousin Hugh .Cameron, a year his junior, a pale, slender boy. Miss Georgianna, a handsome girl of twelve next advanced, then came Jessie and Virginia, pretty children of ten and eight, lastly little Bessie the five years old pet clambered into my lap and held up her pretty lips to kiss her welcome. I was then conducted to my chamber, a large room with antique furniture interspersed with modern conveniences, and introduced to my attendant Mildred, a jet black negress, attired in a brown homespun dress, white apron, handkerchief and turban. I was speedily divested of my travelling suit and arrayed for the evening. Tea was served in a large dining room, not as warm as the parlor though there was a tremendous fire, but two doors lead directly into the open air, and as negroes are not famous for closing doors, though it may be cool in summer it is not quite so pleasant in December. Mrs. Fitz Hugh and the young people strove to make me feel at home, but everything was so new! I was interested in watching the servants of all shades of color from the old nurse Elsie to the wee toddlers coming to stare at me with their big lustrous eyes, the fine, learned Yankee lady, as I overheard the coachman define me.

I commenced my school on the Monday following though Mrs. Fitz Hugh thought I had better defer it another week, but I was rested and preferred to work. The late Mr. Fitz Hugh's library is the school room, a sunny apartment containing an excellent collection of books. On Sunday we rode ten miles to what the family term "their church" The services are held there on the first and third Sabbaths in the month. On the intermediate Sundays they go to another church ten miles away in a different direction, and on the fourth to still another at the same distance, provided the roads are passable. A Southern church is a novelty. Nearest the altar are the planters' pews, behind come those of the overseers, etc., the galleries are crowded with negroes. You would have enjoyed the scene last Sunday, Mollie! I wished I had your skill to sketch. I was introduced to the rector and his family and to many of Mrs. Fitz Hugh's friends who gave me a genuine, hospitable Southern welcome. The family on the next plantation called last week.

I am much interested in my pupils. The two young gentlemen are as gallant as lovers and bid fair to become splendid scholars, especially Hugh Cameron. I fancy Miss Georgie will give me more trouble but I shall conquer her; the two younger girls would be considered very ignorant by New England girls of the same age, but they are industrious,

and anxious to learn. Bessie lisps over her alphabet and spells so funny we are compelled to laugh.

My maid Mildred is a worthy woman, neat and tasty, we have become good friends. She told Mrs. Fitz Hugh that I was a perfect lady if I was a Yankee, and knew everything. She could not conceive how so much knowledge could have got into such a young head.

I enjoy my new life, am contented and happy. Mr. and Mrs. William Archer decided to remain at home through the winter, but Miss Minot sent such an urgent invitation that Mary went to Boston to enliven her aunt's solitude for a few weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Woods were creating a sensation at the Tremont Theatre in "La Sonnambula" and other operas. They were followed by the renowned Fanny Elssler who raised a perfect furore in the somewhat staid city.

Letters came regularly from Emma—entertaining epistles, that her friends declared were equal to new novels. In February she wrote to Mary Minot: "I have been the heroine of a laughable adventure that has introduced meto the county. My good aunt Irwin has made Mrs. Fitz Hugh over anxious regarding my health. It is her wish that I should ride horseback every fine day. Usually Frederick or Hugh go with me, often the girls accompany us, but one crisp bright morning last week I rode out with only a yellow boy for an escort. We were quietly walking our horses through the woods when we heard the baying of hounds; the sounds drew near, then a party of fox hunters dashed in sight and dogs and horsemen rushed past. My steed, an old hunter, was immediately beyond my control; he turned and bore me directly into the midst of horsemen. I was received with a cheer, but Reynard was just ahead. Seeing that I kept a firm seat they sped forward. We were soon in the open country. I could see that the dogs gained on the fox, then came a Virginia fence. I shut my eyes and steadied myself for the leap. Over I went unscathed. Opening my eyes I found my good horse was bearing me in at the death. Poor Reynard's strength was spent, and he was quickly despatched. I received his brush as a trophy. You ought to have seen and heard the admiration and congratulations I received. "I was a trump, a brave girl. Few ladies would have borne themselves so well in such an emergency. Could all the New England girls ride as well?" Many, I replied. "I had a friend who would have enjoyed this ride, and Miss Archer could have sketch ed the scene and painted the death of the fox."

"An artist?" said a gentleman. "Miss Archer, did you say?" asked a young man as he reined his steed beside mine. "Yes, Miss Mary Minot Archer," I replied."

Handing a card inscribed Hugh Fitz Hugh, he continued, "I was introduced to you and Miss Archer at the tea party given at the celebration of the anniversary of the settlement of your town. I was struck with Miss Archer's peculiar type of beauty.

I returned, "that you looked very grand in the antique dress that evening, that I remembered his name, but should not have recognized him."

"Of course not," was the smiling rejoinder. "The boy has become a man.

I was in Europe last year. When in Italy I took refuge from a thunder storm in an old palatial building. A servant ushered me into an apartment hung with portraits. My glance fell upon the picture of a little girl about four years old. Where had I seen that face? Inquiring I found it was the likeness of Maria Tereza Archer, the only child of an American gentleman, a merchant in India who with her mother were drowned on the coast of Engiand, whither they were going to take passage to join Mr. Archer in Calcutta. The man pointed to the portrait of the mother, the Countess Anna Maria Tereza Sfarza, the owner of the estate. Though Mr. Archer still resides in Calcutta, he keeps everything as it was left by his wife, under the care of faithful servitors born in the family's service. The name of Archer recalled Miss Mary Archer's face, the strong resemblance to this picture of the drowned child is astonishing. I saw at once why the countenance struck me as familiar. Maria Teresa was a cousin, I presume."

I replied in the affirmative, but at this point our colloquy was interrupted by the appearance of my gallant, terribly frightened, expecting to be blamed for my horse's escapade. His fears were allayed, and after a cordial adieu to the hunters Mr. Fitz Hugh escorted me home, where his description of the adventure brought much mirth and many encomiums on my coolness and courage. So you see that by mere chance I, who have never been much of a horsewoman, have acquired the reputation of a regular Di Vernon.

Guy brought tnis letter from the Post office one Saturday when Mary was visiting at his aunt Langdon's. She broke the seal and read aloud. When she came to Italy she hesitated for an instant, but went on with slightly heightened color. At the close she timidly raised her eyes to Guy's and met a look of tender interest that she never forget, but remark was precluded by the entrance of a handsomely dressed lady somewhat passed middle life, who with extended hands advanced to Guy. "My dear boy, permit me to congratulate you on your last article in the "Register." It was fine, more than fine—splendid. Harvard may well be proud of her son."

For an instant Guy looked abashed, but springing to his feet he handed a chair, remarking, "that it would be useless to controvert the opinion of a lady of such fine literary taste as Miss Otis." Though this was uttered with polite deference, Mary scarcely repressed a smile at the irony she detected in the tone. Miss Otis complimented Mary upon her pictures, Mrs. Langdon came in and the conversation turned upon the "on dits" of the day, as Miss Otis expressed it. The Evening Transcript, authors, societies, etc., were discussed. On leaving Miss Otis gave Mary a pressing invitation to join a society of ladies who met at her house every Thursday evening for mutual improvement, and the elevation of their sex."

Guy hoped Mary would survive this patronage. He feared she did not understand the honor conferred.

Mrs. Langdon bade her nephew hush.

"Miss Otis was a fine woman, who had reached the very apex of progressive culture."

A low whistle that savored slightly of derision was the somewhat impolite re-

joinder from the young man of whom Harvard might be proud.

Mary recounted Emma's hunting adventure to Mrs. Langdon, which greatly amused the lady. She said nothing of Mr. Fitz Hugh's discovery, but on her return to Miss Minot's, Guy ventured to ask if she knew that Mr. Archer had kept the Sfarza estate.

"Yes," Mary quietly replied. "Did I not tell you that Henry Mears went to Italy to superintend repairs on the buildings?"

"No, I think not. I should have recollected such a circumstance. Henry was a lucky fellow. He is always lucky. I wish you could see that portrait of the countess before you paint that vision," Guy returned in a low, slightly hesitating tone.

Mary glanced wistfully into his eyes, as his head bent to hers.

"You have not forgotten my Vision then? I have sometimes thought you might deem me foolishly visionary, slightly demented," she added, with a smile.

"No, indeed," the young man earnestly replied. "I am most grateful for your confidence."

"Are you?" was the smiling rejoinder. "Then I will take courage to tell you that I do not care for any face but the one then revealed. I know it perfectly and it will be sufficient."

Guy said he was pleased that she was satisfied. As Miss Minot's door was reached, the conversation ended.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"TIPPECANOE AND TYLER TOO."

1840 brought the memorable Harrison campaign, when the people became clamorous for a change in the policy of the government and determined on the overthrow of the Democratic party.

William Henry Harrison and John Tyler having become the Whig candidates, the country commenced a huge national frolic to secure their election. At the time of his nomination Gen. Harrison resided at his farm at North Bend, on the Ohio river. His dwelling was a two-story house, part of which was the original log cabin of pioneer days. Bailie Peyton carried the news of his nomination to the General, and in a speech at Cincinnati the next night he said the Whig candidate lived in a log cabin with the latch string never pulled in, coon skins nailed over the cracks to keep off the wind, and a barrel of hard cider to treat his friends. This gave the cue to the campaign. Log cabins went up in every direction, decorated with coon skins, with a never-failing barrel of hard cider at the door. Monster meetings were held, with long processions bearing devices, banners, mottoes, etc. Speeches were made and songs sung. One of these gatherings was held in May on the Tippecanoe battle ground. The concourse was immense. The orators addressed the assembly from the top of a large log cabin. Shipment of cider had been made, which was dealt out in gourds. Great was the jollification. If one wore a serious aspect he was dubbed a "Loco-foco,"—a nickname applied to the opposition. Immense meetings were held in many of the principal cit-

ics. There were State conventions, and the New England convention in Boston in September drew delegations from every part of the Union.

Col. and Mr. William Archer entered into this campaign with unwonted ardor. Both declared a change desirable. "Harrison was of good revolutionary stock, a plain, honest man. As a soldier and civilian his record was irreproachable." Of John Tyler they said little,—"undoubtedly he was a staunch Whig." The ladies of the household, with the exception of Mary Minot, were enthusiastic in the cause. Mary was unusually reticent, but it was evident she favored Guy's opinion. The young man ridiculed the nomination. Harrison was a State Rights Democrat of the Jeffersonian school, and Tyler was not only a Democrat but a regular Southern nullifier. That the Whig party ought to be wholly annihilated for the treachery shown in the sacrifice of Henry Clay." Deacon Blake, contrary to his wont, kept very quiet, but one could see that he accepted his grandson's declarations. The grim smile often flitted round his mouth when Guy was unusually vehement.

On the fifteenth of June Mrs. Archer asked Mary at the dinner table, "if she would accompany him on a journey he was about to take to Boscawen?"

Receiving a reply in the affirmative, he told her to be ready at seven o'clock next morning. This was short notice, but Mary was accustomed to such surprises. With Mrs. Archer's assistance her preparations were soon completed, when she went into State street to procure a few presents for her country friends Punctually at seven o'clock the chaise was at the door. It was a lovely morning, just the day for travelling. "Kate," Mr. Archer's horse, was bred in Boscawen. It was amusing to see her point her ears and increase her speed as she neared Rocks Bridge. At Hampstead they stopped to bait the horse and take a lunch. The landlady having seen that Mary was in the parlor, came to greet her.

"It is quite a while since you have been here, Miss Archer," she said as she handed Mary a glass of lemonade her father had sent her; "but of course you would be in Concord tomorrow."

"We are going to Boscawen," Mary replied.

"Oh, yes, afterwards," was the rejoinder.

Slightly wondering at this reply, Mary answered her father's summons to proceed.

In Chester they met two townsmen that had recently purchased a farm in that place. Mr. Archer stopped and stepped from his chaise to inspect his friend's horse. The other gentleman jumped from the wagon and came to shake hands with Mary.

"So you are going to Concord," he said after the usual compliments had been exchanged.

Mary named their destination.

"Yes, yes," he returned, "but you will be in Concord tomorrow. I shall take my family."

A summons from Nr. Archer drew him away at this moment, and Mary was surprised by the sound of bells, while a baker's cart drew up beside her, and the familiar voice of the family baker, even before she recognized his face, joyously greeted her with

"Hulloa, Miss Archer, thisyou? Well, I might have known you would be in Concord to-morrow High old times! Tippicanoe and Tyler too! Have some buns? They were hot when I started. riding gives one an appetite. Take another,—here, take half a dozen. Good bye, I am in a desperate hurry. I must not let anybody else get the upper hand. I hope to make a good thing of it. Good bye." And drawing up his reins the good natured fellow rattled forward.

"What did it mean?" The young lady looked the astonishment she felt, as she made the inquiry upon Mr. Archer's return. The gentleman laughed. "I hoped to keep you in the dark till to-morrow morning," he replied, "but I see the murder must out. A State convention of the Whig party is to be held in Concord to-morrow. There will be delegations from every town, a grand procession with music and speeches, a very great affair which cannot fail to please even such a littte Loco-foco as I have the honor to possess."

Mary laughed, and thanked Mr. Archer for giving her this treat, besides the delightful journey and the visit to dear friends.

At four in the afternoon they stopped for the night at a tavern in Candia. After an early supper, Mary went out to view the farm with her host's daughter, a girl of her own age. A potato field attracted her attention.

"How did they plant potatoes amongst all those rocks?" she queried.

"Oh, they manage," was the smiling rejoinder. "We New Hampshire folks are used to rocks and hills."

Mary had always considered New Hampshire a very pleasant state, but then as she thoughtfully surveyed her surrounding, she could not wonder at the increasing inclination shown by the young farmers to migrate to the West.

Towards sunset the house became thronged and notes of preparation were heard on every side. There were joking and singing, but a few hours of quiet. By two o'clock in the morning carriages began to pass, the occupants of which were many of them extremely noisy. Mary had little sleep, but at five o'clock she was ready to resume her ride to Concord. Mr. Archer wished to start ahead of the Candia delegation, who were to form on the Turnpike, about a mile farther on, at six.

On arriving at the rendezvous, a former toll gate, (the road was then free), they found a large concourse already assembled. As there was a hill with a half-mile descent directly on the route, Mr. Archer hesitated. He had a two-wheeled chaise; most of the gathering were in wagons.

"Kate is sure footed," he said to Mary, "but I know just how this jolly set will rush down that hill. I thought I was in season to get out of their way, but they seem ready to start. I believe I must wait."

The majority were in line at 6 o'clock, but there are always some laggards. The hands of Mr. Archer's watch which was impatiently scanned, pointed to a quarter past six. Kate was as impatient as her master. Mary longed to go.

"Go is the word," Mr. Archer exclaimed, as he drew up the reins. Kate darted forward, but just at the summit of the long hill, the head of the approaching procession was seen.

The road ran through a thick wood.

Mr. Archer drew aside into the bushes to permit the long line of vehicles to pass. Wagon after wagon rattled on. Kate bore it awhile as well as could be expected. She was not in the habit of allowing anything to pass her, but horse nature could stand it no longer. She began to rear and plunge furiously.

"Drive in, Squire," "Drive in, Squire," shouted the occupants of the wagons as they passed.

"Drive in, Squire, don't try that brave girl's courage longer," cried a friend.

"Drive in if you value that girl's life or your own," added another.

Mr. Archer drew the rein, and Mary found herself in the centre of the Candia delegation, next the flag, which floated gaily in the morning breeze, — a white banner with the word Candia printed in black.

Riding to Concord to the tune of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," down the the long hill they sped, but Mary was too much amused for fright. Wasn't this a situation! How she wished Guy could see her! It was too laughable. Mr. Archer joined in her mirth, and the gentlemen of the line fully appreciated the fun. As Pembroke came in sight a halt was sounded, and Mr. Archer drove forward amid cheers and the waving of hats and caps. On reaching the tavern Mary was met by an acquaintance, to whom she related her laughable adventure.

"Oh, wasn't it splendid!" she exclaimed. "Why, it will be something to tell your grandchildren. Here they come. We will run to the upper piazza and see them pass."

Following her friend, Mary stood by her side while she received a second ovation, which she returned most gracefully.

Breakfast was served and eaten with uncommon relish. A constant succession of carriages passed during the meal, most of the occupants shouting and singing. The hostler, a staunch Democrat, having passed a sleepless night, was not remarkably good natured. Mr. Archer had mollified him with a bright silver dollar. As he led Kate to the door an unusually noisy set rode past. Touching his cap he exclaimed, 'They needn't be in sich a hurry, Squire, they won't see neither God Almighty nor the Devil to Concord."

"No, but they will see a greater crowd than will ever again be gathered there ill the resurrection," said a bystander. "The resurrection won't be in Concord, it will be away up in Northfield," slowly drawled an old man, wiping his brow with a red and yellow pocket handkerchief. There was an universal shout. This joke was duly appreciated both by Whigs and Democrats. Northfield had about a dozen voters, and they were to a man Democrats.

The approach to Concord was unique. On the road through the intervale long lines of teams were hitched to the fences on either hand. Coming into the city the crowd increased. As Mr. Archer drove up to one of the principal hotels the landlord advanced with extended hand, exclaiming, "Squire, I am sorry to see you, I can't do a thing for you. Mr. Archer smilingly shook hands, returning, "I only wish one thing—I can tie Kate somewhere, but I would like my daughter placed in a good position to view the procession."

"She shall go to my upper piazza. It

is one of the best on the route, and she will meet some of our finest ladies, the real upper ten," was the reply.

Mary sprang from the chaise and followed the gentleman to the piazza, which was crowded with ladies. As the host was introducing the young lady Elizabeth Archer Mears pressed through the throng. This was a pleasant surprise. Mary immediately became the centre of a coterie of New Hampshire's loveliest daughters. But conversation soon flagged. Eye and ear became absorbed in the stirring scene. Windows were crowded with ladies and children. Doorways, steps and sidewalks were densely packed with human beings—a motley assemblage. Martial music began to resound. Music rent the air. The procession moved. Military escorted the speakers, dignitaries and invited guests. Band succeeded band as the delegations passed,—hundreds of men marching to the most enlivening tunes. Each delegation bore a flag inscribed with the name of the town it represented, and others with appropriate mottoes, such as "Harrison and Reform," "We will vote for Tippecanoe and Tyler too," "Down with Little Van," etc. The Concord delegation was led by a log cabin drawn by horses. There was another cabin from Franklin drawn by thirty yoke of oxen, in the open door a barrel of hard cider. Astride this barrel was a young fellow excoriating his throat with singing and cheering, who has since become attorney-general of the state. Portsmouth sent a full rigged ship decorated with flags, completely manned, a sailor reefing the sails. This was drawn by horses. The Tippecanoe Club of Nashua rode in a canoe drawn by cream colored steeds decorated with bells. Amid the waiving of handkerchiefs by the ladies and the cheering of the multitude the procession moved forward. After the last delegation was out of sight and the cheers had died on the air, Mr. Archer took Mary and Miss Mears to the hill where the speakers' stand was erected. The more prominent orators of the occasion were Horace Greeley, John P. Hale and James Wilson, a brother of Henry. The speaking was interspersed with singing. The Hutchinson family and other famed vocalists were present. This campaign was noted for music,—its songs were a more powerful auxiliary than stump speeches. The land became vocal, on every hand resounded Harrison and Log Cabin songs. I give a few sung at this State convention :

"What has caused the great commotion, motion, motion,
Our country through ?
It is the ball a-rolling on, on,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too—Tippecanoe and and Tyler too ;
And with them we will beat little Van, Van, Van ;
Van is a used up man,—
And with them we will beat Little Van.

Like the coming of mighty waters, waters, waters,
On it will go,
And in its course we'll clear the way
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too—Tippecanoe and Tyler too ;
And with them we'll beat little Van, Van, Van
Van is a used up man ;
And with them we will beat little Van."

"We are going to have a new president,
A soldier brave and true.
We think the name they give him
Is the hero of Tippecanoe.

Then three cheers for Gen. Harrison,
And three more for Tyler too.
He'll be elected in the fall
Along with Tippecanoe.

As we journey on through life,
There's nought but party noise and strife,
And the best thing for us to do
Is to vote for Tippecanoe.
Chorus.

There's a little man that's president now,
They call him "little Van,"—
But it won't be long before they'll find
He is a terribly used up man.
Chorus.

Harrison we'll have for president,
And Tyler with him too;
He'll sure be 'lected in the fall
Along with Tippecanoe.
Chorus.

Now if you'll only trust to us,
We'll tell you what we'll do—
We'll treat you all and give three cheers
For our good old Tippecanoe.

Then three cheers for Gen. Harrison,
And three more for Tyler too;
He'll be elected in the fall,
Along with Tippecanoe.

"The times are bad and want curing;
They are getting past all enduring;
Let us turn out Martin Van Buren,
And put in old Tippecanoe;
The best thing we can do
Is to put in old Tippecanoe.

It's a business we all can take part in,
So let us give notice to Martin
That he must get ready 'for sartin,'
For we'll put in old Tippecanoe;
The best thing we can do
Is to put in old Tippecanoe.

We've heard of their humbugs a plenty,
For now all our pockets are empty;
We've a dollar where we had twenty—
So we'll put in old Tippecanoe;
The very best thing we can do
Is to putin old Tippecanoe.

At three o'clock, Elizabeth Archer joined the friends with whom she was to return home, and Mr. Archer and Mary proceeded to Boscawen.

As they expected, on arriving they found their friend's family were in Concord, with the exception of an invalid too feeble for such a crowd. Towards evening they returned, the young men footsore and hoarse from singing and shouting.

The next two days were spent in visiting. Friday the travellers turned towards home, which was reached Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Archer declared "that the trip had given new life to both Mr. Archer and Mary Minot."

The young lady's description of the journey and convention was graphic, and her numerous friends enjoyed a hearty laugh over her "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" ride.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CLASS DAY AND COMMENCEMENT.

Upon her return, Mary found a letter from Emma. She wrote:

"The Baptists are the principal sect in this county. They hold protracted meetings at intervals, which are attended by throngs from far and near. Last Sunday morning Hugh announced that one of these meetings was in full blast, and proposed our attendance. Every one instantly acquiesced. The morning was lovely, the ride delightful. The meeting house, a barn-like structure,

stood in the midst of thick woods. It was cool and shady, the windows and doors wide open, and filled by a crowd of men, women and children. The pulpit was occupied by four ministers, who read, prayed and exhorted by turns. When one ended he said, 'Now, Brother A, take up your burthen,' and he took it, to pass it to Brother B, when it was taken up by Brother C. During these exercises, groups in various parts of the house were lunching on sandwiches, cake, peaches and apples. This was tantalizing to our party, who were compelled to content themselves with the spiritual viands from the pulpit, which we soon found anything but refreshing. I so longed to follow the man with the water bucket to the sparkling spring among the trees, but it would have been indecorous; so I sat and watched the cloud rising in the west.

"On it came; the building darkened, and thunder began to peal; doors and windows were closed, and the service was suspended, while a regular Southern tempest swept past. Lightning flashed almost incessantly, while the thunder rumbled, rattled and crashed, the wind blew a perfect hurricane, and the rain descended like a deluge. Children cried, women screamed and ejaculated, men prayed, horses pawed and neighed. For a time it was frightful, but these storms soon pass: in an hour the sun was shining on the dripping world. We immediately took the road homeward, but coming to a little run, which was nearly dry when we crossed in the morning, we found it transformed into a raging torrent. As our steeds could not be induced to step into the foaming rivulet, we were obliged to take a circuitous route of ten miles, when we had gone but three from home. We arrived at the plantation at sunset, greatly fatigued and half famished, all declaring that they had had more than a surfeit of the protracted meeting. My summer vacation is approaching. I am gratified with my pupils' progress. Mrs. Fitz Hugh says she is more than satisfied, that I must certainly return for another year. I designed a change, but the lady and the young folks are so persistent, I believe I shall yield. Tell Guy I shall be present when he graduates."

The Eastern railroad had been completed to the town, and the depot buildings erected. The middle of the month the first cars came through from Boston. This brought a jubilee, hundreds congregated along the route to see the first train, and the trains were a curiosity for some time. Nearly everyone took a trip to Boston in the cars. Grandpa and grandma Archer took the first train in the morning and returned in the evening. This was done that they who so well remembered how it took two days to go and come, might say they had been to Boston and back in one day.

Guy's four years of college life were to end this June. Mrs. Langdon said it did not seem possible that the four years had sped, and the young man could scarcely realize as he took his seat in the chapel on Baccalaureate Sunday that his college course would soon pass into a pleasant memory.

Emma Irwin came the evening before Class Day. Mary and Jennie Archer and Margaret Eustis were at her aunt Irwin's to receive her. She was more beautiful and graceful than ever. Phillips asserted she had become a perfect

Southern lady. Mary did not coincide with his opinion, "but she must acknowledge that the slight touch of Southern tone and manner rendered her very attractive."

Walter Eustis' eyes declared this when he called the next morning. Emma could see that her absence had not turned her lover's heart to Margaret.

Class Day was as beautiful as one could desire. Phillips and Walter escorted Mrs. Irwin and the young ladies to Cambridge. Guy's mother, his grandparents and aunt Langdon were at his room when they arrived. At half-past nine the seniors repaired to Holden Chapel where prayer was offered by the college chaplain. The ladies and Deacon Blake soon went to Dr. Newell's church where the exercises were to be held. At eleven the procession again formed, and headed by the Boston Brass Band marched to the church. Guy was the poet, and as he followed the chaplain and the orator into the pulpit in his black silk gown and Oxford cap, Mrs. Langdon buried her face in her handkerchief for a few moments, and Mary was surprised at the degree of pride and pleasure she was compelled to confess to herself that she felt. Everything passed admirably. Guy was perfectly self-possessed and acquitted himself with honor. Spreads in the students' rooms followed the exercises at the church. It was a peculiarly pleasant and cheerful reunion in Guy's. In the afternoon the young folks repaired to the college green to dance. At five the young ladies returned to Guy's room to witness from his windows the students' dance around the class elm on the square overlooked by the dormitories of Stoughton, Hollis, Harvard Hall and Holden Chapel. The juniors entered by the gate between Hollis and Holden, and seated themselves on the ground. Next came the sophomores, then the freshmen. At quarter past five the seniors again formed in procession, not in the full dress suits of the day but with the worst clothes they could muster, with ancient beavers and other grotesque habiliments, and marched around the quadrangle cheering each of the college buildings with the greatest exuberance. The ladies who crowded the windows of Holden, Hollis, Stoughton and Harvard grew silent,—even the rustling of the fans ceased as the music of the band and the increasing loudness of the cheers announced the approach of the seniors. As they entered, the other classes rose and gave the procession three hearty cheers, which were as heartily returned. Then the class cheered every object of affection, beginning with the president and ending with the ladies. Hands were joined and the class song sung. Then the other classes joined and the mad dance around the class tree commenced. At a signal from the marshal the rings were broken and the seniors were left to grasp the wreaths which at a distance of ten feet from the ground encircled the dear old tree. Pushed forward the foremost served for ladders to those behind. Such pushing, leaping, tumbling, scrambling and climbing is never witnessed except on similar occasions. Guy's friends had watched him intently through the song and dance, and held their breath as he pushed foremost, and with great agility leaped upon the shoulders of a tall, clumsy fellow, when he grasped

the coveted prize, which in a few moments with bleeding fingers, scratched by the rough bark of the tree, he flung into his mother's lap, bidding her distribute the flowers as mementoes of the day. Emma drew forward the easy chair for the exhausted youth, Margaret handed a glass of water, while Mary ransacked his drawers for plaster which she cut for his fingers, and Jennie fanned him vigorously. Guy looked exceedingly amused, and as soon as he could command sufficient breath thanked the bevy of beauties for their attention. "Mary Minot, you take the palm for surgery. Margaret, no nectar ever equalled that water; Jennie, your fan is more refreshing than spring zephyrs. Emma," he continued, drawing her forward from the back of the chair over which she had leaned, "I have scarcely had time to speak to you. I need not ask you if you are well and happy, one can see that you are both, and certainly the sunny South has enhanced your charms."

Emma flushed slightly, as she smilingly thanked Guy for his compliments. "You are a true prophet. I have been happy and I trust useful as a governess, and I congratulate you on the success of this day."

Deacon Blake and the young gentleman now came in. In a short time Guy left to join the Harvard Glee Club who sang in the evening. The rest of the party went to the president's reception. There was an illumination and old Harvard presented a most festive and lively spectacle. At eleven the gay assembly began to disperse, and in an hour the usual quiet reigned at "Fair Harvard."

The succeeding Wednesday was as fine as Class Day had been. Grandpa Archer and William joined the band of Guy's friends to witness his graduation. Grandpa now ranked among the senior alumni of his Alma Mater. His son liked to meet his old classmates, some of whom were generally present on these anniversaries. The year had been most prosperous for the college, and every one was in the best of spirits. There was quite a large gathering of the alumni, many had come from remote parts of the Union, and some of these had not visited Cambridge since their graduation. By nine o'clock the galleries of the church began to fill, and in an hour they presented a gay and festive appearance, filled by a radiant crowd elegant in fashionable summer dress, waving ribbons and flashing fans of every variety. At ten the procession formed in front of Massachusetts Hall. The president, fellows and overseers of the college, the governor and staff, alumni and guests, the graduating class and undergraduates escorted by the Lancers, marched to the church and took the seats assigned them. This was an imposing spectacle. About half the graduating class had parts,—these wore gowns. The sheriff of Suffolk county called the assembly to order. The chaplain offered prayer. The exercises commenced by a Latin oration, followed by dissertations, disquisitions and orations in English. Guy had a dissertation, "What is True Heroism?" There was a large class and it was after one o'clock when the president presented the diplomas. As on Class Day Guy acquitted himself more than creditably. His dissertation was excellent and his delivery fine. He graduated with honor, rank-

ing high in his class. At half-past two the alumni and guests again formed in procession in front of Massachusetts Hall and marched to the dining rooms in University Hall. The Rev. Dr. Newell asked a blessing and the whole assembly united in singing the customary hymn. Then followed the feast of reason and the flow of soul. Grandpa Archer spoke in his most felicitous manner and received rounds of applause.

The next day Grandpa, Mr. Archer and Guy attended the annual dinner of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. Friday took the whole party home. Emma accompanied Mary Minot and Phillips Irwin and Walter Eustis were Guy's guests. A fortnight of quiet enjoymnnt followed. Then Mary Minot, Jennie Archer and Guy returned with Phillips and Emma to Mrs. Irwin's, where they remained till August, when Emma left to join Mrs. Fitz Hugh and her family who were passing the month at the Sulphur Springs.

Emma's friends demurred at her short visit, but Mrs. Fitz Hugh wrote to Mrs. Irwin that she thought the water at the Springs would be beneficial to her niece, so no objections could be urged. Though Emma was the same lively, interesting girl, it was apparent that her Southern life had wrought a great change. There was a quiet dignity blended with an air of command in her manner, a self-control and reticence which was entirely new. The young ladies and gentlemen unwittingly treated her with unusual deference,—even Mary Minot was less confidential than formerly. Guy's eyes often rested on her with a serious, questioning look. Mose than once the color deepened on the young lady's cheeks as she encounteted his glance. One evening this happened when they were alone in the parlor. Guy was reclining on the sofa, Emma reading at the centre table. Suddenly she raised her eyes to meet Guy's fixed gaze. Her eyelids drooped while a rosy flush suffused face and neck. The young man rose, and going to her side placed his hand on her shoulder, and bending down in a low tone said, "Emma, have you anything to communicate upon that project you have entertained?"

"Not yet," she replied raising her eyes and gazing into his. "This year must be devoted to Mrs. Fitz Hugh."

Steps were approaching in the hall. Without comment the young man took a newspaper and seated himself at the table. The evening before her depart- Walter contrived to separate Emma from the others while strolling on the lawn in the twilight. Drawing her into a shaded walk, taking her hand, with a troubled, tender look, in a tremulous tone he asked, "Emma, must I let you go without a word?"

"Yes, Walter, be so good, please. Words would be useless."

The tone in which this was said was very gentle but firm. The young man pressed the hand he held to his lips. "Good bye, I will bide my time," he returned. Dropping the hand he sprang forward, and bidding the others good night mounted his horse and rode quickly down the avenue. Emma remained a few moments where he had left her, then joined the group on the piazza. In the morning she began her journey under the escort of her cousin Phillips, who attended her to New York.

Mary Minot and Jennie remained a

few days with Mrs. Irwin, then went to pass a week with Miss Minot, who accompanied them home, to spend the remainder of the summer with her niece. Phillips and Guy joined a party of young gentlemen in an excursion on horseback to the White mountains. Emma gave a graphic description of her month's sojourn at the fashionable Southern resort. The first of September the Fitz Hugh family returned home.

Mrs. Fitz Hugh wrote to Mrs. Irwin "that though she appeared perfectly content, she thought it must be irksome for Emma to resume her daily tasks after the adulation she had received. Without the least demonstration to attract, she had been the belle of the season, had won any number of hearts, and had actually had the audacity to refuse a millionaire, much to that gentleman's astonishment. Indeed, every one pronounced her an enigma."

Mr. Joseph Dummer Archer had been highly delighted with the portraits of his father and mother. He wrote Mary Minot a letter of thanks and had sent her several valuable presents. Henry Mears wrote frequently, but his letters were shorter than formerly. He was evidently wholly absorbed by business. His family had received no assistance the past year, but in September a box arrived packed with dress goods, shawls, etc., for them, and mementoes to his friends. Mary received a handsome set of pearl ornaments.

After his trip to the White mountains Guy settled quietly at home. He soon saw that his grandfather was scarcely able to manage his farm and almost imperceptibly day by day he began to relieve hi m of care. Mrs. Langdon feared the old gentleman would resent her son's interference, but Guy managed so adroitly that before the end of harvest the deacon had yielded the control to his grandson. Nancy went round in a high state of exhilaration, rubbing her hands and muttering, "Langdon all over; te he, he, te he, he."

In December, Guy began to read law in Mr. Archer's office.

In November, the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Fraiser was announced, and later the news of the advent of a little missionary named Fanny was received.

Mr. and Mrs. Alger had prospered in their labors beyond expectation. Fanny wrote, "Now her cup of happiness was filled to overflowing. The only drawback to perfect felicity was the separation from her family and friends."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE PANACEA FOR A BALKY HORSE.

At Christmas Emma sent mementoes to all her friends, most of which were her own handiwork. Nancy was delighted with the gift of a wrought collar. "She'll never forgit them gloves I gin her long ago," she said to Mary. "Well, I like to see folks remember, but she needut make sich an account of em, te, he, he."

The Fitz Hugh family passed the holidays with a brother of Mrs. Fitz Hugh who resided in a village a few miles from the plantation. Emma gave a

pleasant description of the festivities. Good cheer and hilarity for both whites and blacks.

"The night after Christmas," she continued, "we had a fall of snow. Excepting among the mountains snow seldom falls in sufficient quantity or remains loug enough to make anything like sleighing. When an inch or two comes and it is cold enough to hold it on the ground, awhile everything in the shape of runners comes to light, all sorts of conveyances are improvised. Crockery crates, packing boxes,etc. serve as sleighs. A neighbor of Mr. Danville was so fortunate as to possess a sleigh, the only one in the lpace. In the morning the snow looked so nice the girls proposed borrowing this sleigh and taking a ride. Permission having been obtained the coachman was despatched with a pair of horses and compliments to the owner of the sleigh. "Would he be so kind as to loan it to us for a couple of hours." The sleigh, a large, old fashioned affair, soon drew up at the door and four of us seated ourselves in it, and in great glee drove off in grand style, our darkie coachman fully entering into the spirit of the occasion showed off his prancing steeds to the best advantage. We drove through all the streets of the village creating a suitable sensation, the observed of all observers, and objects of envy to many. When, lo! turning a corner out came the bottom of the sleigh and four gaily arrayed damsels found themselves sitting in the mud. Fortunately the horses, though going rapidly stopped at once. No one was injured, but what were we to do? How were we to get home through that slush? An empty cart coming along we mounted into it, and thus ignominiously were conveyed to Mr. Danvill's. We stole in at the back door and strove to make as light of the accident as possible, but it caused much merriment among our friends, and we received hints respecting the proverb, that "Pride must have a fall," etc.

In March William Henry Harrison and John Tyler were inaugurated president and vice-president with the greatest rejoicing throughout the Union. In one short month this joy was turned to grief. The beloved president was gathered to his fathers. The sorrow at this national bereavement was universal. The country went into mourning, and funeral services were held in most of the cities and large towns.

The bells had scarcely ceased tolling the announcement of the sad event, when Mr. William Archer and other gentlemen began preparation for celebrating appropriate obsequies. One of the largest churches was draped in black and on the appointed day a long procession formed, consisting of soldiers of the Revolution and the war of 1812, the reverend clergy, public officers, teachers and pupils of the public schools, the fire department, truckmen and citizens of that and the adjacent towns. This procession under the escort of the Artillery Company, led by the Town Brass Band, marched to the church. The galleries were crowded with ladies wearing, as did the gentlemen, the customary badge of mourning. The usual religious exercises were followed by a requium and a eulogy pronounced by a distinguished citizen, and a hymn. Both requiem and hymn were original and

sung by a choir noted for musical ability.

The Whig party experienced a great disappointment in the demise of their chief. This dissatisfaction was apparent in the conversation of the gentlemen from New Hampshire, several of whom were guests of Mr. Archer during the summer. Mary mischievously reminded them that "Tyler too" was not defunct. Guy laughed at their discomforture, said "it was what they ought to have expected."

The Washingtonian Temperance movement commenced this summer causing much excitement. Nancy said, "the Whigs had made so many drunkards with their hard cider they must have another te-rally to undo what they had done, it was hurrah up, then hurrah down, te, he, he."

The Rev. Mr. Ford had been untiring in his efforts for the improvement of the public schools. This season he threw the community into a commotion by proposing to establish a High school for girls. Great objection was made by several of the wealthiest citizens. "It would increase the taxes, and a grammar school education was sufficient for the girls in the middle and lower walks of life,—those in a loftier sphere were well supplied with the means of a higher education by the numerous excellent private schools and the Academy."

Mr. William Archer and Mary coincided with their pastor, but Mrs. Archer rather inclined to the opposition. At the commencement of the contest Emma wrote to Mary: "Tell Mr. Ford not to be disheartened, he must succeed. Only think what a Godsend such a school would have been for me, and how many girls there are with just such a desire for an education who have not the means to obtain it."

The clergyman unflinchingly combatted his opponents in the true Democratic style, persevering until he had overcome every obstacle, though his persistency caused him to lose one of his wealthiest parishioners, and the town had the honor of establishing the first Female High School in the state.

The anti-slavery agitation, notwithstanding the efforts to suppress it, was increasing. In May Emma wrote: "We have had a great scare. Some one started a report of the rising of the blacks. There was great but repressed excitement. No one said much for fear the negroes would hear or know. They knew quite as much as their owners. It was Sunday and there was no visiting according to their custom on this day, no laughing nor joking, everything was as solemn as a funeral. Our young gentlemen mounted their horses and rode off to get the news, and did not return till midnight.

They brought the joyful intelligence that no foundation could be found for the report. The military had been ordered out, but there was nothing to do but dismiss them. Of course we were greatly relieved. A mob is to be feared, and a mob of excited blacks would be a terrible thing, especially to the white women and children. If this report had been true and there had been trouble the North would have been denounced as the cause. The abolionists are anathematized in strong terms. Much that they do and say is injudicious. Most of the planters have inherited their estates and slaves, it is the mode

of life to which they were born, it is difficult to see how they could make a change if they desired. It is a momentous question, involving the welfare of the blacks as well as the whites. Though Mrs. Fitz Hugh is like a mother to her people, and I see no cruelty anywhere, I can plainly discern that slavery is a curse to the country, and wholly at variance with its institutions. In time it must be abolished, but how God only knows. The negro is far from being a fool, and there is such an intermingling of the white race the bondsmen must break their fetters. Many are born with an independence and intelligence that will brook no restraint. This servile labor is a bad thing for the South. To the northern eye everything goes on in such a slipshod way one grows impatient, but there is a contempt for work among the upper classes that must cease ere the country prospers as it ought. People are too polite to express the sentiment in my hearing, but I know that there is great contempt for northern enterprise. Yankees are laudable objects for ridicule. We have had a belle from Baltimore visiting here: she was speaking of her brother to one of our neighbors: "I am sorry to say that he is determined to become a merchant," she said. "His one idea is trade, he has joined the ranks of the money making Yankees, of all people the most despicable in my eyes." Catching a glance from her companion she quickly turned and hastily added, "I beg pardon, Miss Irwin, of course I did not allude to you."

I replied, "An apology is not necesshry. I am not ashamed of my people. Our merchants are princes and our traders are the mighty ones of the earth."

This epistle caused considerable remark among Emma's home circle, and there was a hearty laugh over her repartee. Mrs. Irwin said "she was glad that her niece having fitted the two young men for Harvard had determined not to return to the South." Guy said "it was a pity Mary could not have sketched the rival beauties, but he thought they all could imagine the scene."

In the spring Guy relinquished the study of law and devoted himself entirely to the farm, literally putting his hand to the plough. The ploughman not doing his work in a style to suit the young gentleman, he motioned him aside and seizing the plough handles turned half a dozen furrows as a specimen of what he wished done. The Deacon was present and gazed with one of his grimest visages till Guy turned from the plough. Then he went into the house. Sinking into the nearest chair he indulged in a merry whistle. Mrs. Langdon was with her mother in the kitchen. "Harner, Harner," he shouted." "Marm, come here, I've suthing to tell ye." The two women hurried into the back porch. Nancy rushed from the dairy.

"Guy's been ploughing," the old gentleman exclaimed, with twinkling eyes, "and he made straighter and neater cut furrows than I ever did in my best days. I wish you could have seen him spring forward, put John aside and grab the plough and go to work. I didn't think he had so much strength, and cannot conceive how he could turn such a furrow without practice. Didn't John stare! Oh, it was a sight." And the old gentleman burst into a hearty laugh in which

his wife and daughter joined, and Nancy went into an ecstacy. "Only think of a Langdon all over, ploughing," she gasped, rubbing her hands and laughing hysterically. Mrs. Langdon put on her sun bonnet and sought her son, he must not over exert himself. Guy laughed at his mother's anxiety, but accompanied her back to the house for luncheon.

The next morning the Deacon proposed, as it was painful for him to ride, that Guy should go into an adjacent town to look at a yoke of oxen he understood were for sale. As this was one of the highest marks of his grandfather's confidence, Guy cheerfully acquiesced.

"Take the boy to drive 'em home," the old gentleman directed, as he placed a roll of bills in his grandson's hand, adding, "if they suit don't haggle about the price, unless it is exorbitant."

In a few hours Guy returned with the oxen, and he also led a very handsome black mare.

"Where did you get that horse?" inquired the deacon, as he glanced over the oxen with a nod of approval.

"Of Leighton. The owner has gone West, and left her with him to sell. Isn't she a beauty? Only seven years old and I got her for seventy-five dollars."

"That beast for seventy-five dollars! Why, boy, you're cheated. Something ails her. There's something back. Don't put her with the other horses; she may have glanders, and been so doctored that the de'il himself would not detect it. Oh, there is no trick that a horse dealer is not up too."

Guy laughed, looked incredulous, but slightly crestfallen. The oxen proving satisfactory, he led the horse home with a reassured air. A fortnight passed and the mare gave perfect satisfaction. Mrs. Langdon had driven her and pronounced her an excellent horse for a lady. She was becoming a general favorite, when one morning as Guy drove her to the door, his grandfather came out to accompany him to town. They had gone about a mile when the mare stopped. Both were surprised, but waited a few minutes; then Guy stepped from the chaise to ascertain if anything was wrong. Having examined the harness and the animal's feet, and not finding anything amiss, he reseated himself and tightening the reins, gave the word to go, but my Lady Kate laid back her ears, and planting her feet firmly on the ground, stood the perfect picture of obstinacy.

"The Dickens!" exclaimed the deacon, "the murder is out. I knew there was something back. She is contrary."

Guy flushed and gave his pet half a dozen lashes. She took the thrashing unflinchingly.

"Stop, Guy," said the old gentleman. "Whipping won't do any good, — she's used to that. A woman and a horse are a good deal alike when they're out of out of sorts, you must coax 'em."

Guy again sprang to the ground, rubbed the animal's nose, patted her, talking the while in a cheerful, encouraging tone; but she would not stir.

"Get up again, Guy: it's useless," said the old gentleman. "I'll sing to her."

"Sing," Guy exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes; you get into the chaise and

hold the reins in readiness for a sudden start."

Then the deacon, who had been a famous singer, commenced "Coronation;" this was followed by "Old Hundred." At the last note the mare condescended to raise her ears. "What Can the Matter Be" was half through when my lady gave three tremendous leaps, then subsided into a rapid trot which continued into town.

The deacon advised Guy not to mention this little episode in the morning's ride, but the affair was so ludicrous, he could not refrain from telling Mary.

Kate went home as usual and nothing occurred to mar her serenity for a month. Then as Guy and Mary were driving home from the beach, she suddenly stopped.

"Oh, my beauty, so you are in for it," Guy exclaimed.

Mary laughed.

"Let me manage," she said, and she began to whistle.

Mary excelled in this unfeminine accomplishment.

"Yankee doodle" was nearly through when the mare started, walked a few steps, then trotted forward at her usual pace, and she never after gave any serious trouble, and in a short time there were no signs of being refractory. For years she continued one of the most valued of horses.

Mrs. Fitz Hugh and the young gentlemen came north with Emma, and she accompanied them on a trip to Niagara, Montreal and Quebec. Her pupils passed an excellent examination and entered Harvard with honor. After a few quiet weeks with her aunt, the young lady paid a visit to the Archers and Mrs. Langdon. Miss Anna Ross had recently married a gentleman residing on a large farm in Ohio. Emma met her at Niagara, and she obtained the promise of a visit in October. Mary also received an urgent invitation to come with her friend, but Mrs. Archer was so feeble, she was disinclined to leave her. Though he did not complain, Mary saw that Mr. Archer was not as robust as formerly. His head troubled him, and Mary had gradually become his daily assistant. Mr. Archer said it was not right thus to tax her, when she was obliged to fill her mother's place as well as her own in the household, but he could not well dispense with his confidential clerk. She would have gone to her grandfather's with Emma, but Mrs. Mears, after an absence of many years, came to visit her friends and recuperate with sea air and bathing. Emma would return to her aunt's the day after Mrs. Mears left. The lady had just bade her friends goodbye, looking really rejuvenated, when Guy drove up.

"Mary, we must have you this last day," he said "for as Emma says, when shall we three meet again."

Something in the young man's tone caused Mary to turn and look at him.

"Why did you say that so, Guy?" she queried.

"So, how?" he laughingly returned. "Come, hurry, the day will be too short, this white milestone on the turnpike of our life's journey."

Mr. Archer laughed. With a disdainful pshaw, Mary went for her bonnet and shawl. Mrs. Langdon had luncheon on the table when they arrived. After it had been eaten, Emma took a copy of Marmion from the table,

saying, "Put on your bonnet again, Mary Minot, we are going into the woods awhile before dinner, and if you will be good I will favor you with a few pages of the Scottish seer."

"Take Shakspeare, Emma," Mary returned. "Once, years ago, I stealthily heard you read Macbeth to Guy. I should like to mark your improvement."

"So you overheard me read the play to Guy," Emma exclaimed. "That explains some things I never could understand. I must compliment you on your silence. It appears that one of Eve's daughters can keep a secret."

Guy's eyes turned to Mary's. With a slight flush she bade him go for Macbeth. Bringing the book from the library, he took Marmion from Emma's hand, and the trio passed out through the garden and pasture to the thicket, a pretty grove on an eminence commanding a delightful prospect. Seats had been placed beneath the trees. Emma took one and motioned Mary to sit opposite. Guy gave her the books.

"Go and lie down on the grass out of my sight," Emma playfully commanded, as she took them. "I cannot read with his cool, critical face in view," she said to Mary, "but I wish you to watch every expression and accent. Mary nodded assent and Emma opened the book. A rosy flush suffused her face, and she paused an instant before commencing Macbeth.

From the first Mary was surprised and pleased; soon she forgot to criticise and gave herself up to the pleasures of listening.

"Delightful," she exclaimed when Emma ended the play. "Now, give us Flodden Field, and the death of Marmion."

Her friend complied.

"Splendid," Mary exclaimed, as she closed the book. "That could not be excelled by Fanny Kemble or any other celebrity. Am I not right, Guy."

"Yes, I cry encore till I am hoarse, and three cheers and a tiger till I am breathless," the young man replied with a serio-comic expression, as he rose and came forward.

"He thinks I can read in public," Emma exclaimed, and that is to be my business the coming winter. "Emma," Mary returned with astonishment, "are you in earnest?"

"I was never more so,—the dream of years is to be realized."

"What will your aunt Irwin and Phillips say?" Mary asked.

"Aunt will be horrified, Phillips will say I am out of my sphere, but it will be of no consequence. I shall be launched on the sea of popularity before they will know of my plans. Only you and Guy are in my confidence here," she replied.

"Who elsewhere? What are your plans?" Mary anxiously inquired.

"I shall make my visit in Ohio. The second week in November I shall go to Richmond, Va., where Mr Hugh Fitz Hugh has arranged for my reception. If I succeed—and I shall—the next week I shall read in Philadelphia."

"Oh, yes, you will succeed," Mary enthusically exclaimed. Does Walter suspect?"

Emma's voice was slightly tremulous as she slowly replied, "I think not, I trust not."

Guy stepped forward and took the

books, saying "it was time to return."

Jennie Archer came after dinner, and Mrs. Blake insisted that the party should take tea with herself and the Deacon. Nancy was in the best of spirits. At night Emma and Mary laid down side by side as they had done so many nights before. Everything was the same, and yet how all had changed.

Guy and Mary took Emma to the railroad station in the morning. Margaret Eustis was in waiting to speak the parting words to her friend. In a mo ment the train rushed into the depot. Hasty kisses and handclasps and Guy handed Emma into a car, a seat was taken, the last lingering hand pressure given, the young man rejoined the girls on the platform. All aboard shouted the conductor, the bell clanged, the locomotive snorted and puffed, the train began to move, the window was raised, a fair, pale face nodded a smiling farewell, the train glided on through the tunnel. Emma had gone, gone to achieve her destiny.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SURPRISE.

Pleasant letters came from Emma on her visit to Ohio. As ninth of November approached Guy and Mary could not repress a slight anxiety. Though not doubtful of their friend's success, still when the eventful evening arrived both were somewhat nervous and both passed nearly a sleepless night.

Emma promised to write immediately, and a letter came as quickly as the mail, still it was such a long time to wait! Guy was at the office when the important missive arrived. Seizing it he hastily broke the seal. It only contained, "Success, more than succes—a complete triumph. I retained perfect self-control, had only a slight flutter when commencing. Newspapers will come giving particulars. I read in Philadel phia on the fourteenth, then go to Cincinnati. A busy winter is in prospect for your sister Emma." Guy hastened with this satisfactory news to Mary. "We must keep quiet I suppose, till the papers come," she said, after her first exclamations of joy.

"Yes," he replied, "they will be here to-morrow evening. Mrs. Irwin has returned to her city residence. I will go to Boston and take tea with her. Phillips will bring the news with the evening mail.

Mary clapped her hands. "That is a good idea," she exclaimed. "You must go and see Walter, he will receive a paper." "Yes, and the friends here. As mother was half in the secret I told her what I expected. She was not surprised nor displeased." After a moment's pause Guy added, "I am greatly relieved, Molly. This matter has been a weight on my mind for years. I knew that I took a great responsibility upon myself to advise a beautiful girl like Emma to take such a step, but a quiet, domestic life would not satisfy her now, and from a child she has been determined to win a competence."

"Yes," Mary replied. She had a horror of dependence on any one. You did exactly right, Guy,—you understand

Emma. She will enjoy this coming winter,—enjoy the work, its fame, and more than all, the fortune it will bring."

Guy took an afternoon train, and was with his friend Phillips when he took his mail from the office that evening.

"A letter and paper for you from Emma, mother," the young man said, after she had greeted Guy. "Please open them before you ring for tea, for I cannot understand why they are mailed from Richmond, Va."

"Richmond," Mrs. Irwin exclaimed, "Emma is in Ohio. What does this mean?"

Opening the letter she rapidly scanned the sheet. Surprise, impatience and anger were depicted on her countenance as she read. "Gracious, Phillips, give me that paper and read this," she exclaimed, holding out the letter. Her son obeyed. Tearing off the envelope Mrs. Irwin unfolded the sheet and turned to a column marked by a pencil. Phillips looked as surprised as his mother. With a few gentlemanly ejaculations he took the paper from his mother and handed the letter to Guy. It was brief—told how for years she had been fitting for the life now assumed, and of her successful debut.

"Well, if she must do it, I am glad she gave satisfaction," Phillips exclaimed, as he handed Guy the paper. "You see she received quite an ovation. Of course Em. would turn everybody's head."

"I wonder she did not take to rope dancing," gasped Mrs. Irwin. "And to think how sly she has been,—keeping this from me when I have been so good to her! I strove to give her an education that would make her a worthy woman, and to think of her becoming such a public character, it is too bad! Why couldn't she have married Walter Eustis and filled her proper sphere."

"Perhaps the sphere she has chosen is a more proper one for the present," Guy ventured to suggest.

"Oh, I know you and Margaret Eustis are for woman's rights, advocate their voting, preaching etc., but I was reared with more feminine ideas, and must be pardoned if I retain them," the lady sarcastically returned. "The idea of that girl's standing up before an audience to read Shakspeare's plays! She might as well have gone on the stage and done with it."

"Many good women have been and are actresses mother," Phillips interposed. "You never objected at Emma's singing at charity fairs, and she stood before as large audiences. At one fair you permitted her to dance a fancy dance dressed in Highland costume. I do not see any more impropriety in her reading in public and she will gain both fame and fortune. Upon the whole I applaud. I shall write her so. You can say what you please, but I advise moderation. Now we will have tea." Later, Guy sought Walter. The young man had received a paper. He was not surprised. He had known more of Emma's proceedings than she had suspected. He was glad she had chosen reading instead of the stage. "She will enjoy this life for a while, Guy," he said with a sad smile, "by and by there will come a reaction, I can bide my time."

Guy pressed his friend's hand in sympathetic silence, and the conversation turned to other topics.

At his return Guy found the home

circle rather excited over the news. No one expressed great disapprobation, excepting Mrs. Fanny Archer; as was to be expected, she anathematized Emma's course in strong terms. Margaret Eustis was greatly pleased, said, "she was glad their was one girl whose idea rose above making a good match."

Miss Selina "pitied the men. Only to think of the hearts Emma would rend in twain."

The young lady's popularity increased rapidly. The winter was passed at the West and South. She was engaged for some weeks in New Orleans. It was late in the spring when she returned to New York, where after much solicitation she had consented to read; but she would not permit any of the Massachusetts friends to come to hear her.

"Not yet," she wrote. "Next winter I will screw up my courage to appear before a Boston audience. Meantime you must wait."

From New York she went to Saratoga for a month's rest. In June she passed a few days in Brookline. Mrs. Irwin received the elegant and successful young lady with great cordiality. In July she went to Cape Cod for quiet and sea air.

Mary, Jennie and Guy passed a quiet winter, with the usual home duties and pleasures. Guy read law when he had leisure, but most of the time was devoted to the farm and business connected with his own estate. At New Year Archie Archer went to Boston to become a clerk in the establishment of Eustis & Son. Archer Place was very lonely and silent without him. He was missed throughou the neighborhood. Mrs. Fernald said "she couldn't have believe his sojourning to the city would have made such a difference. It seemed as if half the parish had gone." And Nancy declared herself lost without the scapegrace to eat up her turnovers and tease her out of her seven senses. Well' it was the way of the world. For years we scolded over the boys, the plagues, and then afore we knowed they were up and off, and home didn't seem home without 'em, the patching and worriment was all for got, te he, he."

In March Mr. and Mrs. William Archer went to New Hampshire so that Mrs. Archer might escape the spring east winds. They boarded with Mrs. Mears till May. Mary went to Archer Place. The letters from the Sandwich Islands had not been as satisfactory since the birth of the babe. Though little was said it was evident that Mrs. Alger was not as strong as could be desired. Though Mr. Alger appeared to be succeeding in the mission, his letters were not as enthusiastic as at first. He wrote Guy "that if professing Christians were less greedy of gain, missions as well as every other Christian work would be more successful. Margaret Eustis was right when she said that the example of many church members was sufficient to turn peopie infidels, and that it was little use to send Bibles and missionaries in the cabin when rum and opium went in the hold."

It had been an unusually long time since a letter had been received, and the the family were becoming anxious, when one evening in April a town hack drove to the door, and before anyone was aware of its approach, Mr. and Mrs. Alger, their little girl and her nurse were in the hall. If so many spectres had

appeared it could not have brought greater surprise and consternation. It was Fanny whom Mr. Alger was bearing half fainting into the sitting room, but even her mother scarcely recognized her. Restoratives were hurriedly administered and in a few moments she recovered sufficiently to beg the affrighted group around the sofa not to be alarmed. Mr. Alger explained that Mrs. Alger had become so debilitated that the physician thought it best she should return to her native air. A vessel was about to sail for Boston and they took passage in her. The voyage had been tedious, and the cars made her sick.

"I am better and shall soon be my former self now I am at home," Fanny added. With a more natural tone she said, "I have given such a fright you have not noticed my baby."

"Yes, Grandpa had taken the little miss and Mary was divesting her of cloak and hood."

"Isn't she a perfect second edition of myself?" her mother asked with a little of her old enthusiasm.

"Yes, she was." every one declared. The little one showed no fear, but went from one to another lisping "How do?" and returning the kisses showered upon her.

Mrs. Fernald was at Archer Place assisting in the spring cleaning. Learning who had come she very sensibly hurried the preparations for tea, which was soon on the table. As the supper bell rang Mrs. Archer sprang from her chair, exclaiming, "I do believe this surprise has taken away my senses. I never thought of supper."

"Mrs. Fernald did, and has a very nice one on the table," said Jennie, as she smilingly offered her arm to her sister.

"How pretty you have grown, little grandmother," Fanny said as she entered the dining room. "How is Phillips?"

"Very well," Jennie returned with a blush.

"Everybody is well, and Emma has become a distinguished public reader. She has become a celebrity, and is growing rich."

"Emma!" That is news! How much you have to tell me, but I must speak to Mrs. Fernald."

"Dear Mrs. Fernald, how natural you look, not a day older than when I left," Fanny said extending her thin, transparent hand. The woman took it gently and the tears stood in her eyes as she said, "I'm powerful glad to see ye, Mrs. Alger. Ye'll pick up now, never fear, ye'll pick up. I've put some gold thread a steeping, that is about as strengthening as any yarb, and the bitter is good to settle yer stumich."

"Thank you, you are very thoughtful. Your old kind self, Mrs. Fernald, "Fanny gratefully replied. "Here is my baby, my little Fanny."

"Yes, and she's you right over agin," Mrs. Fernald returned as she kissed the little stranger and gave her a cake.

Fanny was really lively at the table, and the conversation was becoming gay when Nancy rushed in, and before a word could be spoken she had hugged Fanny and the baby till they were breathless, then actually kissed Mr. Alger, somewhat to that gentleman's dismay. "Well, I never spected to see ye agin in the flesh," she exclaimed sinking into a chair, gasping for breath. "The

hack driver told Guy who had come, he met him coming from town, and I jest dropped everything and run over, te he, he, he."

"It was real good of you, Nancy," said Fanny. "Won't Guy and his mother come?" "Yes. Guy was tackling when I started," Nancy replied, taking the cake Mrs. Archer handed her. "Thank ye, Miss Archer, but the sight of these Sandwichers is better than victuals. The Deacon and Miss Blake said they must come, too, and so Guy put the horse into the carryall, for Deacon can't walk much. Oh, it's fun to see him lean so on Guy. He can't do nothing without Guy. Langdon all over, te he, he."

Guy soon drove up. Amid the cordial greetings that followed Fanny looked and spoke so much more like her old self, that her family and friends took courage. "Rest and home would soon fetch her 'round. She would soon be the Fanny of yore."

Nancy joined Mrs. Fernald in the kitchen.

"I shant say anything about it to anybody but you," she said to her, "but death's finger print is on her temple. Didn't ye see it?"

"Well, we've all got to die," the woman gravely returned. "It's my opinion she's in an old fashioned consumption. She may live this forty year. There's our Jemima keeps about so. I wish ye could see the muslin she translates. Why, she translated a ten dollar French wrought muslin collar on to lace for Miss Squire Barker the week I was on to Worcester. I do wish you could see it; it was handsomer on the lace than when it was new. Oh, those old fashioned consumptions are master sicknesses. I tell ye! with nussing and care Fanny may live this forty year."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A DELUSION ENDED.

In a few weeks a slight improvement was perceptible in Mrs. Alger's health. The family physician said "he wished all his patients were as hopeful; she would never die from hypo."

Relatives and friends hastened to welcome her home. Archie passed Sunday at Archer place through the summer. Phillips Irwin and Walter Eustis often accompanied him. Grandpa was highly gratified.

"It seemed as it used; the house had been like a tomb since Fanny left; he was glad his girl had come."

The little Fanny was a constant source of amusement, with her baby prattle and quaint foreign ways, so unlike New England children. Her great-grandpa took her to see the calves. Upon her return she told her mother "she had been to tee te barn babies". Archie having called her baby, with an indignant stamp of the tiny foot she replied, "Me baby, no, me Fanny."

Her great-grandpa and Archie were her especial friends, and she took a great fancy to Nancy, who baked her turnovers, gingerbread men and horses. Mrs. Fraiser made a visit with her little boy. It was interesting to watch the two together. They were usually the

best of friends, and Fanny generously permitted the little Walter to share in all her goodies and playthings. Jennie made her a huge rag baby. Mary painted its face and assisted in furnishing a very complete wardrobe. This doll, which was the delight of her eyes and the joy of her heart, the little girl christened Nellie, and Nellie was her constant companion by day and by night. Archie, boy-like, to tease her, told her one evening when the children came to kiss good- night, that Walter had no Nellie to sleep with him As she was her visitor, she ought to lend her to him. The child gazed earnestly at her uncle for a moment with a very sober expression, evidently it was a trying thing to part with her treasure, but politeness triumphed. With a parting kiss to the doll, she very prettily placed it in the little boy's hand. He held it a moment, then handed it back, saying, " Ite a boy. I don't want your rag baby. Ite dot a dod."

Amid a general laugh, Fanny took her doll, and with a little graceful bend to the company, accompanied her mamma up stairs.

The year previous, Mr. Alger's mother had been married to a wealthy old gentleman in Illinois. In July he went to visit her. A great yet somewhat undefined change was apparent in the clergyman. He had lost much of his shyness, still he was eccentric.

Margaret Eustis was at Archer Place frequently, and the two often held discussions upon the topics agitating the religions and political spheres. Margaret declared that Mr. Alger was growing more radical than herself, and Fanny declared " Margaret bewitched her husband ; if it was old times she should be arraigned for a sorceress."

Mrs. Alger had hoped to have accompanied her husband to the West, though she rode every pleasant day, and after Mr. and Mrs. William Archer's return, she had made them and Margaret Eustis a visit, it was not thought best to risk so long a journey. It had been Mr. Alger's intention to return in a few weeks, but Mr. Norval, his mother's husband, had a son who edited a news. paper in Springfield. His health had failed ; rest was necessary ; he wished Mr. Alger to supply his place for a time and after some hesitation he consented.

Mrs. Alger was pleased. She wrote her husband to remain ; she was growing stronger, should soon be able to join him ; she knew he would excel in journalism. She had coaxed Margaret to write him an article, which she enclosed. Margaret promised to send articles frequently, and Guy said he would drop a line now and then. She was certain he would succeed. She knew how he longed for his little girl, but he must devote a corner of the paper to baby talk, and she would send her sayings.

The Academy had prospered so much under the care of Miss Mears that the trustees had increased her salary. In the summer vacation Elizabeth Archer and her younger sister came to see Mrs. Alger and their other friends. 1843, the year that Miller was declaring would end the world, was approaching. Mr. Mears took no notice of any earthly thing and scarcely sufficient nourishment to keep soul and body together, spending his time in reading, meditation and prayer. Elizabeth Archer was very

indignant at Henry's parsimony and lack of interest and sympathy. Upon her arrival in Brookline, Emma Irwin wrote a pleasant letter to Mrs. Alger telling her she would see her in September. True to her word, Guy said one could depend upon Emma, she came,—the same Emma to her friends, but even more changed in appearance than when she first came from the South.

"Splendid," Mrs. Alger exclaimed when Emma left the room after the first greeting. "Emma always was elegant, she is now perfectly enchanting."

Emma was fond of children and little Fanny admired her much. "Te booful lady gooder to me and Nellie, she dives tanny and tings," she informed visitors, but her grandmother though polite was not cordial. Emma saw and understood the cause of this restraint, but she made no remark respecting it, not even to Mary. The churches in town were then mostly carpeted, and Mrs. Fanny opined that theirs ought to be, and she commenced a canvass throughout the parish to collect money for the purchase. One morning in October she came into Mrs. William Archer's looking very weary.

"I am so tired," she exclaimed sinking into an easy chair. I have been looking at carpets for our meetinghouse. I can get one with the sum I have collected, but if I had twenty-five dollars more I could buy just a beauty, so much thicker that it would pay for the additional outlay. But dear me! how to get twenty-five dollars! I dare not ask Grandpa or my husband for another cent and you, Margaret, Mrs. Langdon, Guy and the Deacon have given enough, and our parish is so stingy, so many old fogies who do not see any necessity for a carpet that I despair," and sinking back in her chair the lady closed her eyes, and Mary went to procure some refreshment. Emma quietly left the room,—returning she placed twenty-five dollars in Mrs. Fanny's hand, saying in her most winning way, "Here is the money, Mrs. Archer, I hope you will accept, if it was earned in a manner you disapprove." The lady had the grace to look a little foolish; with a flush in her cheeks she quickly replied, "Oh, I am much obliged, you are very kind. You and Mary must come with me and look at the carpet." Emma smiled, and with an arch glance at Mary went to array herself for the walk. The girls approved of Mrs. Archer's choice, and Emma bought velvet for the pulpit cushion; then to Mrs. Fanny's delight accompanied her home to cover it, and assist on the carpet. Mary, Margaret and Miss Selina came, and Guy was pressed into the service. Mrs. Fernald was, as Guy informed her, "a host in one woman." The carpet was down at sunset Saturday. The new cushions caused the curtains at the pulpit window to look shabby. Emma procured a new one. The following day all, even Miss Selina, attended service in the renovated edifice. The pastor preached an appropriate sermon, and somewhat to her discomforture paid a fitting tribute to Miss Irwin's generosity. Mrs. Fanny was the picture of satisfied urbanity, and said "she must join brother William in urging her to open the Lyceum course with one of her delightful readings." Emma demurred, but when Mrs. Haze expressed the wish that she would confer the favor, she consented.

Market Hall, the first Friday evening

in November was more than comfortably full, being densely packed to its utmost capacity. The reader's friends were seated round the rostrum: conspicuous among them was Miss Selina in an unexceptionable toilet, and Mrs. Haze in what Archie termed "a stunning new cap." Emma looked unusually lovely in a blue silk and pearl ornaments, her beautiful hear falling in luxuriant curls. Mr. Archer accompanied her to the desk. At his introduction a rosy flush suffused face and neck, but this passed and she stood before the semi-circle of scanning eyes with perfect composure. The first piece assured success. Applause followed applause, every one was delighted, agreeing with Miss Selina, that the entertainment was above criticism, one only thought of the pleasure received. As Walter Eustis escorted the young lady to the group of relatives and friends waiting to congratlate her, Miss Selina, with a nod of approbation, whispered, "You did very well, my dear,—next I shall dance at your bridal when you wed my cousin Walter."

In November Emma read six evenings to large audiences in Boston. She created a great sensation and won an enviable reputation. Mrs. Irwin became exceedingly proud of her neice. After Thanksgiving Emma left to enter on her winter course.

Mr. Alger came for a week at Thanksgiving. He had given satisfaction as an editor. He told Margaret Eustis that her articles were much admired. Mrs. Alger had not gained through the summer as had been hoped and expected. Margaret suggested trying the new science of Homeopathy.

"What is that?" Jennie exclaimed.

Phillips replied, "It is like the boy's arithmetic, 'Once nought is nothing, twice nought is something, three times nought is twenty-four.'"

A laugh rang round the circle, but Margaret told Phillips "he would find the new school would become popular."

Phillips began to practice his profession. He proposed that Mrs. Alger and little Fanny should accompany Jennie to Boston at Christmas. "He thought the invalid could go in the cars without any injurious effects, and the change might prove beneficial. Her nervous system had become completely shattered, and he should like to have her receive advice from some high in authority in the faculty."

Mrs. Alger laughed, "Declared doctors a humbug and medicine a nuisance," but as she was inclined to go no objection was made, and the afternoon before Christmas the sisters and little Fanny arrived at Mrs. Irwin's. Mary Minot came to her aunt Minot's at New Year, aud Miss Selina and Margaret Eustis made their annual visit to the city. Little Fanny became the pet and darling of all. Her mother said she would be completely spoiled, but Margaret declared "some children could bear a good deal of spoiling and little Fanny was one of them."

"Me dood, me poiled, no," the little girl would emphatically reply."

Though Mrs. Alger could not enter upon the round of lectures, balls and parties with the young ladies, she enjoyed many social gatherings. One afternoon she ventured to the Museum, and on another to the Athenæum. If no better she was not perceptibly worse,

and she kept in the best of spirits with a keen relish for all the enjoyment of her position. Phillips had placed her under the supervision of some of Boston's most noted physicians. Dr. Bigelow's chaise and splendid bay horse, with his handsome silver mounted harness, and Dr. John Ware's glass fronted cab with his handsome steed were often seen at Mrs. Irwin's door. Phillips sometimes looked serious after these visits, but to Jennie's anxious questions he only replied, "Everything possible will be done, don't look sober, little grandmother." One evening when she saw she had questioned more closely than he liked, he bade her don cloak and bonnet,—they would take Mary Minot, Miss Selina and Margaret to hear A. Braham and the Raynors. They were to sing together that evening at the Odeon." Calling for the others made the party late, and they were informed that every seat was occupied excepting a few in the upper gallery. They had met Walter Eustis at the door, and both he and Phillips hesitated to take the ladies to that lofty region, but were informed that they might do so with impunity as half of Beacon street was up there. As this was such a concentration of talent and Jennie was urgent to go to that mysterious third tier, it was decided to ascend. The Odeon, the old Federal street Theatre, when turned into a concert room had received little alteration excepting flooring over the pit. The upper gallery had remained unchanged. After climbing the numerous stairs the ladies were seated on the high benches without much difficulty, and they greatly enjoyed the novel scene beneath them. The concert repaid the exertion of the ascent, and the uncomfortable seats were forgotten in listening to A. Braham's popular melodies. The Raynor family in their national costume sang the Echo and other songs. The party descended at the beginning of the last song, thus escaping the rush from below, all unanimous in the decision that it was one of the most charming evenings they had ever spent.

The visitors remained till the beginning of Lent, then Guy came and escorted them home. As the time approached that Miller predicted would end the world, his followers prepared to meet the event. Worldly affairs were set aside and white robes for both males and females were made. On the appointed day, throughout the country, thou ands gathered in public buildings and private dwellings, clad in their "ascension robes;" they passed the day in prayer, reading the Bible, exhortation and singing hymns. The world went on as usual. The sun reached its meridian, then began to decline, the shades of evening drew on, the stars began to twinkle, the moon presented her bright face, the sounds of active life gradually ceased. Twelve o'clock struck. Eager eyes watched the hands on the dial in tabernacle and dwelling. All well, all quiet, no intimation of Gabriel's trumpet. The expectant throng gazed at each other in silence. Exhausted by the day's exertion and excitement, as the small hours advanced the gatherings dispersed. Many believed that a mistake had been made, that the right day would soon come. Several other days were fixed upon as the right time, still the world rolls on.

Mr. Mears was too far above sublunary things to think of an ascension robe, but when the day and night through which he had fasted and prayed had gone, and the sun on another had risen, he took his bed, from which he never arose. Mind and body succumbed—nothing aroused him. Three days he lay in a death stupor, then passed to that life he had expected to meet in such a different manner.

Col. and Mr. William Archer and Mary Minot attended the funeral. Though Mr. Mears's decease was a relief to his family, when the end came they only remembered the husband and father he once was, and he was buried with tears of affection, and his memory cherished with fond remembrance.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DUST TO DUST.

In March, Mr. Norval, the editor, died suddenly. His aged father was prostrated by the loss of his only child. In his grief and helplessness he called for Martin, and Mr. Alger considered it his duty to resign his situation and go to him. The old gentleman lingered till May, when he died. A will made after his son's decease gave Martin Alger ten thousand dollars, and his mother fifty thousand. Mrs. Alger had grown weaker as the spring advanced, but this unexpected good fortune roused all her energy. Mr. Alger and his mother returned east in June. Both were happy to find Mrs. Alger better than they had anticipated. There was an estate for sale in the neighborhood, and Mrs. Alger proposed that her husband should purchase it. "The location was pleasant, the buildings handsome, and it was so near Archer Place there would be but slight separation from her family. A married pair ought to have a home."

The place was bought, and Mrs. Alger busied herself in alterations and repairs. These she hastened as much as possible, for Mr. Alger had become such a decided anti-slavery partisan that grandpa could not always restrain his speech, and Mrs. Alger saw that her father was often displeased and uncom fortable. Her mother coincided more with her son-in-law. Jennie said "for her part she did not think niggers were of sufficient consequence to set a family or the nation by the ears. She wished they were all at the bottom of the Red Sea with Pharaoh and his host."

Mrs. Alger saw that it was best to go to housekeeping as speedily as arrangements could be completed, but the sultry weather was so debilitating, much as the invalid strove against it, she could not always overcome her languor. September came, but the weather was still oppressively warm. The afternoon of the second day, Mrs. Alger called Jennie into her chamber, where she was reclining on a sofa, and asked if there was company below.

"Only Margaret Eustis," she replied. "I do not know as she can be termed company. She went to Boston yesterday and has brought samples for your curtains."

"Why doesn't she come up?" Mrs. Alger asked.

"Oh, that blessed husband of yours waylaid her," Jennie returned "They are in the library discussing 'Sartor Resartus' and the Rev. Mr. Ripley's community. Phillips says he expects society will become so exalted that we shall dwell in marble halls, where the milk will be conveyed by some scientific process from the cows' udders to the infant's mouths; by another the cooking, darning, etc., will be instantly performed, — so that the ladies may have ample leisure for the improvement of their minds, and to assist in the affairs of the country."

Mrs. Alger smiled and told Jennie Phillips she was sarcastic. Margaret came upstairs. Mrs. Alger rose to look at the patterns, but soon sank back again, declaring she was too lazy for anything.

Margaret hoped "we should soon have some cool autumn breezes; this weather is enervating." She soon left, and Mr. Alger came to his wife.

"Martin," she said, raising her eyes earnestly to his, as he seated himself beside the couch and tenderly took her hand, "you remember what you promiscd at the Sandwich Islands respecting little Fanny."

"Yes," he returned in a slightly surprised tone.

"The change in your circumstances would not make any alteration?" she queried.

"No, but don't speak of it now," Mr. Alger hurriedly replied. "I wish to take you over to the house. The furnace is set, the painting finished, and the papering will be done tomorrow."

"Mrs. Fernald informed me that you had got the 'refrigerator' in my chamber real handy to warm my feet," Mrs. Alger smilingly returned.

Mr. Alger laughed and bade his wife get her bonnet.

"Won't tomorrow morning do? I really do not feel equal to the exertion, Martin; I will go early in the morning."

Mr. Alger told her to do as she pleased; giving her a kiss he hastened away.

He was scarcely gone when Mrs. Archer rushed in exclaiming, "Fanny, do get on your white wrap directly. Your father has come from town, and he says Emma Irwin has arrived at your uncle William's, more beautiful than ever. She and Mary Minot are coming here to tea."

A faint flush rose in Mrs. Alger's cheek.

"Emma come! I must rouse and dress. Oh, dear," she continued as her mother assisted in the toilet, "how true Scripture is. I fully appreciate how the grasshopper becomes a burthen and desire fails."

"Why, Fanny, how you talk!" Mrs. Archer affrightedly exclaimed. "How do you feel? Are you in pain?" she anxiously asked.

"No, I only am overwhelmed by the most complete inertia, as our good, tired a-sistant teacher used to say," Mrs. Alger lightly returned.

Mrs. Archer smiled, but she gazed seriously into her daughter's face as she brushed her hair. Jennie ran down stairs, exclaiming, "Here are the girls!"

Grandpa went out to hand them from the chaise and give and receive a kiss. Little Fanny rushed forth, screaming with childish glee.

Mrs. Alger took her mother's arm and descended. Guy was summoned; a merry evening followed. After tea, Emma accompanied Mrs. Alger when she put her little girl to bed. After the little one had said her prayer and begged "Dod to bress papa, pretty 'ittle mamma, grandpas, grandmas, aunt Jennie, uncle Archie, Nancy, tee boofuj lady and and all te other dear fots," was nicely tucked in bed. Mrs. Alger took the Bible and handing it to Emma, asked her to read the 23rd psalm, adding, "I understand you made a great impression, drew many to Christ, by your sacred readings during Lent."

Emma took the Bible, replying, "she hoped she had done some good. It was her earnest desire, and in a low, musical tone, read the psalm. Mrs. Alger thanked her and they rejoined the circle below. The girls left at eight o'clock. Guy soon after bade good night, and Mrs. Alger went to her chamber, declaring Emma had given her new life. She felt much stronger; she would be up bright and early to go to the new house with her husband. Before retiring they looked over the curtain patterns, and decided which should be purchased.

When Mr. Alger rose the following day, his wife opened her eyes and returned his morning salutation and kiss. Fannie, who slept with her aunt Jennie, ran into her mother's chamber when she was dressed; but came tiptoeing out, whispering, "Mamma is asleep."

After breakfast Mrs. Norval and her son went to his house, Mr. Alger saying as he went out that he should come at ten o'clock to take Mrs. Alger over.

As it was not unusual for the invalid to lie late, no notice was taken of her prolonged slumber till near nine o'clock; then Mrs. Archer told Jennie as she went upstairs to see if Fanny wished her breakfast brought to her. Jennie opened the chamber door and glanced to the bed, then quickly stepped to the head of the staircase, and in a frightened tone called to her mother.

"What is it?" Mrs. Archer asked, running up. Following her daughter into the room, with an exclamation of horror, she rushed to the open window, moaning, "Oh, my Fanny, my Fanny!"

Leaning forward, she screamed to her husband in the yard below, "Our Fanny is dying. Go for the doctor and send Tim for Martin and Mrs. Norval."

Col. Archer turned and came towards the house, surprise in every feature. "Fanny dying?" he ejaculated. "I think she is, but go for the doctor," his wife returned distractedly. Jennie at that moment announced that the physician was coming,—his sulky was in sight over the hill. Col. Archer ran forward to intercept him, and Timothy mounted a horse and hastened to summon Mr. Alger and his mother. The physician was hurried up stairs, Mr. Alger and Mrs. Norval arrived, Mrs. Langdon, Guy and other neighbors came, but nothing could be done. Mrs. Alger lay perfectly insensible, gently breathing away her earthly life.

Guy took the sad tidings to town. Mr. and Mrs. William Archer, Mary Minot, Emma Irwin, Miss Selina and Margaret Eustis returned with him. Grief and excitement brought a severe headache to Mrs. William Archer, and her husband took her home in the afternoon. Mary was obliged to go with her, and Miss Selina accompanied them,

but Emma and Margaret remained. In the bewilderment of this unexpected sorrow, little Fanny had been almost overlooked. She had wandered from room to room, or sat in her low chair crying softly, as she evidently feared any loud outcry would disturb her "dear, pretty mamma." It was pitiful to see her try to stifle her sobs and dry her tears on her tiny handkerchief. Mary Minot proposed that the child should go home with her, and as Fanny was willing to go with "her dear Mamy," she took her. A note had been sent by the conductor of the 11 o'clock train to be forwarded to Archie, he and Phillips arrived in time to see the sister and friend breathe her last, which she did as the sun sank below the horizon. Fainter and fainter grew her breath, till the watching circle around the bed scarcely knew when pulsation ceased. The first shock had passed, a solemn calm reigned around the deathbed, slowly, without any violent outburst of grief the bereaved ones withdrew, leaving the dead to the kind offices of Mrs. Fernald, assisted by Emma and Margaret. It was Wednesday evening. It was decided that the funeral should be Saturday afternoon, and as the deceased had been a missionary and the wife of a clergyman it was thought proper to have the obsequies in the church. Elizabeth Archer Mears arrived Friday evening. Mrs. Irwin, Miss Minot, Walter Eustis and other relatives and friends Saturday morning.

The young wife and mother looked lovely in the coffin, dressed in her bridal robes, her glossy hair combed smoothly over the white brow.

Flowers had not then become an adjunct of a funeral, but Jennie had a stand of flourishing plants, and Mary and Emma after some indecision ventured to pin a half-blown tea rose encircled by a few buds on the breast of the corpse. Guy knowing her love for autumn wild flowers, filled a small silver vase and placed it on the communion table, somewhat to the scandal of many of the older people, who could only associate death with gloom and sable hues. Little Fanny had been brought home. Her father took her to see her mother. The child gazed a long time in silence, then she leaned forward and kissed the cold lips. With a slight shiver she turned away and went quietly home with Nancy, to whose care she was assigned for the afternoon, but she could not forget "her pretty mamma in a bok," a recollection she always retained. Three clergymen assisted Mr. Lewis in the funeral service. A brother missionary gave a graphic account of the labor of the deceased while abroad, and paid a fitting tribute to her piety, zeal, energy and unselfish exertion for those under her care. Appropriate hymns were sung. The solemnities over, the large concourse having taken a last look, followed the remains to the adjacent burying ground and the coffin was placed beside the grave.

On returning to the house grief could not be restrained for a time. Little Fanny came home, climbed into her Grandpa's lap, and put up her lips to comfort him. Mr. Alger conversed with his brother clergymen in the library. Mrs. Archer strove to gain sufficient self-control to attend to her household duties, but Mrs. Fernald bade her "keep her setting, she had those two distin-

guished ladies—Miss Irwin and Miss Eustis for assistants, and if one was a public writer and the other a public reader, two handier or more capable girls could not be found, sarch the univarse through."

Mrs. Archer replied that they were true friends. Turning, she met Guy. Holding out her hand she added, "and you have been a head for us all. Your thoughtful kindness is appreciated. Oh, Guy, I ought to have kept Fanny at home. If I had not favored it, Mr. Alger would never have taken her to the Sandwich Islands, but she had been so healthy I did not consider the risk, though Grandpa and Jenny said a missionary's life was too trying for her.

Guy answered sympathetically, "Do not cherish this regret, dear Mrs. Archer. You believe in Divine Providence. In its order Fanny's course led her away for a short time, but in that time how much good she effected. Her labors among those islanders will never be forgotten; but the ideas and habits she has taught will remain and be transmitted from generation to generation."

"Yes, you are right Guy. I know my girl did a good work, but I feel that I have been conceited and vain. I was too proud of her becoming a clergyman's wife and a missionary. My eyes are opened and I trust I shall profit by this self-knowledge."

Guy thought of Nancy but he tenderly returned, "We all must make mistakes in this world, no one is perfect, but if we seek divine guidance I think it will be given."

"That is just it, and I have relied upon my own ambitious will," the lady returned as she turned and went up stairs.

Mrs. Norval had intended to go to the West after her son had become established in his house, now she decided to rent her farm there and become his housekeeper. The week after the funeral she left to make the necessary preparation for a change of residence. Mr. Alger took comfort in executing all his deceased wife's plans, even the curtains she had chosen the evening prior to her death, were purchased and hung. With Mrs. Fernald's assistance he made a pleasant and tasteful home. Little Fanny usually went to her papa's for a few hours every pleasant day, but as her mother had desired she was left to the care of her grandmother and Aunt Jenny. As one of her southern friends claimed Emma Irwin for a bridesmade she left earlier than usual. In November Guy went to New York to attend to business connected with his West Indian property which he wished to sell. Finding that he must go to Havana, he wrote to his mother to join him and spend the winter with her old friends. Mrs. Langdon hesitated at leaving her parents, but they told her to go. Somewhat reluctantly she consented. Guy wrote a long letter to Mary Minot, placing his grandparents under her care. "They have competent help," he wrote, "or I could not have left them, but I know how long and lonely the days will seem. Ride up as often as you can. I know how many home duties claim your time, but I also know the expansiveness of your capacity for assisting others, and you have always been a favorate with my grandparents, come next to their own in their hearts. Indeed I think they reckon you as their own." Mary never spoke

of this message, but she visited the lonely couple as often as possible. A long sad winter it was. Though all strove to bear their loss with resignation it was keenly felt. Guy wrote most interesting letters, and Emma entertained her friends with lively descriptions of her life. In due time sympathetic letters arrived from Calcutta. Mr. Archer wrote most feelingly, and Mary told Mrs. Archer that she really recognized a touch of the Henry she used to know in the letter she received from him.

"The Henry you used to know!" she exclamed. "Why, do you think he has changed materially?"

"Yes," was the emphatic reply.

"Why you are as bad as Elizabeth Archer," Mrs. Archer returned.

"Elizabeth Archer has had just cause for complaint," Mary rejoined, "but Fanny's death has drawn forth a spark of genuine feeling, so it is not entirely extinguished, only smothered by sefishness and a miserly love of wealth."

"Why Mary Minot," Mrs. Archer exclaimed, elevating her eye brows and hands, "I am astonished!"

CHAPTER XL.

THE VISION.

In March Mr. William Archer had a severe ill turn, greatly alarming his family and friends. Deacon Blake's rheumatism rendered him nearly helpless, and Mrs. Blake had the influenza.

Mary longed for Mrs. Langdon's and Guy's return. They came the last of April. Mary would not acknowledge, even to herself, the joy Guy's presence brought her, but no one would have suspected this depth of feeling from her cordial yet undemonstrative greeting; but her face grew so radiant when Guy thanked her for the pleasure she had given his grandparents through the winter, that the look caused other words to tremble on his lips, but ere they could be spoken the young lady, with the remark that the gratification had been mutual, turned to her desk. Taking out Henry Mear's letter, she handed it to Guy, saying, "You must see how touchingly Henry has written about our dear Fanny."

Before Guy could read the missive, Mr. Archer and the ladies entered the room; callers came. Guy could only thank Mary for permitting him to read her letter; "that Henry had evidently not forgotten old friends." Guy had arranged for the sale of his real estate in Cuba. There were deeds, etc., to be written. He was at Mr. Archer's office nearly every day the week after his return. Mr. Archer did not complain of fatigue, though he had other pressing business requiring close attention.

Guy gave such a good account of his appearance that Mrs. Archer and Mary became less anxious. They had grown quite hopeful, when one morning the first of May, the house was roused by Mrs. Archer's screams. Rushing to the chamber, Mary just caught a last gasp. Mr. Archer was gone. His wife fainted and continued to faint at intervals during the day. She was so weak her death was expected, but to every one's astonishment she rallied; she must go

below, she must see her William.

The morning of the day set for the funeral, Col. Archer carried her to the library, to take a last look of the husband she had loved so devotedly since girlhood. He looked noble, younger than in life and as handsome as in his best days. Contrary to expectation, the bereaved lady did not faint, but having calmly gazed at the dear features and imprinted a last kiss on the white brow, she was borne back to her chamber, where she reclined on a couch through the funeral service. Mr. Ford read selections from the Scriptures in his peculiarly impressive manner, having paid a fitting tribute to the character of the deceased. He closed with a prayer that touched every heart. The hymn, "I would not live always," was sung, and the procession formed to convey the remains to the family burial place, where they were placed in a grave near Mrs. Alger's.

Mr. Alger had just erected a handsome monument to the memory of his wife. A few days after the funeral Mrs. Archer ordered one similar.

"It will be a memorial for us both," she said. "I shall not stay here long. William held me by his strong will, he could not spare me, but now I must go to him. Mary, dear child, do not sob so. You have plenty to love and care for you. Be composed I beg. I have letters for you to answer."

Margaret Eustis was present and begged to become Mrs. Archer's amanuensis. "Mary was overtasked; she needed rest."

"She will have it soon. She must write now," was the characteristic reply.

Mr. Archer had been a popular man, beloved and respected by all classes, and his death brought many visits and letters of condolence. Mary had passed through the trying ordeal with remarkable firmness and self-possession, but she looked sad and weary. Though Mr. Archer had a lucrative business he had been too profuse and generous to have amassed a fortune, but he left considerable property. Though he did not gain millions for his wife by the sale of her Eastern land, he sold to good advantage, then had the good sense to refrain from the speculation that was so disastrous to many others. By will Mr. Archer gave the income of his estate to his wife, at her decease the whole was bequeathed to Mary Minot. It was found that the income of Miss Blake's money had never been drawn. Mary told Guy "that as soon as possible she wished to speak to him about that money." He bade her defer everything but the duties each hour brought. Mrs. Langdon and Guy relieved her from many cares. Col. Archer had been appointed executor of his brother's will, and some of the family from Archer Place were daily visitors. Poor Grandpa was much depressed, and Grandma felt the loss of her youngest son keenly. Margaret Eustis and Miss Selina were very efficient in waiting upon and entertaining the invalid. Mrs. Archer did not keep her bed, but sat up but little, and expressed no desire to go below, though frequently with some one's support she walked in the upper hall. One morning in June Margaret came in, her face aglow. "Oh, Mary," she exclaimed. "have you heard the news? That Orphan Asylum has vanished, become

a nonentity." Mary looked astonished, and Mrs. Archer asked "What she meant?"

"Why, the times and fashions have changed. The childen work in the factories, and many charities have been provided for the destitute. The Orphan Asylum has never flourished since that fuss about baptising the children. There has only been a few in the house the past two or three years, last winter there were only three, this year one of these was taken home by a married sister, the second ran away and obtained a place in the mill. Last evening the third came and begged me to take her. My cook is her aunt. She said she could do enough to pay for what she ate, and her aunt would buy her clothes. She didn't want to wear gowns with the skirts cut like pieces of pie, vandykes and poke bonnets, and to sit in the gallery at the Old South for the boys to make fun of, and the rest of the congregation to stare at and say, "She is a charity orphan." I thought her very reasonable, so relieved her little anxious heart by bidding her go to the kitchen and make herself useful. In the morning I would buy calico to make her some gowns with ever so many breadths. "Now Mollie," she continued with a laugh. "What is to become of Miss Blake's money when you jilt Guy?" Mary turned crimson, but a summons down stairs precluded reply, and upon her return Margaret did not revert to the subject. That evening Mrs. Archer bade Mary close the door and come and sit beside her couch.

"No one can hear?" she asked with a strange tremor in her voice.

"No mamma," was the wondering response as the young lady fixed her eyes on the wan face.

"My dear girl!" Mrs. Archer began, then she paused.

"Oh, Mary Minot how am I to tell you! What do you remember? You know that you are an adopted child, though no one on earth suspects it."

"Yes mamma," Mary slowly replied, "I remember the shipwreck, mamma, and Old Lorenzo, and I have some very dim rembrance of a beautiful home we left."

"You do," Mrs. Archer returned rising to a sitting posture on the sofa, as with great earnestness she added, "I always told Mr. Archer so, but he would persist in asserting that it was not possible, you were such a mere baby." A strange spasm passed over the lady's face, then she gasped forth, "O Mary Minot I must tell you. We have every reason to suppose that the drowned lady was the wife of Mr. Archer's brother, Joseph Dummer, and that you are his daughter."

Mary sprang from her chair, then sank down faint and motionless. Mrs. Archer was about to ring for help, when an icy hand was laid on hers, and in a constrained, unnatural tone Mary murmured, "And you knew this! Papa and you knew it! Oh, cruel, cruel! Poor papa Joseph! Poor papa Joseph! To think that a little money that was not needed should bring all this deceit and sorrow."

Springing up, she paced to and fro and with clasped hands impeuously exclaimed, "How could you and your husband have done such a thing. How can I forgive you! I wovld have liked

to have loved you in life and respected you in death, but how can I ?"

Mrs. Archer sobbed hysterically.

" Do not blame me," she implored in piteous accents, " I always wished you and your own father to be informed, that is after we knew Joseph Dummer was your father. We never suspected it for ynass, and then were not sure for some time, but the certainty was at length proved. My husband said he should tell you and his brother, but he loved you so tenderly he was loath to give you up. Then he could not bear that the world should know your identity oc account of that will. I told him at the time no good would come of his suppressing his own daughter's death, but he was young and thoughtiess then. Years brought a great change. He repented his duplicity in dust and ashes. I thinh it hastened his death. He intended to do what he could in repara tion, but as I said, it was from some reason or other deferred year by year. He thought his brother would come home, then he could tell him ; after such and such a time he would speak to you. After his ill turn last winter he wrote a long letter to his brother. Here it is, with one I have written. The two contain every particular. You may read them. After I am gone you must get them to your father. He will probably come home to claim you, but if it is possible, keep our secret from the rest of the family and from the public. When you have time to reflect you will see that it will be best.

Mary lighted a lamp and took the letters to her chamber, which adjoined Mrs. Archer's.

Eagerly she perused the missives Tears suffused her eyes as she read and reread the confessions. After profound thought she rose with the determination that Papa William's character should remain untarnished, his secret must be kept from every one but her own father and Guy. A flush rose to her cheeks at the thought, but Guy must know. At the first stroke of the nine o'clock bell she rose and returned to Mrs. Archer, Bending over her with a kiss she whispered her resolution respecting her father. Guy was not mentioned. "Mamma," she continued, " I also have a confession to make. From childhood I have known my parentage." And she related the conversation she had overheard in the stable at Archer Place, and her reasons for never mentioning what she had learned. Mrs. Archer was surprised. " This is all very singular," she exclamed. " Perhaps it has been for the best, we must try to make it so now. I think your father will forgive us. I shall go to rest with a lighter heart now you know everything. Oh Mary, you have been a precious daughter to me. I am certain you will have your reward."

Marw again kissed the lady, and in tremulous accents begged her not to speak of reward, she had been the best of mothers to one who might have never known a mother's care. Not for one moment have I felt the loss of the mother in heaven. You could not have been kinder or more faithful to the Mary Minot that went with her." Mrs. Archer smiled and returned Mary,s kiss, but the excitement brought such prostration Mary was obliged to summon Judith Ayer, the faifhful serving woman for years in the family, to assist Mrs.

Archer to bed. She soon fell into a quiet sleep which continued till near morning, a very unusual occurrence.

Several years previous Mr. Archer had fitted a studio for Mary in one of the chambers of the large house. there she had spent all the leisure she could command for the past two or three years. The following day when Guy made his usual call, after he had chatted awhile with the invalid, Mary invited him to her studio. Unlocking a closet, she wheeled out an easel upon which rested a large picture. Removing the covering her "Vision" was disclosed. As the cloth was drawn aside Guy gave a start, with an exclamation of joy and surprise. Stepping forward he gazed intently at the painting for some moments in silence, then turning to Mary, he reverently took her hand. "O Mary!" he exclaimed, "How can I express my admiration! What power you have, what a God given gift you possess! How could you give this life-like expression to those figures, such reality to the whole scene?"

Tears rose in the girl's eyes. "I am so glad you like it Guy. It has been the labor of years. I am so go glad you think it a success."

"Success," the young man impetuously returned with sparkling eyes, "it is more than success," and Mary's eyes lowered and the color mounted to her brow at his ardent, adoring gaze. At this instant the rumble of carriage wheels was heard, a ring at the door, and voices in the hall. "Emma Irwin," Mary joyously exclaimed. Withdrawing her hand from Guy's, she hastily covered the painting, returning it to the closet. As Mary locked the door she said, "Remember Guy, no one is to know of this at present." With a promise to keep her secret the young man followed Mary below. At the foot of the stair case they found Emma and Miss Minot. They were taken to Mrs. Archer who expressed great pleasure at Emma's coming. Miss Minot had been expected, she had been a great comfort to Mrs. Archer since her husband's death, though her aunt, she was but three years her senior, and the two had always been as sisters. Emma told Mrs. Archer and Mary that she should have come to them before had it been possible, now she should remain to be a second daughter in the household.

Quiet weeks passed, the invalid grew weaker as the summer heat increased. The last day of July she gently passed to the other world. Her mind was clear to the last. She begged her dear ones not to mourn, she was going to her husband. Her last faint words were a blessing to Mary. Miss Minot and Emma were obliged to leave the week after the funeral, and Mary was left alone. She was very busy, glad to be able to carry out her plans without observation. She was really glad that Guy was summoned to New York on business. The house adjoining Mr. Archer's was occupied by a Capt. Irving who commanded a ship of which Mary now owned a third. He was to sail for Calcutta the first of September, and his wife would accompany him. The second week in August Capt. and Mrs. Irving were surprised at Mary's informing them that she intended to go also. This surprise was increased by the request that her intention should be kept secret. "Business of importance re-

quired her presence in Calcutta as quickly as possible. It was best for all parties to be spared the trial of leave-taking." Thinking that Mary's business was connected with Henry Mears, and that she wished to spare Guy's feelings, Capt. and Mrs. Irving readily acquiesced in her plans, doing everything to forward them without exciting suspicion. By this means the "Vision" and Mary's trunks were packed, and taken to Boston. Judith Ayer and others knew they went, but supposed they were sent to Miss Minot. Every arrangement completed, on a bright September morning Mary left in the early train with Mrs. Irwin, and by noon had sailed down Boston harbor, and was on the broad Atlantic ere the bundle of letters she had given Judith Ayer on her departure, were read. Her business was intrusted to Col. Archer, the house left in Judith's care. To prevent loneliness Mary requested her to invite a niece, a clerk in a store on State street, to reside with her, while she was absent. There were tender farewell letters to her relatives, Mrs. Langdon, Emma Irwin and Margaret Eustis. To Guy she wrote: "I have considered it a duty to embrace the first opportunity to sail for Calcutta. To prevent delay, opposition and grief I have gone secretly. The 'Vision' goes with me. I think you will partially comprehend my motives of action. Write—a budget of home news must await my arrival. Take care of yourself till I return, when everything shall be explained. Thenceforward I trust no secrets will ever arise between us."

To her relatives and friends Mary's letters came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. Words are inadequate to depict their consternation. Gone to Calcutta! Impossible. But as the fixed fact became realized they accepted it as best they could. Judith, after hysterical tears and repeated declarations that she could not bear it, went to carry the invitation to her niece, and settled to a sociable tea with that young lady. Grandpa having raved and stormed for an hour, became pacified with Grandma's adjurations to be quiet, and remember that Mary had said she should return as soon as possible, and bring their long absent son with her. She did not believe she had gone to marry Henry Mears. The others could not decide, Nancy scouted the idea. Guy came home that evening. Mrs. Langdon's hand trembled as she handed Mary's note. The news of her departure had not yet spread, and the young man had not heard of it as he came through the town. Guy took the missive and tore it open. As he glanced at the first words he turned so deathly pale Mrs. Langdon came near crying out in despair, but this was succeeded by an expression of satisfaction ending with such a gleaming smile, that the lady took courage. Catching her glance, he said, "Mollie is all right, mother. What courage she has displayed! Poor girl, this has been a severe task, but she has done right. God grant her a prosperous voyage. Her mission is an important one, but it will bring unlimited joy, and restore a long absent son to his parents."

"Is that her whole errand, Guy?" Mrs. Langdon anxiously asked.

"No, but I cannot explain," the young man slowly replied. After a

moment's thought he added, "We must bide our time, as well as Walter. Meantime do not contradict society's dictum that she has gone to wed Henry Mears."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

Though his wife had been so long an invalid her death was a great shock to Mr. Alger; for awhile he seemed stunned—his little girl was his only solace. Then he found comfort in arranging his home as Fanny had planned. Everything complete with his mother for housekeeper, he again sank into apathy, but his mind was too active to allow him to remain idle for any length of time. His pen was resumed, and he soon became conspicuous among the radical writers of the day. During the summer he began to speak in public. He was permitted the use of the parish church for a lecture on slavery, which was so true in fact and guarded in language that even Grandpa and Col. Archer found nothing to condemn, but in several other places he was severely denounced, bringing upon himself the odium then cast upon the prominent abolitionists.

The anti-slavery leaders having vainly protested against the churches and clergy of the North holding fraternal intercourse with the South, withdrew from the religious organizations to which they belonged. They were joined by many men and women who could not conscientiously accept pro-slavery ideas. A large body of sincere believers had received a severe shock in their religious faith by the failure of Miller's predictions. Others had become disgusted with the duplicity and dishonesty of many professing Christians and with established usages. These classes, with the discontented and skeptical to be found in every community at this period, contributed to form what were termed the "Comeouters,"—a body who for years made a great sensation and became a powerful auxiliary in the anti-slavery cause. In October an anti-slavery convention was held in an adjoining town. Vestries had now been erected in most of the parishes for the accommodation of the Sunday school, the afternoon and evening lectures and prayer meetings. This gathering met two days in a commodious chapel recently built near the church. There were many speakers, giving variety to the exercises. Some gentle and sentimental, some pleading and earnest, others fiery and denunciatory. The morning and afternoon sessions drew good audiences, in the evening there was a crowd. The meeting opened with these resolutions:

"Resolved, That we will not hold Christian fellowship with those Congregational churches who hold communion with the Massachusetts General Assembly, which is in full fellowship with, and receives delegations from the unprincipled slaveholding Presbyterian General Assembly.

"That we will not fellowship those churches which settles or retains as their pastors pro-slavery men, which retain slaveholders or pro-slavery members in

their communion, which invite slaveholding or pro-slavery clergymen to act as members of ordaining or installing councils, or councils to settle church difficulties, that we will not fellowship with churches who contribute of an inhuman pro-slavery and slaveholding American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, because they make themselves by their acts, 'habitations of devils, holds of every foul spirit, and cages of every unclean and hateful bird.

"Resolved, That we will deny all churches the character of Christian, who hold connection, either directly or indirectly, with Andover, Middleton, Princeton, Hamilton, and all other Theological Seminaries whose Professors like Moses Stuart, Dr. Woods, Drs. Miller, Hodge, Hendric, &c., who teach a slaveholding, slave-breeding and slave-perpetuating theology—who coutribute to the support of such Seminaries or receive ministers from such dens of death and hell."

The speaking was interspersed with singing. Music was a special feature of these conventions. The Hutchinson family and other noted singers became enthusiastic in the cause, greatly increasing the interest and enthusiasm of the assemblies. There was a great variety of anti-slavery songs. Whittier's "We wait beneath the furnace blast," "The Slave Mother," words by Jessie Hutchinson, and another by him, "Ho The Car of Emancipation," in the tune of "Old Dan Tucker," and others similar were given. The Hutchinsons did not attend this convention, but a band of good singers were present and stirring songs and parodies were sung. I subjoin a great favorite at the time, a parody on a hymn entitled "Heavenly Union."

"Come saints and sinners hear me tell
How pious priests whip Jack and Nell,
And women buy and children sell,
Then preach all sinners down to hell
And sing of Heavenly Union.

They'll talk of Heaven and Christ's reward,
And bind his image with a cord,
And scold and swing the lash abhorred,
And sell their brother in the Lord,
To handcuffed Heavenly Union.

They'll church you if you sip a dram,
And damn you if you steal a lamb,
Yet rob old Tony, Doll and Sam
Of human rights, and bread and ham,
Kidnappers' Heavenly Union.

They'll raise tobacco, corn and rye,
And thrive and drive, and cheat and lie,
And lay up treasures in the sky
By making whip and cowskin fly,
In hope of Heavenly Union.

One noted preacher whining spoke
Of one whose heart for sinners broke,
He tied old Nanny to an oak,
And drew the blood at every stroke,
And prayed for Heavenly Union.

They'll crack old Tony on the skull
And preach and roar like Bashan's bull,
Or braying ass of mischief full,
They'll seize old Jacob by the wool.
And pull for Heavenly Union.

We wonder how such saints can sing,
And praise the Lord upon the wing,
And roar and scold, and whip and sting,
And to their slaves and mammon cling
In guilty Concience Union.

As was to be expected, most of the church members, many of the congregation and others from abroad were greatly scandalized at these proceedings in this Orthodox vestry. One good deacon groaned in the flesh as well as

in the spirit, but when the deacon groaned the irreverant laughed. It was a meeting long remembered and lasting in its effect upon the people.

As the second evening of the convention was that on which the weekly prayer meeting was held, it adjourned to a private house, and the vestry became filled with its usual occupants. The service had begun when Martin Alger came in and took a seat. One of the brethren was speaking. As he closed Alger rose and commenced one of his most denunciatory harangues. The pastor, a former friend, remained silent a few moments; then he rose and said this was not the place nor time for such a speech, and requested the intruder to stop. Not being obeyed, he commanded silence. As Alger continued speaking, he called upon the audience to sing. Not a voice responded.

The clergyman was evidently exasperated. "Sing," he shouted, but everyone seemed dazed. Having again vainly commanded silence, he ordered "this interloper to be put out of the room." Not a person stirred. Losing patience, the irate clergyman caught up his hat and with a very red face announced, "This meeting is adjourned to Brother Long's."

Stepping from the desk, he opened the door. People began to rise and move forward. Beckoning with his hat, the routed minister headed the procession, who, following the swing of the hat, repaired to an adjacent house, the residence of a member of the church.

Martin Alger, left alone, returned to the convention and announced that the vestry was open for the assembly, as he had routed the holy crew by expounding a few Scripture texts. This declaration was received with rounds of applause, and the vestry again became crowded till a late hour.

The next day Martin Alger was arrested for disturbing a religious assembly. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to thirty days' imprisonment in the county jail in town, whence he issued a series of articles entitled, "A Voice from the Jail," that caused his name to resound in every section of the Union, and excited notice in foreign countries. During his incarceration another convention was held in the vicinity, at which the following resolutions were passed:

"Resolved, That the same spirit that burned witches, whipped and banished Baptists, bored the tongues of Quakers and hung them up between heaven and earth, is the same spirit of persecution and rage which has incarcerated Martin Alger for the utterance of convictions of duty to God and man,— such as moved the heart of Roger Williams and Mary Dyer.

"Resolved, That the church which rushes into the arms of the State for protection and defense, calls on prosecuting attorneys, grand juries, sheriffs, constables, on swords, guns, on the hangman's rope to maintain its worship, instead of relying on the 'strong tower, into which the righteous run and are safe,'— shows that she is anti-Christ, a descendant of that church, that brood of vipers which stung Christ to death upon the Roman cross."

Naturally Martin's course created a tremendous sensation among his family and friends. Grandpa, Col. Archer and

Jennie were furious, declaring his conduct most disgraceful. Others joined with Mrs. Fanny Archer in defining it injudicious and ungentlemanly. No one defended him but his mother and Margaret Eustis. Those ladies united in the decision that he had acted from conscientious convictions of duty and that he had become a martyr in a holy cause.

Mrs. Norval visited her son daily during his imprisonment, and Margaret often accompanied her. Mrs. Fanny was the only member of the Archer family who called on the prisoner. Grandpa and Col. Archer were adverse to having little Fanny taken to the jail, but Mrs. Norval brought such touching entreaties that at length Mrs. Archer took her to her father. After this she was permitted to go with her grandmother until he was at liberty.

Nancy on hearing Martin's sentence, with a hysterical giggle wondered if Mrs. Fanny would boast of "my son-in-law in jail." Then with preternatural solemnity she added, "It's well poor, dear Fanny is under the sod. I allus said Martin Alger lacked common sense, but didn't give him credit for so much uncommon. "Notwithstanding her opinion, she fried doughnuts and baked pies in her best style to send by Mrs. Norval to the prisoner. On his release, with a grimace, she told him she was glad to see him at large, and advised him "to let niggers alone for the futer, te he he."

Mary's absence was greatly felt. As the weeks sped, Grandpa and Jennie said they missed her more and more every day. Phillips began to talk of marriage, but Jennie declared she could not think of such a thing till Mary came home,— so the nuptials were indefinitely postponed. Guy attended to his business and other pursuits so cheerfully, no one but his mother and Nancy had the slightest idea how anxious and lonely he really was.

Mrs. Langdon had always retained Guy's confidence to a certain degree, but Nancy, with her singular mind, seemed to comprehend his thoughts by intuition. Whenever the two met alone she never failed to give him encouragement. With one of her loving leers she would say, "It will all come out right, dear boy. Mary won't be drownded, but will come home safe and sound."

Then her visage would screw up into one of her most knowing looks, with a rub of the hands and a giggle that threatened strangulation, she would add triumphantly, "Then we shall see what we shall see."

CHAPTER XLII.

A VOYAGE TO CALCUTTA.

When Mary Minot arrived in Boston she took a coach and drove to Miss Minot's. She had a trunk in which were packed family jewels, plate and other heirlooms, to deposit with that lady during her absence. Miss Minot was greatly surprised at seeing her at so early an hour, and completely astounded at the announcement that she was bound for Calcutta. "Going to Calcutta with Captain and Mrs. Irving!" she exclaimed in astonishment. "What possessed you to think of such a thing? If

you have decided to marry Henry Mears cannot he come here to take you? Mary laughed and said, "That is to be presumed, but at present I do not feel sufficientfy acquainted with the gentleman to be answerable for his conduct. My errand is in no way connected with Henry Mears. I am going solely on business entrusted to me as papa's confidential clerk. Affairs that I cannot delegate to another. I need rest and change, and anticipate great benefit and pleasure from the trip. I intend to bring home the absentee. What a reunion it will be. God grant that I may not be disappointed, that his aged parents may survive for the meeting."

Miss Minot supposed Mary was doing right, she usually did. "But Guy?" she queried anxiously. "Oh, he will turn to Swedenborg and other big books for consolation," she lightly returned.

"And not to Emma Irwin?" the lady asked with a scrutinizing glance.

"I dare say she will assist to pass the time. Her letters are vastly entertaining, and she will visit Jennie next summer," the young lady smilingly replied.

"Mary Minot, you are incorrigable," Miss Minot returned, but if you can wait for me to dress, I will go down the harbor with you and come back with the pilot."

Mary clapped her hands, saying, "That will be nice, aunty. It won't seem so lonely. It has been hard to thus start away, but I thought it best on many accounts, though sometimes my courage nearly failed."

When Miss Minot and Mary reached the vessel the deck presented a busy scene. Mrs. Irving had gone on board and she gave the unexpected visitor a cordial welcome. It was a lovely autumn day, and the sail down the harbor most delightful. To Mary everything was novel. She greatly enjoyed watching the vessel get under weigh, the scenery on either shore, the forts and other objects of interest. Dinner was served, and Miss Minot took her leave with the pilot. Though tears suffused their eyes the ladies had the self-control to part cheerfully. The voyage really commenced, and Mary succumbed to the weariness of both body and mind. Retiring to her stateroom she began to realize its limited capacity for comfort. Would it be possible to sleep and dress in such narrow limits. At rest, nothing to require or excite exertion she sank into unusual despondency. This was augumented by the nausea she began to feel. The sickness increased with the roll of the sea, and for a time the girl felt as though she could willingly die. But this passed. Rest and Mrs. Irving's kind care brought renewed strength and courage. The crew having recovered from the effects of their last carouse on shore, Capt. and Mrs. Irving persuaded their passenger to go on deck, when she soon resumed her wonted vigor. The life on shipboard she watched with unfailing interest. The perfect discipline, the neatness and the clock-like regularity in which everything proceeded struck her forcibly. As they came into warmer latitude the cabin carpet was removed that they might enjoy the cooling of the floor from daily washing. Contrary to expectation, the time seemed neither long nor monotonous. Mary never tired of watching sea and sky in sunshine or storm, studying the varying tints of water and cloud.

And she took great delight in sitting astern of an evening gazing at the phosphorescent line, like fire, in the wake of the ship. The ladies had supplied themselves with plenty of books and needlework. Mary had her painting materials. Mrs. Irving was a fine singer, and took a guitar for an accompaniment. Mary had never played this instrument, but she began to take lessons and practice singing with her compan ion. During the voyage she painted a portrait of Mrs. Irving in oil, and a miniature of the Captain in water colors on ivory. A variety of fancy work was commenced. One lady often read aloud while the other sewed. There were games of checkers, backgammon and chess with the Captain. Cards often solaced the tedium of an hour. With the company of one of the mates whist was often enjoyed. Soon after sailing letters were begun that they might be in readiness to send by the homeward bound ships usually met after passing the equator. Mary jotted down a few words to Guy each day, and she wrote long letters to Grandpa, Miss Minot, her cousin Jennie, Emma Irwin and Margaret Eustis. Enclosed in Jennie's were epistles to Judith Ayer and Nancy. The equator was crossed on Sunday, and the sailors indulged in a little fun in introdncing to old Neptune one or two of the crew, who like Mary were taking their first voyage. Mary caused much merriment by recounting her childish idea of the equater, which she thought was like a board fence with bars to take down for the passage of ships. As as had been expected, two ships were soon met, by which the home letters were despatched. As they reached the Southern Hemisphere the beauty of the nights were an increasing wonder. The North Star disappeared and the Southern Cross rose in all its splendor. Every constellation seemed to blaze with brilliance, and the Magellan clouds, like fragments of the milky way, on clear nights, could always be seen floating in the south. They were so fortunate as to round the Cape of Good Hope with only a moderate storm, but the air grew so much cooler the ladies were more closely confined to the cabin, and they were really astonished at the amount of work accomplished. The vessel had entered the Bay of Bengal, when upon going on deck one morning Mary was appalled by the terrific sea and portentious sky. The Captain told her that the high sea, which had been increasing the past forty-eight hours, and the dead, dark sky, were the forerunners of a cyclone, and she found the course of the ship had been changed from north by east to southwest by south. Mary could scarcely stand, and the Captain assisted her to the cabin, telling her to remain as quiet as possible. As the day advanced the weather became darker and the sea more tempestuous. Mrs. Irving and Mary were obliged to confine themselves to their state rooms in whose narrow limits they were less liable to be tossed about to the iminent risk of their limbs. At four o'clock in the afternoon, amid the thick gloom a vessel was descried making signals of distress. Capt. Irwin scarcely knew what to do, as sending out a boat seemed too great a danger to be incurred. After drawing as near the strange vessel as he thought advisable, not comprehending what was wished, he summoned the crew aft

and asked who would volunteer to go to her relief. The second officer and four of the most reliable seamen stepped forward. A boat was lowered, and they set forth upon their perilous errand. Of course the greatest anxiety was felt for them, as much by the ladies confined below as those upon the deck. To Mary's fright at the storm was added the dread that these five brave souls should be engulphed in the fearful sea. How terribly helpless she felt! The return of the boat was awaited in a perfect agony of expectation. It came at last, but was stove into splinters by striking against the side of the ship, and its inmates barely reached the deck by the ropes thrown to them by those who had breathlessly watched through what had seemed such an interminable time. The officer reported that she was a native vessel that had lost every sail, but the crew hesitated at deserting her, at length concluded to remain on board and take their chances. The captain comforted the ladies by stating that these vessels, though clumsy, were capable of enduring almost any stress of weather. By altering his course, the captain, an old voyager in these eastern seas, avoided the centre of the fearful cyclone. In less than forty-eight hours the good ship was again in the right direction for the pilot station at the mouth of the Hooghly. The second morning after resuming his course, the captain summoned the ladies on deck, when to their astonishment they found that they were surrounded by the wreck of a large ship. As far as the eye could reach the rough water was covered with timber, spars, doors and pieces of boats, all breaking up, some so near that the finger marks could be discerned on the galley doors. Every one gazed with scrutinizing anxiety for some trace of the crew, but all had perished in that terrible storm. If the sea had been smooth, pieces of the debris could have been easily secured. As it was the captain saw enough to become assured that it was a Merrimac built ship. "Yes," he exclaimed, "this was one of John Currier's best." As the land drew near, the salubrity of the weather increased. The muddy water of the Hooghly began to show plainly in the dark blue of the bay, and the sails of the pilot boat were sighted. Mary could scarcely realize that the long voyage was nearly ended. The pilot, a dapper Englishman, came on board with his native servant, who from morning till night was at his master's beck and call. Gliding about in his white dress and bare feet, he was a new and curious object to Mary. After passing Saugor island the tug boat Wallahs was attached to the ship, and the half naked natives, some with heads shaved and round as a cocoanut, stalked the decks. When they crowded the way, hindering the working of the ship, the steward would let loose one of the pigs he had on board, when there would be a general stampede to the tug, as Mohammedans dread the hog either alive or dead. As the ship proceeded up the river the turbidness of the water increased. An object floating upon its surface attracted the ladies' attention. As they approached they saw it was the lifeless body of a native. The shores with their tropical vegetation presented a novel sight to one, who like Mary saw them for the first time. The channel is so winding that the ship was

often very near the bank on one side, only to almost immediately cross to the other, and so near that the beauty of the gorgeous flowers were plainly visible. At night the ship was anchored, and darkness settled over the river. When from the shore came the sounds of innumerable insects mingled with the cry of jackalls, Capt. Irving amused Mary by thus interpreting this cry. The leader of the pack crying in a long howl, "I've got a Hindoo," answered first by one then by another, until the entire pack howl out most dismally, "where, here; where, here," and the noise dies away in the distance, only to be repeated through the night. Several days passed. Before sailing Mary had written to both her uncle and Henry Mears, and knew she was expected. As they drew nearer and nearer to the city she could not wholly conceal the nervous anxiety that could not be repressed. Capt. and Mrs. Irwin attributing this to a very different cause from the reality, in the most delicate manner strove to calm and reassure her.

At Garden Reach, by the aid of a glass she could see some of the wonderful buildings, the casuerina trees and the clusters of native huts, then a large boat was descried making for the ship. "That is for you, Miss Minot," said the Captain. Mrs. Irving had accompanied her husband on several voyages, and was well acquainted with Mr. Archer and Mr. Mears. Taking the glass, after looking a few moments, she said, "Yes, that is Henry Mears. He is coming to escort you to your uncle, Mary." Mary flushed, then turned pale, and when the boat neared the ship she went below. Mrs. Irving remained beside her husband to welcome the visitor and conduct him to the cabin. As he entered Mary stepped forward to meet a handsome man whom she would scarcely have recognized as the youth she remembered. As Henry entered the cabin Mrs. Irving delicately glided into her stateroom. The gentleman advanced to meet his boyish love with outstretched hand and a beaming smile, and as formerly he was about to imprint a kiss upon her lips, but the expression in the girl's eyes, as she slightly drew back, caused him instead to raise the white hand he held, most respectfully to his own. To her relief Mary instinctively knew that this brought not one pang, that her not desiring or expecting any nonsense was a great satisfaction to the busy, matter-of fact merchant. Regarding her loveliness with the admiration he could but feel, Mr. Mears paid a few compliments, inquired with due interest respecting the voyage, gave the intelligence received from home since she left, adding that a large package of letters awaited her. Mary summoned Mrs. Irving. The Captain came below. After an half-hour's pleasant chat Mr. Mears began preparations for leaving. Everything was in readiness and Mary and her effects were soon on board the boat. On reaching the city she found her father's carriage in waiting, in care of the native syce, who salaamed to their beautiful new "Misse," ba, ba, in the profoundest manner. Mr. Mears handed Mary in and seating himself by her side they were whirled past the extensive Fort William, where her companion drew her attention to the sentries, some of the little brave Ghoorkies, a tribe inhabiting the interior of the coun-

try; through the Maidan, whose level expanse filled her with admiration; past a Mohammedan Masque, with it seven majestic cocoanut trees in front; the Ochterlong Monumen, towering in its beauty above every other object. The houses inhabited by Europeans and Americans are of brick, plastered, with broad verandahs and green blinds, stables and coach houses attached. Mary was struck by their imposing appearance, and as she rode onward, fully comprehended why Calcutta was termed the city of palaces. The street bordering on the Maidan, the "Chouringhee" having been reached, the carriage rolled into the courtyard of one of its most palatial residences. The steeds reined in great style, as the coachmen pride themselves on a triumphal entree. As the syce opened the door a tall, handsome man whom Mary would have recognized from his youthful portrait and family resemblance as Joseph Dummer Archer, stepped forward and lifted her out. After a tender embrace and an affectionate greeting, he led her through the entrance into a large hall, where what seemed to her an innumeraable throng of white-clad servants salaamed to the floor in eager welcome to their young Misse. Passing up a wide staircase she was ushered into the drawing-room, a spacious apartment extending through the width of the mansion, with windows front and back opening on broad verandahs. The floor, as were the other rooms through the house, was covered with India matting. Elegantly carved furniture, with rich and curious articles from China and Japan, splendid mirrors and choice pictures, gave an air of magnificence, combined with shaded coolness, most inviting in that hot climate. Mary had repressed every undue sign of emotion, but as Mr. Archer placed her in a chair, her pallor and the tremor she could not conceal, struck him forcibly. "My poor child," he exclaimed, "you are quite overcome with this long voyage. I will summon your ayah to show your room. Rest and refresh yourself. Dinner shall be served at your convenience. Shall I say in an hour?"

Mary acquiesced, and rose to accompany a white-robed, white-turbaned woman with a jewelled ring in her nose, who took her to a room opening from the parlor. Attached to the spacious sleeping room was a large bath room. The girl gazed at the square, high-post bedstead with its delicate lace draperies and elaborately wrought silk counterpanes, at the elegant and convenient appurtenances of both chamber and bath room, then sank into a seat and gave vent to her suppressed feelings in a violent burst of tears. This was but for a moment. Her good sense and the ayah's dismay caused her to dry her eyes as speedily as possible, and with a smile she placed herself under the care of her respectful servant, who in broken English most volubly strove to comfort and encourage "pretty Misse." After a bath and fresh toilet Mary felt greatly refreshed, and was ready when the dinner bell sounded to join the gen tlemen. Mr. Archer conducted her to the dining room and seated her at a table covered with rare china, glass and silver. The furnishings of the room was as exquisite as the table. Some Hindoo gods and other similar curiosities attracted Mary's eyes. A luxurious

dinner was placed on the table. The servants glided about with an efficiency and dexterity that won Mary's wonder and admiration. Mr. Archer and Mr. Mears made many inquiries respecting the voyage, home, relatives and friends. Mary strove to relish the delicacies handed her, to describe the voyage and answer other questions with her usual vivacity, but the thought of what she must reveal on the morrow dulled her appetite and gave an unaccustomed sadness and constraint to her words and manner. Henry thought her very much changed. Mr. Archer seeing her disinclination for food, and the evident effort it became to sustain the conversation advised retiring at an early hour, a proposition Mary gladly accepted. Dismissing the servant she unpacked the letters and placed them in a drawer of the dressing table. Then with a powerful effort to quiet her nerves she sought the sumptuous couch, when contrary to expectation she sank into quiet slumber. The sun had risen when she awoke.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE LOST FOUND.

Invigorated in body and mind, Mary rose with renewed courage for the day's task. After dressing she read the packet of home letters Mr. Archer sent by the ayah. Affectionate, lively epistles, bringing intelligence from all her relatives and friends. Guy's were those of a devoted lover. He wrote without reserve, told Mary how inexpressibly dear she had been since the day she called him to look at her as she stood upon the table before the mirror, and inquired if he thought her too handsome to live long. He described his hopes and fears as the years passed, in his own peculiar style, and ended by such an impetuous outburst, so contrary to his usual quiet reticence, that Mary was greatly surprised. She knew she was beloved, but now she felt that there were depths in Guy's soul that she was yet to fathom. That intimate as they had been from childhood, in many things he was yet to her as a stranger, that she had much to learn respecting him who was to become her husband. Then came the thought, "Will it be so with me? God grant that I may ever as now remain the imbodiment of his ideal," she ejaculated as with tears and smiles she folded the letters, and prepared to descend to breakfast. In the best of spirits, with the determination to be neither excited nor nervous, Mary returned the gentlemen's salutations. Both complimented her upon her improved appearance, and as the morning meal proceeded Mr. Archer said he was happy to see that she had regained her appetite. Mary was astonished and pained at the information Jennie had given respecting Martin Alger's course. His varied career became the chief topic of conversation. As they rose from table, Mary with a tremor she could not wholly conceal, asked Mr. Archer if he would attend to her affairs for a few hours. Much wondering what this evidently important business could be, the gentleman hastened to reply that he was at her disposal for any

length of time she chose. Mary's trunks had been taken up stairs, but the picture was still in the hall. She requested that it should be carried to her room and unpacked. Mr. Archer placed two of the syce at her disposal, who opened the box in their usual deft manner. After the packing case had been removed Mary placed the painting in a good light on the table with the back resting against the wall. Casting a muslin covering over it she took out the letters, and bade her ayah summon Mr. Archer. Mary noticed that both the previous evening and that morning his eyes had rested on her face with a puzzled, inquiring expression that was strongly apparent as he entered the apartment. "Now my dear girl," he asked, "What is this weighty matter that has taken you across the world to disclose?"

Mary placed a chair in a position to command a good view of the picture, and motioned the gentleman to become seated. With a look of amazed curiosity he obeyed. Then she drew aside the covering, and the painting in its life like beauty was before him. Surprise, joy and tenderness succeeded each other on his expressive face. "My wife, my child, old Lorenzo!" he at length gasped, then suddenly turning to Mary in an eager, commanding tone he demanded: "How and when did you get this?"

"I painted it," she answered in tremulous tones. "I will explain why and how presently." Approaching, she took his hand, and affectionately gazing into his eyes in a firm, tender tone she added, "Father, that is my own mother. I am the Maria Teresa portrayed there."

Mr. Archer sprang from the chair, seizing Mary by the shoulders he held her at arm's length, and gazed at her steadily for some moments, then he exclaimed, "Yes, it is her face, her very expression, but there is Archer too! My girl I must believe you. At times your resemblance to my deceased wife is remarkable. I was struck by it when I took you from the carriage yesterday, and the look 'an dis coming going constantly."

"Here are the proofs of my identity, father," Mary with difficulty found voice to utter. "These," she added in a firmer tone, handing the letters, "give a full explanation."

Mr. Archer seized the package and seated himself at the table.

With a throbbing heart Mary watched as he read. Consternation, surprise and anger succeeded on his face, as he went on, a tenderer expression followed, at length tears bedewed his eyes. Bowing his head upon his hands he murmured "Poor William! Poor, dear brother." Wiping his eyes with renewed calmness he unfolded Mrs. Archer's letter. This was read and reread, evidently with especial interest. During the voyage Mary had placed on paper the whole of her early recollections, and what had transpired to cause her to know her parentage. Mr. Archer took this paper and read it carefully. At its close he sat a moment absorbed in thought, then he rose, and with extended arms stepped towards Mary, exclaiming, "My own child, my beloved daughter!" The girl sprang to his embrace, and for a few moments father and daughter mingled kisses and tears. Regaining composure, Mr Archer drew the

sobbing yet smiling girl upon his knee, and an hour was passed in serious talk. At last it was decided that Mrs. Archer's request should be granted, the secret should be kept, that Maria Teresa Archer should still be known as Mary Minot.

"My own mamma has the other ary inot, and Mamma Mary was so good to me, I would like to yield to her wish," ary exclaimed. "Not for one moment did I ever feel the loss of a mother, her own child could not have received more affectionate care."

"It shall be as you desire, my dear," r Archer replied, adding with a smile that Mary felt was slightly incredulous. "So you believe that Mamma Teresa has the other Mary Minot?"

"Yes," the girl slowly and reverently, returned with that dreamy, spiritual expression stealing over her face, that at times was such a marked characteristic. "I thought so when I tiptoed over the floor to look at both in their coffins, and I believe so still."

Startled, almost overawed, by his daughter's look and words, Mr. Archer gravely said, "It is settled. To the world you are to be my adopted daughter. No one is to know the truth but ourselves."

"No one but Guy, father, Mary returned with a blush.

"Ah, he is the one, is he? I thought it was Henry. What sort of a chap is this Guy Langdon, whose destiny has been so curiously interwoven with yours?"

"Oh, father, do not ask me! He must be seen to be known. Then I am not sure but it would take years to give a full appreciation."

"Has that been your case," Mr. Archer quizzically asked.

Mary blushed crimson, and burying her face on her father's shoulder whispered "Yes."

Mr. Archer clasped his daughter closer, and with a kiss said, "Thanks for this confidence, my darling. When Henry Mears came here I thought he would be your choice, but more recently I saw from your letters that there was a change."

"Has not Henry changed as much, father," Mary quickly returned, raising her head and gazing anxiously into his eyes.

"No, only the characteristics of the youth have become more fully developed in the man," Mr. Archer replied.

"Perhaps you are right," Mary said after a moment's thought. "As a child and young girl I loved Henry dearly, but before he left I began to see the defects in his character, and was often surprised and pained at his conduct. His selfish impoliteness in refusing, at Guy's request, to dance with a somewhat outre miss from the country, at a dancing school ball, first raised my ire. Guy was engaged that set, but he secured the stranger a partner and danced twice with her afterwards. I was compelled to make comparisons. Then if she had not received friendly assistance his oldest sister could not have fitted herself for a teacher. Henry knew every circumstance but failed to send the requisite funds. Mrs. Mears has actually suffered for the money Henry easily could have furnished. Willie has grown a fine young man, and is ambitious and enterprising. He wishes to make the farm productive and to till by the best

methods. He desires new improved implements, etc., but this is an outlay he cannot always afford. Henry could make these matters so easy if he chose. As it is Willie says he will never ask him for another cent."

"You must use your influence," Mr. Archer returned with a smile. "I think you can secure all you wish."

"Elizabeth Archer says Henry would not have sent as much as he has, had he not feared exciting the family's and my displeasure. If so, he has not gained in my estimation, neither will he now by permitting my influence to obtain what he ought to have given from affectionate consideration," Mary rather bitterly replied.

His sister may be right, but I think Henry has retained his youthful love, and now you must be regarded with profound admiration. I cannot help pitying the fellow," Mr. Archer exclaimed.

Mary smiled ironically, as she said, "You have not outlived your youthful romance, I see, but do not be concerned about Henry. Doubtless he is ready to fulfill his early vows. He is as fond of me as his nature permits. I am an heiress, and would grace his establishment. He would be proud of Mrs. Mears and kind to her after his fashion, but how meagre my life would be, how little now we have in common. I shall not say that he will not be disappointed, but he is not one to break his heart for any woman. Business is his mistress, and the pursuit of wealth the chief aim of his life."

Mr. Archer laughed and replied, "That he supposed he must yield to a woman's discernment, but tell me something of this other chap who is to make your life so full and rich. He inherited his father's delicate constitution, I understand."

"He was a delicate boy, and now cannot be called exactly robust, yet by his mother's and his own judicious care he can endure as much, if not more than most people."

Rising, she took a miniature from the dressing case, which she handed to her father, saying "This is the best likeness I could get, but it lacks the vivid, varying expression, which is his chief charm."

"I comprehend," Mr. Archer replied, after carefully scanning the picture. "His face changes with the moods, and the moods change often."

"That is it precisely, mon pere," Mary smilingly returned. "As a boy he was singularly thoughtful and taciturn, with a love for books that would have been thought beyond his comprehension. Though he likes solitude, he is gay and companionable, is a good rider, dancer and skater, and is one of the best marksmen in a sporting community. He was a great favorite at college, graduated with honor, and astonished literary circles by his articles in the 'Harvard Register.' Since leaving college he has been reading law, contributing occasionally to periodicals and magazines, and becoming a practical farmer. Deacon Blake is so disabled from rheumatism that he has relinquished nearly everything about the farm to his grandson. Nancy lives in a perfect exstacy, winding the deacon up every day."

"Nancy, that queer mortal who never

did up her hair !" Mr. Archer exclaimed with a laugh.

"The very same, and her head would look like Medusa's if Mrs. Langdon did not attend to it," Mary replied.

"Ho, ho !" Mr. Archer exclaimed rising, "You make me wish for home. We will go, my girl, when I have wound up my affairs a little, and you have had a taste of East Indian life. Tell Guy I send him a father's blessing, but am as jealous as a lover, so selfish as to wish to hold my new found treasure all to myself for awhile. You remember that Capt. and Mrs. Irving dine with us today?"

"Yes," Mary replied. "Would not you like to have my 'Vision' hung in your room?"

"Yes, yes. I must have it hung opposite my bed, that it may be the first thing my eyes shall rest upon in the morning." Mr. Archer eagerly responded. Stepping to the table he gazed earnestly at the painting for a few moments, then in a low, reverent tone he asked, "Mary, have you ever seen your mother again?"

"No," she replied, "but I often feel as though she was near. It may be fancy, but sometimes I feel as if both mammas and Papa William were with me."

Mr. Archer kissed his daughter, and taking the picture bade her follow him to a chamber similar to her own. Taking down a portrait of his wife, Mr. Archer hung the painting on the hook. Summoning Mary's agah, he bade her hang the portrait in his daughter's chamber, then led the way to the drawing room. Mary had noticed a grand piano. Mr. Archer stepped to it, opening the instrument he placed the music stool, saying, "I purchased this when I found you were coming. I am told the tone is fine, and I think it is. Please try it, if it does not suit it can be changed." Mary sat down, and with an arch look said, "I wish you could have Guy's opinion, he is a much more competent judge. I omitted to say that he has a great talent for music which has been highly cultivated. I have not the gift for music that I have for daawing and painting, but I have striven to perfect myself as much as possible." After playing a number of airs, Mary declared hsrself perfectly satisfied with the piano, and Mr. Archer said she had given him a musical treat. After luncheon Mr. Archer took leave for awhile, saying he would be back early. After her father had gone Mary returned to her room. Her mother's portrait was hung on the wall. After looking at it awhile she threw herself on the bed, and fell into a quiet doze till it was time to dress. She was in readiness to receive Mrs. Irving. The ladies embraced as though they had been long separated. Mrs. Irving declaring she did not know how she could live without the daily companion of months. The visitor having looked around, and expatiated upon the elegance of Mary's new home, seated herself at the piano which she pronounced superb. Mary proposed practising some duetts and songs with which to entertain the gentlemen in the evening. They were still at the piano when Mr. Archer and Capt. Irving came in. Mr. Mears following immediately. Mrs. Irving congratulated Mr. Archer upon the acquisition she had brought him.

"You must accept my most grateful

thanks," he replied. Tenderly drawing Mary to him he added, "Thenceforth she will be my beloved daughter."

Henry started and a slight flush suffused his cheek. Capt. and Mrs. Irving said they rejoiced with both. Dinner at this moment being announced, Mr. Archer gave his arm to Mrs. Irving, the captain stepped aside and motioned Henry to take Mary. As they descended the stairs he pressed her hand, whispering, "Mary Minot, you have played your cards admirably."

"I have played no cards," she rather frigedly returned.

As the meal proceeded the home news was discussed, and Capt. Irving told Mary he was sorry to tell her that the wreck they had seen was a John Currier ship, and that every soul on board had perished. The captain and officers were friends to all, and their sad fate was feelingly deplored. The gentlemen did not remain long over the desert after the ladies had gone to the drawing room. The evening passed pleasantly with conversation and music. Mr. Archer was much pleased with Mrs. Irving's praise of his piano.

CHAPTER XLIV.

CALCUTTA.

Mary soon became accustomed to her new surroundings, and glided so easily into her place as mistress of the establishment, which she filled with such urbanity and grace, that her father was charmed, and Henry Mears patronizingly expressed his satisfaction at the pleasant change her presence gave to the house. Mary found that there were between thirty and forty servants, and that the domestic arrangements were in perfect order. If there was to be company in the morning or a dinner party all she had to do was to announce the fact to the chief kitmoghan, and a sumptous breakfast would be in readiness, and upon the reception of the guests after the evening drive, the dinner would come to the table, course after course exquisitely served. The day after her arrival Mr. Archer purchased a beautiful white Arabian horse for Mary's use, and she usually rode in the early morning accompanied by her father or Henry Mears. The formerly grave, sad gentleman looked so young and happy when cantering by the side of his daughter that friends and acquaintance scarcely recognized him. Mr. Mears was evidently proud of his lovely companion, whom he took pleasure in introducing to the notables of his acquaintance, and Mary soon became a great attraction, receiving much attention. The evening drives were a never failing source of curiosity and amusement. No place in the world presents a more unique scene than the Strand in Calcutta, when the inhabitants, both native and foreign, are driving there at that hour. Equipages of all kinds, from the carriages of the Governor General of India and his suite, the native princes and rajahs, glittering with jewels, even the harnesses decorated with diamonds and rubies, elegant and more modest turnouts, descending

to a huckster's cart drawn by an antiquated poney with a worn out harness eked out by pieces of rope. All these mingling together, driving up and down until the growing darkness warned them home, presents a most wonderful and suggestive scene. One of which Mary never tired. On Sunday the gentlemen and Mary attended divine service at the cathedral, where the young lady had an opportunity to see many of the government and military dignitaries and their families. The fine trees shading the colored glass windows cast a solemn light over the interior, which with the impressive ritual and fine music could not fail to give a sense of calmness and devotion. It is customary in Calcutta to make calls on the Sabbath, but Mr. Archer seldom paid or received visits. Mr. Mears usually took the opportunity to call upon lady acquaintances. His social position as partner with Mr. Archer, his handsome person and pleasing address rendered Henry a favorite in society, and if it did not interfere with business or draw too heavily upon his purse, he was always ready for social enjoyment. The gentlemen went to the office at ten o'clock. While Mrs. Irving remained in the city she and Mary usually passed the morning together. The lady was well acquainted with Calcutta, and she took Mary shopping and to many places of interest. There are fine shops where all kinds of European goods are displayed, but generally the Chinamen make the ladies' boots and shoes, going to their houses for orders. They make very handsome silk and satin boots and slippers. Mr. Archer joined the ladies to choose an elegant and costly Cashmere shawl which he presented to his daughter. One morning soon after her arrival, as Mary and her friend were sitting in her room under the "Punkah," or great fan, waved by the "Punkah Wallahs," there came through the "Purdah," or curtain that screened the open door, the cry, "Chicken Wallah Mem Sahib, Chicken, Chicken Wallah."

"The natives have come to sell Chicken work, as they term the embroideries wrought by them in their bazars," Mrs. Irwin explained, while the ayah came to ask if they were to be admitted.

Mary told her to show them in. She was glad they had come as she wished to select some articles to send home.

"You had better let me do the bargaining, Mrs. Irving said, "as at first they will be sure to ask double the real price, but they will not lose the sale. You will obtain the article at a fair rate in the end."

Mary nodded acquiescence as the purdah was drawn aside admitting two Chicken Wallahs bearing boxes and bundles. Having salaamed to the floor they proceeded to unfold their goods. Fine Dacca muslin dresses exquisitely wrought, collars, trimmings, handkerchiefs, mantles and everything that is capable of being embroidered that is required in a lady's, child's or infant's wardrobe. Mrs. Irwin and Mary made quite a large selection, then came "the tug of war." The first exhorbitant prices were reduced, but as Mrs. Irwin inexorably adhered to the prices she set, the Chicken Wallahs packed their goods and left in high dudgeon, to return in an hour, when after many words and many salaams, and placing their

hands palm to palm, in their broken English exclaiming, "Me bery poore man, Mem Sahib, more rupees," they yielded, and the ladies obtained their purchases at a fair price.

On the arrival of an invitation to a reception at Government House, the residence of the Governor General of India, Mr. Archer advised Mary to employ the first French dressmaker, and he presented her an elegant set of rubies, saying he thought them prettier for a young lady and more becoming to her style of beauty and her white dress than diamonds.

Henry Mears brought her a beautiful bracelet. Mary demurred at accepting this gift.

"Take it, Guy will not be jealous!" Henry somewhat bitterly exclaimed.

"No," Mary returned, flushing crimson.

"You need not be flustered. Guy is an honorable fellow. I have no complaint to make, but for some time I have seen which way the 'land laid.' Well, if I had been with you things would have been different. Propinquity, as that Mrs. Somebody says in Miss Edgeworth's 'Absentee,' I do not blame you either. It will be all right. 'Ten thousand acres in a ring fence.'"

Mary looked slightly piqued. Her anger gave her courage to say, "I was not thinking of Guy, Henry, but of your family; the price of this bracelet would give them so many comfortable things."

"Phew, phew!" he impatiently exclaimed. "Get what you like to send them by Mrs. Irving and I will foot the bills. I shall give the captain an order that will supply all those new fixings for Will. I hope you and Elizabeth Archer will be satisfied. I had to make my own way in the world, and I do not see why the rest should not; of course, I shall always remember mother."

Partly vexed, partly pleased, Mary thanked Henry, saying she would try to send what would be the most useful and pleasing.

This conversation brought great relief to Mary. She was glad that a perfect understanding had become established between herself and Henry, that she could freely express the sisterly feeling she still retained. She was still more pleased at seeing that her judgment had been correct, that Henry was no lack-a-daisical lover and too proud to trouble her with repining or regret.

The reception at Government House was most brilliant, and Mary became the bright, particular star. She received sufficient attention to have bewildered one less sensible and self-poised. Her father was as surprised as delighted at the quiet dignity and easy vivacity of her mien. She was so like her deceased mother when he first knew her that his gaze was riveted upon her, but there was a dash of Archer sparkle and wit that, he was compelled to admit, made her even more brilliant and fascinating.

From the evening of this reception Mary was surrounded by a circle of youthful acquaintances. Mrs. Irving said she was pleased to leave her in such good company, but she pitied herself for being obliged to make the voyage home without her. After the vessel sailed Mary missed her friend sadly, but her life became such a whirl of excitement she had no time for loneliness. Her artistic eye and good taste caused many of her new friends to consult her

respecting dress; they often came to beg he to accompany them shopping, to assist in the selection of articles.

On a holiday Mr. Archer and his daughter accepted an invitation to join a party to Barrackpoor, a military station about twenty miles up the river. They started immediately after breakfast. Having driven half the distance, they stopped to change horses, a relay having been sent forward the previous night. Mary was delighted with this ride, everything was so different from what she had seen. The road is one of the best in India. On either side are fine banyan and tamarind trees and the lofty casuerina, amongst whose branches like pendant fruit, hung the large bats of India, sleeping thus suspended till nightfall, when they would drop with outstretched wings, and sail away in quest of food. On reaching Barrackpoor they rode past where hundreds of elephants were fastened. Others were at work, their drivers mounted on their necks, the animals were moving cannon, timber, etc. Having partaken of tiffin at the hotel, and taken a short nap, they drove through the park, and looked at the beasts and birds in a very interesting zoological garden belonging to the English government. Everywhere the natives were profuse in their salaams, and ever on the alert for the expected backsish (pronounced boxes). Mary was amused yet saddened by a tiny female who stood on the bank of the river. Uplifting her ltle hands, she exclaimed, "Mem Sahib, me no fader got, me no moder got, give me one piece boxes." Evidently she had been taught so much English, which she repeated like a parrot. Her piece was received in the most mechanical manner, no smile lighting her face, no grateful expression brightening her eyes. The tameness of the birds struck Mary. As she entered her room at the hotel she espied a crow on the window sill with her veil in his beak, but the natives seeing the theft, clapped their hands loudly which caused the bird to drop his plunder, and Mary received her veil untorn. On their return to Calcutta the Strand was crowded with handsome carriages, their occupants beautifully dressed. There were those of the Governor General with six horses and postillions, and native princes in their white attire, caps and capes one perfect glitter of precious stones. This spectacle was combined with a view of the stately ships from all quarters of the world, the stars and stripes floating conspicuously amid the flags of all nations, on the evening breeze. Mary became much interested in the manners and customs of the natives. The feeling of caste is very strong. No one however wealthy or high in rank ever mingles in European society. Only the women of the lowest cast are seen on the streets. When the ladies of high caste ride out, the carriage is covered with white muslin, through which Mary vainly peered for a glimpse of the Indian beauties, though she was sure that they had some loop hole to scan her and the rest of the outside world.

The low caste natives live in huts, scattered in clusters throughout the city, —they cook outside. In the early morning they repair to the river to bathe and wash their white cotton clothing. At an early age the infants are taken and thrown into the water, where they soon

learn to swim,—become amphibious. Mary's visits to the Bazars were a great pleasure. She was constantly surprised at the beautiful articles of native manufacture, and those brougbt from China and Japan, which the dealers had packed in their narrow Godowins, as their storehouses are termed. Another delight was to drive to the palace and grounds of a rich native. The "Seven Tanks," thus named from its tanks or wells, all of which were stocked with fish of different varieties, so tame that they came readily to feed from the fingers of the servants. Here were also quite a number of wild animals, an immense rhinoceros which showed marks of extreme age. The palace, a handsome building of white stone, had never been occupied as a dwelling, it having been built for a depository for the rare and costly articles collected by its wealthy owner. If their visit was on the eve of a native holiday they would see the dusky natives seated around heaps of the double yellow marigold, stringing them to decorate the oxen for the next day's parade. They also made garlands to hang over the entrance to the compounds, as enclosures around the buildings are termed. Once when riding with Henry Mears on an unfrequented road leading to the river they met a native horribly afflicted with leprosy, The dark skin was changed to a sickly red, what little hair remained on his head was yellow white, the whole body swollen and unpleasant. Mary could not forbear exclaiming, "Oh, for a Christ to heal this poor creature!" And those far away days in Palestine passed from a myth to a reality, as she gazed upon the leper.

Mary's interest and curiosity respecting the higher caste ladies became so intense that Mr. Mears determined, if possible, that her desire to know something of them and their mode of life, should be gratified. Applying to one of his Indian friends he immediately received a cordial invitation to call at his home. This gentleman belonged to the then well known Indian merchants—the Dutts. For years they had been Mr. Archer's banians (bankers.) The Dutts mansion stood on Cornwallis Square: Like all the first class houses it was built of brick, stuccoed. As they are whitened every three years they look like marble. They are built round a hollow square, with flat roofs. Sometimes a low story, a few few feet square, is built at one end for ventilation and to admit of access to the roof. The square or court in the centre is used for the Tomassas (festivals.) In one corner of this court, projecting from the upper story, is a balcony latticed and curtained, for the use of the women. Here they view what is going on beneath. Henry Mears accompanied Mary in Mr. Archer's carriage. At its approach the durivan (gate-keeper) who has a little cane hut just within the compound, and whose mattress is stretched across the gate at night, threw them wide with the most profound salaams, and the coach dashed through the port cochere to the main entrance, where the visitors were received by young Mr. Dutts, one of the numerous family of sons. It is customary when a young man marries for him to bring his bride to his home. If the house is not sufficiently large to accommodate the new comer, an addition is made. His mother rules the household with an absolute

sway, being a perfect autocrat in her way. Upon alighting, Mr. Dutts took Mary, Henry Mears remaining with the baboos (gentlemen.) Tho lady was conducted through the narrow passages, with brick walls, only occasionally lighted by small windows. Having wound through these they ascended to an apartment which was no more inviting than the passage ways. It had bare brick walls, a plaster floor, only one window, so high that one must stand upon a high chair to look out. One chair and a wooden bench composed the furniture. Mary was given the seat of honor—the chair. The half-dozen women huddled together on the bench. As Mr. Dutts came in Mary saw that one of the ladies veiled herself by throwing one end of her chuddah over her face. Upon asking the reason her escort explained that as he was not her husband—only her husband's brother, she would lose caste if he was to look upon her face. The women were not very tall, and much fairer than those Mary had seen of the lower caste outside. They were simply dressed. Wore Saree, which is one long piece of cloth enveloping them entirely and thrown gracefully over the shoulders. They had some bracelets and armlets, but displayed very little jewelry for native women. They sat shyly together on the bench, as you see children unused to company. They giggled like children. After a time, one by one, they ventured to approach their guest. Probably they had never been visited by a European, certainly never by an American. Hesitatingly they examined her dress and expressed great admiration for her glossy, luxuriant hair, asking if they might feel of it, and closely examined how it was arranged.

The Dutts were an old and wealthy family. The spacious house was filled with fine furniture, almost wholly unused. Though curosity is considered a feminine trait, not one of those females had ever thought of exploring their home. Fear of seeing some one they should not on account of caste principles would be sufficient to deter them from leaving their own apartments. Their time was occupied in cooking their dinner—as they term all meals, rearing their children, doing their poogahs (prayers.) Their religion enjoins a great amount of rules and regulations, which were strictly observed, and in watching the court-yard from their balcony. There are a great many festivals during the year. Then they ride out in their carriages closely covered with white muslin, shutting them from the gaze of the multitude, but permitting glimpses of the outside world, so that their lives were much fuller and less dreary than one might think. It had been considered degrading to sew. The beautiful Indian embroideries had been done by a class of men, but a few years later, through the efforts of the missionaries, fancy work became introduced among the Indian women. Their taste for pretty things and bright colors overcame their prejudice and they began to indulge in feminine accomplishments.

Mary could but think as her gentlemanly conductor handed her to the carriage, that he must feel a degree of shame at the childish simplicity and ignorance of the ladies of his household. This was true of many of the higher class Indians. Many would have gladly introduced European customs into their

homes, but an almost insuperable obstacle presented itself in the autocratic old mothers, whom the sons from infancy reverently venerate, and whose sway they never presume to dispute. These rigid and high toned ladies were as much shocked at any innovation of the ancient customs and proprieties by the younger ones, as their sisters ever displayed in Christian circles.

Nevertheless civilization has advanced and the condition of the women of the East has become much ameliorated. . .

Learning that Miss Archer had visited the Dutts, Mr. Archer's Sircar (native clerk) invited her to visit his wife. He was a man advanced in years and had accumulated considerable property. His house, less pretentious than the Dutts, stood on the Chowringhee Road. His wife was much younger than himself, and he was evidently very fond and proud of her. She sat in state to receive Miss Archer, smiling and ready to display her dress and jewels. There could be no conversation, but Mary gathered from her manner that she was not wholly unaccustomed to such visits. She was richly attired, partly in Benares cloth, which is always costly—a silken fabric intermingled with threads of gold, and was loaded with jewels. Chains from her neck to her waist of all lengths and sizes, armlets from her elbows nearly to her armpits, bracelets innumerable and earrings all up the rim of her ears, This jewelry was very choice and elegant, and as was expected, waa duly admired by the visitor. The woman had an iron box beside her, in which her treasures would be deposited upon the departure of her guest.

Jewels are considered a safe investment by the East Indians. Many of them possess quantities of precious stones of great value.

Mr. Archer took a year to arrange his affairs before leaving for the United States. A wonderful and blissful year to Mary. Though in the solitude of her room she often sighed for New England, Guy, her relatives and friends. She was in constant receipt of letters giving home details, and several daguerreotypes were sent. These were a novelty, and they attracted much attention and comment. As the time approached for their departure Mary became busy in procuring gifts to take with her. She purchased several of the soft, white Rhampore Chuddahs (Chuddah is shawl and Rhampore is the name of the place where they are made.) Mr. Archer bought Cashmere shawls for his mother, Mrs. Fanny Archer and Mrs. Langdon. At length every arrangement was completed. An English ladies' maid was secured, much to the grief of the ayah who would have gladly accompanied her mistress, but Mr. Archer thought it undesirable. Mary told her father a Yankee girl needed no servant, but he smilingly replied, "It is not proper for a lady in your social position to travel without an attendant."

Mary had made a few friends from whom she was sorry to depart, and she pitied Henry Mears with a sister's grief. The gentleman bore the prospect of the approaching separation most stoically. As the merchant who had taken Mr. Archer's place would occupy the house, there would be no change in his domestic life. The day for the parting came. Amid tearful farewells the father and

daughter left on the steamer en route for England.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE COME-OUTER.

After his release from the county jail Martin Alger remained quietly at home for several months, employing himself in writing and the improvement of his farm, which he made one of the finest places in the vicinity. Mrs. Archer often exclaimed with a sigh, "How Fanny would have enjoyed it all. It is just the home she would have liked." But Grandpa, with tears welling in his eyes, would return. "Do not wish her back. Martin is quiet now, but he is getting restless—the fire is in the volcano, there will soon be an eruption." Wiping his eyes he would catch up little Fanny, now become quite a Miss, and bid her give him a sailor kiss,—and the little girl would gleefully pinch his cheeks and shower kisses on his lips.

Grandpa was a true prophet. The eruption did come. Martain again began to speak in public. At first he was permitted the use of churches, vestries and halls, and crowds congregated to listen to him, but his language became so denunciatory that his haranges exasperated the opponents of his cause to such a degree that after a time no public edifice was open to him. Then he began to visit public assemblies and interrupt the proceedings by untimely speeches. Mr. Lewis, from friendshlp, had been most kind to Martin, and the parish, from a liking for the man and from respect to Fanny's memory and the Archer family, had been most forbearing, but at length his remarks became such respecting some of the oldest church members that it was declared his language could not be permitted. Grandpa and Col. Archer were silent, but Dea. Blake took up the cause. Guy vainly essayed to stop the old gentleman—he only made him more stubborn and infuriated. On a Sunday afternoon when the service was about to commence Martin Alger rose in his pew and began to denounce "hoary church members who abetted Southern slaveholders by their silence and apathy. Mr. Lewis had risen to read the first hymn. He stood quietly in the pulpit, hymn book in his hand, his eyes fixed on Martin, who had spoken some moments, when Deacon Blake rose, and stumping with his crutch and cane up the aisle to the front of the communion table, he shouted, "Parson Lewis, stop that crazy head, do not allow him to desecrate this hour and place longer. Command him to be silent." Mr. Lewis nodded acquiesence, and waiting till Martin was obliged to make a slight pause for breath, he pleasantly said in a low tone, "Brother Alger, please defer the remainder of your remarks till after the service." Not heeding the clergyman's request Martin talked louder and faster than before. The Deacon struck his cane on the table. "Stop this! Order this fellow out. Parson, it is your place to do it," he commanded. Mr. Lewis hesitated. "I command you to stop, or you shall be forcibly ejected from this house," the Deacon shouted turning to Martin and shaking his cane in his face. But Mar-

tin did not stop, only denounced churches and church officers more vehemently than ever.

Deacon Blake grew so red in the face that Mrs. Blake in relating the scene said she feared he would have a fit.

"Parson, order this fellow out," he again shouted. "As one of the officers of the church, I command it."

After another pause, Mr. Lewis gave the signal to the officer, who rose; half the men and youths in the vicinity of his pew also rose. Having selected his aids, he approached Martin. Friendly sympathizers rose to defend him, but he motioned them to resume their seats. He was perfectly nonresistant, but would not cease talking, nor walk from the meetinghouse. He was quietly lifted out of his pew and borne down the aisle by the constable and his aids, and laid upon the green before the building, where he was left. The doors were then closed and locked and the usual service proceeded. Neither grandpa nor Col. Archer were present, but grandma and Mrs. Fanny were much affected. Grandma did not recover from the nervous tremor the scene brought for some time, and Mrs. Fanny sobbed during the singing of the first hymn. Jenny in her excitement jumped upon the seat, where she conspicuously stood gazing at the retreating figures till Martin had been taken out and the doors closed, when she blushingly seated herself, and quieted little Fanny, who cried "because the mens pulled hold of her dear papa."

That evening grandpa and Col. Archer called on Martin. What was said never transpired, but he never again invaded the parish church, though he did others in Massachusetts and other states, from which he was ejected. More than once he was laid in a mud puddle, pond or watering trough, but wholly undaunted he continued to speak, heard or unheard, and his pen became one of the most powerful auxiliaries to the anti-slavery cause. Margaret Eustis was one of his best friends and most powerful sympathizers. She had joined the ranks of the lady reformers of the period. Her name had become classed amongst the prominent writers of the radical circle, and as Mrs. Fernald expressed it, she had become a famous public "speecher" on woman's rights and kindred topics. Miss Selina was somewhat horrified, but with a deprecatory shake of her curls she would exclaim, "Margaret must take her ain gait. We have agreed to disagree."

Mr. Archer and Mary arrived safely in England, having had an unusually pleasant voyage. In a few weeks they went to Paris, thence to Italy. Mary wrote to Guy:

"The sun was setting when we drove over the arched bridges, flanked by the massive tower. Lines of spacious buildings were irradiated by its parting beams and reflected in the roseate, glassy water. I remembered it all, though it seems as if I had seen it in another existence. What do you think the scene brought to mind? How strangely we are constituted! Suddenly the Merrimac, Pleasant Valley and the Point came in view, glorified in the sunset. I stood with you, a boy, on Laurel Hill. Your eyes were gazing into mine with an amazed look of wonder. Others approached. You grasped my hand and we ran down the steep declivity.

Emma, flirting with Henry Mears, followed. All the events of that first school picnic rushed upon my recollection. Your getting the Democratic driver to stop the coach full of Whig girls from hurrahing for their favorite candidate,—at this, and the remembrance of Emma's stratagem and your puzzled expression several times during the excursion, I could not repress a smile. Father was so full of sorrowful memories, he turned to me in surprise. With a sympathetic kiss I begged to be excused, but when I explained he actually joined in my laugh and said he hoped he should live to see Emma Irwin. What a noble woman our beautiful, wild, smart little flirt has become! I had a dim remembrance of some things about my ancestral home. It seems like a faint recollection of a dream of long ago. Father is somewhat sad, but pleased to be here again. Very glad to place me in my mother's home, now — how strange it seems — by right, mine. The buildings are in good repair, the grounds well kept, everything cared for by the people in charge, whose ancestors for generations have been servitors in the family. They are very kind to me, but talk a great deal of the drowned Maria Teresa, whose child portrait I so strongly resemble. There are several portraits of my mother, taken in infancy, childhood, girlhood and in more mature age, but my father says my Vision gives the most lifelike resemble of all. If you were here I should enjoy this regal abode exceedingly. I am anticipating your seeing it before many years. We shall remain a few weeks, as my father wishes to make some improvements; then we return to England through Switzerland and Germany. On reaching England we shall make a short tour to Scotland, as I wish to see Auld Reekie, Abbottsford and other noted places. We shall be home by Thanksgiving, if not before. Father playfully pinched my ear this morning as I was humming "My Heart is in the Highlands, my heart is not here." Burn this letter, and be careful to keep the secret you partly discovered so many years ago. I have yet much to explain, but the knowledge of my real identity must remain a secret with us three, no other must be admitted to our confidence."

Jennie Archer and Phillips Irwin would be married after Mary's return. Emma having finished her course of reading came to Brookline, where Jennie joined her for assistance in making purchases in Boston for her bridal outfit. Emma had worked even harder than usual the past season, her popularity still increased, and she was engaged till June. For the first time she looked worn and weary, and after the excitement of shopping had passed, sank into a silent listlessness wholly new. Walter Eustis was away attending to business at the West. Though her friends had too much delicacy to hint it, they were sure Emma missed his quiet, silent attention. One morning after assisting Jenny in her work. Emma sank into a chair exclaiming, "I am tired of resting. There is a sweet, little furnished cottage on the Hudson that I could hire at a low rent this summer. I would like to take it, and invite some of those poor city children who scarcely know what fresh air and green grass are, to spend their summer vacation with me, but Aunt Irwin won't hear of it."

"I hope not," Jennie exclaimed, "You must go home with me, and if you are bent on benevolence, Margaret Eustis will furnish full employment. Perhaps you might find an object nearer. Phillips says old Mr. Eustis is in limbo. Walter has not been as successful in his collecting tour as was hoped, he fears the old gentleman will not weather the present financial gale. Phillips said he really pitied him last night. I should be sorry for Walter, but should not regret if his father's pride was somewhat lowered."

Emma looked up with interest, "Mr. Eustis in financial trouble?" she queried. "I thought he was as firm as the rock of Gibralter."

"So Phillips thought," Jennie replied, "but my Lord Mogul was very anxious last evening. Walter has been detained by a steamboat accident, and Mr. Eustis said he must have money today. He came to ask a loan of Phillips, but unfortunately he was unable to furnish it."

"Why did he not apply to Margaret?" Emma asked.

"You know her property is so tied up, she cannot obtain a large sum readily, then he has considerable of her fortune in his business, that was one source of his alarm. I will give him credit of being just and honest, if he is a Don," Jennie returned.

Emma mused a moment, then she sprang up exclaiming, "Phillips ought to have told me. Jennie please ring for Tom, and order him to saddle Selim. I will put on my riding habit, I must see Mr. Eustis immediately. Jennie hastened to do the errand, and Emma was soon ready, bidding Jennie tell her aunt that she should be back to dine, she cantered away rapidly.

Mr. Eustis sat at the desk in his private room at the store. The ten o'clock Western train had come in nearly half an hour previous, but Walter had not arrived. With a look of despair the proud, austere man bowed his head upon his hands, and something that sounded very like a sob broke the silence. A tap on the door brought the merchant to his usual appearance. Opening it, his head clerk announced a lady, and Emma Irwin entered. She never looked more beautiful, the ride having brought unusual color to her cheeks, and her brilliant eyes were glittering with excitement. Mr. Eustis started and with a surprised air, without a word handed a chair. "Walter has not come," he at length found voice to utter. "You wished to see him I presume, Miss Irwin."

Emma took the chair, and with her most queenly air replied, "No, Mr. Eustis, I should have been glad to have found Walter here, but learning that you were in financial difficulty, the penniless flirt whom you hoped your son would never wed, has hastened to your assistance."

Mr. Eustis lifted his hands in a depreciatory manner, and was evidently about to make some explanation or excuse, but Emma prevented it. "Never mind, Mr. Eustis!" she exclaimed, "I was both, but I overheard those words, and they cut me to the quick at the time, and I made a vow that I would never enter your family till I was rich and respected. I have acquired a competence, and believe I am considered reputable."

Mr. Eustis interrupted eagerly exclaiming, "Your conduct has been most circumspect—beyond praise, my dear lady. Can I hope to be forgiven?"

"Do not again mention this, time is pressing. Seat yourself and explain your exact situation. My last season's earnings," there was a slight emphasis on the word, "are on deposit in the city. I have other available funds. Tell me what I can do, what you wish? Forget that I am Miss Irwin and talk with me as you would to a business man."

Afterwards Mr. Eustis told his son that few business men could have shown more capacity. He was astonished at her quick insight, and readiness at planning ways and means.

In half an hour Emma again mounted her horse. Miss Irwin received deferential attention at the banks, and in another hour she re-entered the counting room.

Mr. Eustis in a surprised tone exclaimed, "Back so soon!"

"I hastened for I know you need every moment till the banks close," Emma replied, handing the gentleman a roll of bills. "Here is the money you need today."

"Yes," Mr. Eustis returned after counting it, "and I have received a letter from Walter containing unexpected good news. He has obtained a large sum that we had despaired of ever collecting. He will come this afternoon."

Emma's face flushed, and her eyes beamed with joy. "Oh, I am so glad, Mr. Eustis," she said. "If you desire, I can give more assistance in a few days."

"Thanks dear girl, if needed I will not hesitate to apply, but I think we are safe. Thanks to your timely aid this morning, and Walter's good luck we shall weather the gale. I can never express my gratitude for your prompt kindness," Mr. Eustis replied, the tears welling in his eyes.

Emma was greatly touched. "Do not mention it," she hurridly returned in a husky tone. "Words cannot express my happiness at being able to help."

"I know that is true," Mr. Eustis replied, "but I cannot rest till I have your assurance that those harsh, cruel words are forgiven."

Emma looked up with her sweetest smile, and with a dash of sauciness that was so bewitching returned, "Mr. Eustis you certainly shall never be pardoned if you ever allude to the matter again. Now hurry, you have scarcely time for the transaction of this business. I must canter home to dine. If Walter is not too tired, and you can spare him, send him up with Phillips this evening."

Mr. Eustis said he would deliver her message, as he opened a door for her to pass into a large counting-room. Archie Archer sprang from his stool to assist Emma to mount, but Mr. Eustis motioned him aside and placed the lady in the saddle with such a beaming face, his old, confidential head clerk said she must have brought good news. "Is this the lady Walter has been waiting for so long?" he asked. "Well," he added, after being answered in the affirmative, "she is worth waiting for—a perfect queen."

Jennie was up stairs when Emma returned. "Just in time to dress for dinner," she exclaimed sinking into an easy

chair. I am tired but perfectly satisfied. Walter comes in the four o'clock train, and at the eleventh hour he met with unexpected good fortune."

Jennie clapped her hands and said, "I am so glad, and Phillips will be as glad. We should have grieved to have had Eustis & Son broke, as Mrs. Fernald terms it."

As the hour approached when Dr. Irwin was to be expected. Emma seated herself at a window of the front parlor that gave a view of the avenue. His chaise soon came in sight. "Yes. Oh, joy. Walter had come!" The young man sprang out and came up the gravel walk, while Phillips drove to the stable. Emma's cheeks flushed as she rose and went into the hall, but she was very pale when she opened the front door. Walter sprang up the steps with extended hand. Emma gave hers, and without a word drew him into the library. For a moment they stood with clasped hands gazing into each other's eyes. Then Walter stooped and lips were pressed to lips. His probation was ended. An hour of sweet confidential talk followed, very unlike that of most newly betrothed lovers, but to this pair most satisfactory. As they rose at the summons to tea, Walter said, "You will always have the pleasure of knowing that you saved Eustis & Son from ruin."

"And you have your reward for bearing so patiently with what people termed my waywardness;" Emma smilingly returned.

One glance at the couple as they entered the dining-room caused their friends to step forward with earnest congratulations. The impulsive Jennie cried and laughed, and wondered what Miss Selina would say.

An evening of quiet happiness followed. Mrs. Fraiser and her children had come with Walter. She had a baby girl named for Emma. Walter and Emma and Jennie must go into the city in the morning to spend the day at his father's, and Mrs. Irwin must come to dine. Jennie was anxious to see the baby, and Emma smilingly accepted the the invitation, but the distinguished lady's courage was somewhat shaken at the thought of being received in the Eustis household as Walter's promised bride. But her perturbation soon ceased. Mrs. Eustis, a quiet, genial woman, gave her such a motherly greeting, and Catheriee was so sincerely sisterly that Emma felt that it was good to be beloved and bound by family ties. Mrs. Irwin was punctual and Phillips unexpectedly accompanied the gentleman when they came to dinner. Emma rose to meet Mr. Eustis as he entered the drawing room. Tears came in his eyes as he took her hand, saying, "Words are inadequate to express my joy."

He was about to kiss the hand he held, but Emma gracefully raised her head and pressed her lips to his. From that moment to the end of Mr. Eustis' long life they were a most affectionate father and daughter.

CHAPTER XLVII.

HOME.

On a pleasant morning in October Mr. Archer and Mary with their servants arrived at the depot, and took a coach for Mary's house. The lady had intended to have dismissed her maid in England, but the girl had relatives in Boston, and was very desirous to accomdany her mistress to America. Mr. Archer had hired his valet for the whole trip. He told Mary it would look singular for the father to have a servant, and the daughter none, so Mary yielded to circumstances, hoping that none of her dear friends would pronounce her too stuck up to dress herself. This arrival was to be a surprise to everyone but Judith Ayer. The others were un certain when they would come—some time before Thanksgiving. Judith had kept her secret faithfully. Her complete renovation of the house, the pickling, preserving, etc. had excited no suspicion. Of course she would wish to have everything in readiness, and Jndith was never tardy. It chanced that this was the day on which the annual fair of the Essex County Agricultural Society was held that year in this town. Grandpa Archer had been one of the original founders of this society which dates from the year 1818, and Col. Archer had always been an active member, for several years having been chosen chief marshal. The streets were full of people, and as the carriage drew near the Mall where the animals were exhibited the crowd increased. The ploughing match which was held in a field in the suburb was just over, and the street was thronged with vehicles. Among the first, Mary descried the Archer carriage. "Father," she exclaimed, "there is Grandpa Archer, Grandma, Aunt Fanny, little Fan, Jennie and Emma Irwin. They are in that handsome carryall. That is a purchase since I left." Mr. Archer had not time to reply when with flushed cheek and sparkling eyes she added, "O there is Guy! He is a marshal—that horseman with the green and gold housing. At that moment the young man wheeled his horse, a superb one with elegant trappings, and galloped swiftly past the coach to disperse a group of boys who were teasing the animals in the pens. Mary shrank back and drew down her veil. Mr. Archer looked out and said, "He is a fine looking fellow, and rides like a centaur. Those boys will not come within reach of that riding whip in a hurry. And that was father and mother! I should not have recognized them. Father reminds me of my Grandfather."

Mary leaned forward and threw up her veil. "How natural everything looks," she said, "though I see some change. The prosy old town shows some advancement and improvement."

Judith had prepared dinner for the Archer ladies, Miss Irwin, Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Langdon. The thought had come that there might be an addition to the party, but she put it aside as too good to be true. Still, some delicacies were placed upon the table, with the idea that they might arrive. "If not the ladies, all liked nice things." Saying this to herself she went to a front window. "Goodness gracious!" she gasped, "they are here, a coach loaded with trunks. Yes, that is Mary's dear face," and the excited woman rushed to

the door to receive Mary in her arms. Amid tears and kisses the lady managed to introduce her father. Judith extended her hand, and wiping her eyes gazed at the gentleman. "I should know you was an Archer," she said, "but you favor the colonel more than Mr. William. Poor, dear man, that he could have lived to see this day, and Mrs. Archer too! I give you welcome in their names."

Mr. Archer thanked Judith, and introduced his man and Mary's maid, saying, "I suppose their rooms are in order."

Judith curtisied in old style evidently somewhat in awe of the stylish young man and woman replied, "Certainly everything has been done as Miss Mary Minot directed."

"Do you expect any of the family to dinner," Mary asked adding "we met them, but they did not see us."

Judith told who was coming, "and here they are," she exclaimed. "Tell the coachman to drive round the house, out of sight to take off the trunks. Run in Mary. We will see if Grandpa and Grandma will know their son"

Mary went in and peeped from a window, Mr. Archer stood on the steps. Grandpa drove up, Jennie sprang to the ground, and lifted out little Fanny, then opened the carriage door. Emma descended the steps, and assisted Grandma out, Mrs. Archer followed, Grandpa and the other gentlemen of the family were to attend the public dinner. He was about to turn the carriage when Judith from the door said, "There is a gentleman waiting to speak to you, Mr. Archer."

Joseph Dummer stept to the carryall, and held out his hand. "Do you know me?" he asked.

At the sound of his voice his mother sprang forward exclaiming, "Joseph Dummer, my son, my long absent son!" and the mother and son were clasped in a teartul, but joyful embrace.

Grandpa looked completely dazed, but upon Mary's running out he sprang to the ground with the agility of a boy, and took her in his arms. Returning his caresses she led him to her father. The two so long seperated clasped hands, and gazed at each other for a moment. "Joe, I see vestiges of the youth I remember. Yes, it is my boy, my dear boy," and he bowed his head on his son's shoulder wholly overcome. Recovering himself he raised his head exclaiming, "Welcome home, welcome home! and stepped aside as Miss Fanny Archer approached. Mr. Archer took her extended hand saying, "This is my sister, I should have recognized you though the beautiful girl has past into the handsome matron, and this is Jennie and little Fanny," he added kissing both. Mary introduced Emma, and the group amid smiles and tears entered the house. They went in by the carriage entrance at the end, and at that moment Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Langdon came up the walk and entered the front door. Mary sprang forward; for an instant the ladies stood pictures of amazement, then came a joyous greeting. When the party had become somewhat composed Grandpa said his son must accompany him to the dinner at the Town Hall. "You will meet so many youthful friends you must go Joe." Mr. Archer said it would give him pleasure if he could have time to change his

coat, he was not in just the trim to appear before a large company. The old gentleman replied that he could have half an hour, and drawing Mary on his knee he demanded what she meant by thus stealing a march on folks.

The trunks had been taken up stairs, and before the half hour had elapsed Mr. Archer came below and announced that he was ready. As the two went out Jennie told her grandfather to send Guy. "Say he shall not be detained, but an old acquaintance wishes to see him."

Mary asked if he could be spared. "For a moment he must only kiss, not stop to talk," the old gentleman returned with a laugh. "You do not know Guy," he said to his son.

"I just caught a glimpse as we rode past. He is a fine horseman," Mr. Archer replied.

"He is A No. 1 every way!" the old gentleman proudly exclaimed. "You are in luck to possess such a prosperous son-in-law. I will introduce you the first opportunity."

The girls stationed themselves at the window to watch Guy's approach. As he came in sight Mary went into the parlor.

"Where is Jennie?" Guy asked as he entered. "I can only stay a moment as Grandfather Blake is determined to go to the dinner table, and I must help him up the stairs."

"Go into the parlor, an old acquaintance wishes to see you," Jennie replied.

"An old acquaintance," he repeated opening the door. Mary stood in the centre of the room. For an instant the young man stopped in bewilderment, but as the lady stepped forward he sprang toward her. "Mary," "Guy," was uttered as heart beat against heart, and lips were pressed to lips. "But how is this!" Guy exclaimed holding his betrothed at arms length as though doubting her identity. "I thought you were to come in the next steamer?"

"Oh we thought we would steal a march on folks, as Grandpa expresses it," Mary laughingly replied. "What do you think of me?"

"That you are more lovely than ever! Oh I am so glad you are safely home, my treasure," he added with a caress. "Where is your father?"

"Gone to the dinner with Grandpa. You will meet him there. Be sure and make a favorable impression," Mary returned with a smile. "He will meet Uncle Archie too. Won't uncle be surprised? But go, I know you ought, we will have a nice talk this evening."

"Yes, that blessed grandfather of mine has set his heart upon dining with the society, and I must attend to him," Guy returned.

"Certainly, I am coming to see your steed," Mary said as she stepped out with her lover, "You dashed past as we came from the depot. Father said you rode like a centaur. Where did you get that housing?"

"Oh that is my own idea. I. am vastly proud of it," Guy returned as he mounted, and turned his horse to display his trappings to the best advantage. On a green ground in gilt were displayed various agricultural devices. A man ploughing with horses, a load of hay drawn by oxen, a girl milking, a boy driving sheep, etc.

Mary expressed her admiration, and the marshal put spurs to his horse, and

galloped down the avenue. The ladies seated themselves at the dinner table; before the meal was over Mrs. Irwin rushed in, and with a cry of joy clasped Mary in her arms. The captain was at sea, but his wife had remained at home. After dinner was over Mrs. Irving said Mary must go to Washington Hall to see the display of fancy articles. The older ladies and Emma excused themselves, but Jennie and little Fanny accompanied Mrs. Irving and Mary. Jennie proposed that they should call and surprise Miss Selina and Margaret Eustis. It was a great surprise, Miss Selina nearly went into hysterics. Margaret put on her bonnet and went with them to the hall, saying she must keep fast hold of Mary or she feared she would vanish as she appeared, she could scarcely realize it was really her dear friend in the flesh. First the party viewed the animals, fowls, etc. at the Mall, then they went to Washington Hall. In the lower rooms were a fine display of butter, cheese, fruit and vegetables. The hall presented a gay appearance. There were carpets, rugs, quilts, embroideries of many kinds, and the whole a creditable display of the industry and taste of the ladies of the county. Mary could scarcely take a glimpse of things so many friends and acquaintances crowded around to greet and welcome her home. The hour in the hall was a perfect ovation. Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Langdon left when the public dinner was over to take the deacon home. Grandpa came for his ladies at five o'clock, Mr. Archer returning with him. When they were gone he told Mary that Guy was coming as soon as he could leave. "Tell Judith to have tea ready at seven." Drawing her to him he added, "I understand that wistful, anxious look. I am perfectly satisfied with your choice my love. I have been proud of the young man this afternoon. His affectionate attention to his grandfather is really touching, and he returned thanks for a toast in the old gentleman's honor with true eloquence, the speech drawing forth loud applause. He is evidently a favorite in society, and commands a deference and respect unusual for so young a man."

Mary's cheeks glowed and her eyes sparkled as she returned her father's kiss, saying, "I am so relieved and so happy to hear this. God grant that I may be worthy of the great bliss vouchsafed to me."

The tears rose in Mr. Archer's eyes as he said, "My daughter, how like your mother you look at this moment, and those were the very words she spoke the evening of our bridal.

Guy came at seven. After tea Mr. Archer bade the young couple good night, and went to the library. They repaired to the parlor, when Mary fully explained everything respecting herself. As the clock struck eleven Guy rose to go. Mary invited him to stay but Guy said his grandfather would be very tired and stiff in the morning, and would need his assistance to dress. It was lovely moonlight, just the night for a ride.

"Are you not tired?" Mary asked.

"I suppose I am," he replied, "but am too happy to realize it. This day must receive one of Emma's whitest milestones to mark it on life's journey."

Mary laughed, "Oh, stop a moment,"

she said. "There is one thing more I wish to say. I shall sleep better if I tell you. That Blake money worries me. It rightfully belongs to your grandfather."

Guy smilingly patted her cheek. "Worries you, does it? Then do not trouble yourself another moment. Grandsir does not need the money, and as you and your father have arranged matters I do not see how you can make a change. Miss Mary Minot fulfils the terms of the will, and the legacy must be hers."

"Is there no way in which I could transfer the property to Deacon Blake," Mary asked.

Guy replied that he saw no way without exciting remark, perhaps suspicion. "Let things remain just as they are. I will give you a hint as to the transfer if it will ease your tender conscience. Grandmother loves dress and handsome surroundings as well as when she was younger. I heard her tell mother she should like a steel-gray silk, whatever color that may be, for our wedding, and she did need a new sofa in the parlor, but she supposed Sir would say it was all vanity for worms of the dust to crave such things."

Mary laughed, and said she should have the silk. "I intend to make Aunt Minot a visit soon, and will purchase it. I will present the sofa at Christmas."

"That is it," Guy returned. "Keep your eyes open, and you will ascertain the old lady's wishes now and then, and with your tact and delicacy can satisfy them."

"Yes, and your grandfather enjoys presents if he is a worm of the dust," Mary laughingly rejoined. "Thank you Guy for the hint, it has given real relief."

"I am happy to hear it," Guy returned with a kiss. "Good night. You will come with your father to Archer Place tomorrow?"

Mary answered in the affirmative, lighting the young man to the door. As he opened it the lad Judith had employed during the summer led his horse to the steps. "Why Richard," Guy exclaimed, "you have not set up for this? I could get my horse."

"Certainly, sir," Richard replied, touching his cap. "But I was not sleepy, and you have been very good to marm since pa died. I like to wait upon you."

Mary smiled, and gave her lover a look of proud approval. He stooped and whispered, "There is another way in which you can dispose some of that Blake bug-bear." With another good night he mounted leaving a bright silver dollar in the boy's hands as he took the reins.

CHAPTER XLVII.

WEDDING BELLS.

Mary's horses had been at Archer Place during her absence. Col. Archer sent them home in the morning. Richard had put the carriages in perfect order. Mr. Archer was greatly pleased with the lad, said the garden, lawn and stable did him much credit. Several boxes had been brought from the depot. After breakfast they were opened, and Mary gave Judith the presents she had

brought her. The good woman was quite overcome, and said she could not express her gratitude. Mary told her not to try. The gifts for the family having been unpacked, Mr. Archer and Mary set forth for Archer Place. The ride was a series of recognitions for the gentleman. Some things had been altered, others were new, but most were familiar. The homestead had received improvements, but still it bore nearly the same appearance as when he left. He went from room to room, and place to place with the eagerness of one revisiting his boyhood's home after a long absence. Guy was waiting their arrival, snd Martin Alger and his mother came soon after. Mary having distributed her gifts, went with Guy to his grandfather, who was anxious to see her. Mr. Archer went with Martin to view his place, Mary promising Mrs. Norval to follow after she had greeted the Deacon. Little Fanny said "it was the bestest time. She was so glad to have her dear Mary home again." The moment Mary entered the door Nancy caught her in her arms with hysterical giggles, and half smothered her with kisses. The Deacon received Mary with great tenderness. Mrs. Blake told Mrs. Langdon afterward, that she did not think Sir could show such feeling. Mary had brought the old gentleman a dozen silk handkerchiefs and several curiosities, with which he was much pleased, and having presented Mrs. Blake a shawl and some nice embroideries, went to the kitchen to give Nancy the dress and collar she had brought her. The woman was delighted. "It is the handsomest gown I ever had, but oh, Mary, it is the best thing to git you home agin. I was afeared ye would die afore ye come. It has seemed a long, long time. If it had not been for your letter I do not know how we could have stood it. And ye are pootier than ever, and anybody with half an eye can see ye are a great lady, te he he. Furren travel and countries do put a polish to folks. I don't spose Joseph Dummer will know me. I dunno as I shall him. He is a great gentleman I 'spects." Mary replied that he was very nice. "He is coming here this afternoon. I must do up your hair." "Yes, and I will put on the dress Guy gave me last New Year. Oh, Mary, our boy has turned out pooty well for a 'Langdon all over.' Te he he. Sir sets everything by him and so do everybody. Did he tell ye that he is school committee man?"

"No, indeed! Is he?" Mary exclaimed.

"Yes, they chose him last town meet in. Sir don't get out to meetin' every Sabba Day, and only goes half at that. And latterly Guy has gone with him to help him about. I guess if the Deacon was to pop off they'd nominate Guy to fill his place, young as he be, he's so poplar, te he he."

Mary joined in Nancy's laugh and went in quest of the young man to have him take home the articles she brought for him and his mother. After she had laid out her gifts Guy took her to Martin Alger's. She was greatly pleased with the place, and expressed the wish that Fanny could have lived to enjoy it.'

"Yes." Guy returned. "Still, as things are, she would have had a great deal to contend with. Her family and Martin are so antagnonistic in many things."

"Margaret Eustis remains his firm friend?"

"Yes, do not lisp a word, this is in strict confidence," Guy said in a low tone, "but I think they are becoming more than friends."

"Guy," Mary exclaimed in surprise.

"Mum is the word, do not lisp a syllable," Guy replied.

Mrs. Archer insisted that Guy should remain to dinner. The whole family were to take tea with Mrs. Langdon, but it was late before they could go, so many relations, friends and neighbors flocked to Archer Place to see Mr. Archer and Mary and congratulate them upon their return. Mrs. Fernald came before dinner was over. Mary heard her ask the cook "If Mary and Joe Dummer had raly arriven. I hearn from Giles Abbat when he went by with the Colonel's team, and I just put on my things and come over."

Mary gave a gleeful glance to her father, hurried her dessert and went into the kitchen. Mrs. Fernald jumped up and almost frantically hugged and kissed her. Mary led her into the dining-room and introduced her to Mr. Archer. For an instant she looked a little overawed at the elegant gentleman, bnt it was only for an instant.

"Well, sir," she exclaimed, "I'm powerful glad to welcome yer. I guess the old gentleman and lady had about given up seeing yer in the body. Well, I guess I should have knowed yer. La! It don't seem only tother day since we read and spelt together at the leetle, red school'us at the corner."

Mr. Archer gallantly paid his compliments, and Mary took the woman up stairs to present the black silk dress she had brought her. Mrs. Fernald was greatly surprised. "Oh Mary," she cried, "I never expected to own a silk gound. Well, my dear I wish you all manner of happiness. Guy is a rarest avis, but he is percooler, a leetle odd, but if you will only use a leetle stratagum, as I did with my John, there won't be any trouble." Mary laughed, and replied that she did not anticipate any.

Deacon Blake managed to go across the garden to meet the company at his daughter's. The next fortnight Mr. Archer and Mary spent in receiving company and returning visits. It was nearly Thanksgiving before they became quietly settled at home. That festival was a peculiarly joyous one at Archer Place. Grandpa said at dinner that this year they had their letter bodily.

The Tuesday following Dr. Phillips Irwin and Miss Jennie Archer were married. It was a quiet wedding in the morning, only the Archer and Irwin families, and a few near relatives and particular friends being present. The bride wore her traveling dress. After a collation the pair set forth with the best wishes of all for a trip to Washington. Mrs. Irwin had resigned her city home to her son, keeping her establishment in Brookline open through the year. Elizabeth Archer Mears came to Jennie's wedding. A few days previous she had received a set of rich Russia sable fur in a most mysterious manner. No one could divine from whence they came. Miss Mears accompanied Mr Archer and Mary home the evening after the wedding. Margaret Eustis invited both and Mr. Archer to tea the next afternoon. The ladies had just come in when Miss Selina glancing

from a window exclaimed, "Who in the name of wonder is that coming up the walk? Goodness gracious," she screamed rushing to the door. "It is Stephen Leon if I live!" The girls ran to the window.

Margaret said, "It is Stephen," and followed Miss Selina. After a joyous meeting and welcome Margaret ushered Mr. Eustis into the parlor, and introduced him to the visitors.

"I need no introduction," he said advancing, and taking Elizabeth Archer's hand. "I saw both here before I left for Russia, and I remember you, Miss Mears and Miss Archer," he said turning to Mary. "I should have known you both, though without flattery, I can truly say the years have added to your charms."

Elizabeth Archer blushed, and Mary thanked the gentleman for his compliment. Miss Selina seated him in an easy chair, and demanded when he arrived, and why he did not write that he was coming.

"I have been in New York and Boston a fortnight, but kept my coming secret as I intended a surprise, and was desirous to learn if you would know me."

"Know you!" Miss Selina exclaimed, "Of course we should know you, though as you told the girls, the years have brought no deterioration."

Mr. Eustis laughed, and turned to Margaret, Mr. Archer came soon after, and an exceedingly pleasant evening followed. As soon as Mary and Elizabeth were alone that night, Mary with an arch look told her friend that she had received a revelation respecting those furs. Miss Mears blushed, and looked at her inquiringly. "Yes, Mr. Eustis sent them. Margaret says he has often inquired for you when he wrote." Throwing her arms about the bewildered girl she kissed her glowing cheek saying, "You are in luck Lizzie. It is not the money, though Margaret says Stephen has become very wealthy. It is the love of a noble man for which I congratulate you. A love I am sure you will fully return."

Mary was right. Mr. Eustis was devoted in his attention during the week of Miss Mears' visit, and at its end he accompanied her home, his promised bride. She resigned her school at the close of the term, and Mr. Eustis purchased a newly erected house on Beacon street which he proceeded to fit and furnish in the best style.

The first time Emma Irwin met Miss Selina after her engagement, without giving the lady time for banter, with a quizzical look she asked for the measure of her foot as she wished to order those dancing slippers for her bridal. Miss Selina laughed, but with the warmth of feeling she really possessed, congratulated Emma with true affection. Walter desired immediate marriage, but Emma had engagements through December which she wished to fulfil. Walter bought a fine residence in Dorchester. "The establishment," Emma merrily declared, "that her friends for many years had been so anxious she shoud preside over." The wedding took place in Trinity Church in January. The church was open to all, and was crowded, but the reception at Dr. Phillips Irwin's was very select. After the sumptuous entertainment had been served the bride took Miss Selina up stairs when a pair of elegant white satin slippers were pro-

duced, which with laughter and jokes, she put on the lady's feet. She then led her below. They were met at the foot of the staircase by Walter's father, who conducted the lady to the drawing room, and with a bow placed her at the head of a contra dance. Grandpa and Grandma Archer came next, the set soon formed, all the more elderly people present, the music struck up, and as she had predicted, Miss Selina was dancing at Emma's bridal. After a visit to Mrs. Fletcher in Brooklyn, the pair settled quietly to domestic life, which Emma gaily declared was not as bad as it might be. Thanks to her Cape Cod aunt, she believed she could pride herself on her ability as a housekeeper.

This winter brought a series of weddings. Stephen Leon and Elizabeth Archer were married in February at the bride's home. It was a pleasant family wedding. Guy and Mary were the bride's and groom's attendants. In a few weeks the bride was installed in her elegant home. On a morning the first of March, Mary received a note from Margaret Eustis requesting the pleasure of the company of her father and herself that evening. Upon arriving they found the rooms brilliantly lighted, and quite a party of friends and neighbors assembled. Martin Alger and his mother were there, and in a few moments Colonel and Mrs. Archer, Mrs. Langdon and Guy drove to the door. They were followed by a coach from which stepped Mr. and Mrs. Walter Eustis, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Leon Eustis and Mrs. Jennie Irwin. She brought the doctors regrets he could not come. Margaret asked Mary to go up stairs with the ladies, and assist them to take off their wraps. "What does this mean?" Emma exclaimed. "Margaret did not write that she was to have a party, only that for a particular reason she wished us to be here this evening."

Mary replied that Margaret had grown enigmatical. "I do not understand her as I did before I went to Calcutta."

"I hate enigmas," Emma pettishly rejoined. "I should have dressed differently had I known I should meet such a crowd."

"I should," said Mrs. Stephen Leon. Jennie and Mary declared themselves in the same fix.

"I think we will pass," Jennie gaily exclaimed as she arranged her hair. "Beauty unadorned, you know!"

"Yes, and we three are old, married ladies now, and Mary the same 'een-just, as Mrs. Fernald says," Emma laughingly returned. All joined in the laugh, and descended the stairs. The tall clock at the head of the staircase struck eight. Martin Alger looking pale and nervous stepped to Margaret, and taking her hand led her to the centre of the large parlor. At a sign from Mrs. Norval the visitors ceased talking, and ranged themselves around the room. John Farley, Esq. came forward and stood before the pair. Profound silence reigned throughout the apartment. Martin grew red then pale. Margaret's eyes gleamed and her cheeks glowed. She wore a dress of cream colored satin with garnet jewels, and never looked handsomer. At a sign from Squire Farley, Martin took Margaret's hand, and opened his mouth, then shut it without a sound. Mary always declared Margaret gave the hand that held hers a pinch. Whether this

was true or false, Martin again opened his mouth, and in a tone that grew louder as he proceeded said, "Marriage is a holy institution. Trusting in the Lord we two propose to enter into this covenent from a sincere desire to promote each other's welfafe for time and eternity. Margaret Eustis, before God and these witnesses I take you to be my wife. He stopped. In a low, firm tone Margaret said, "Martin Alger, before God and these witnesses, I take you to be my husband." As Margaret ceased speaking they unclasped hands. Martin placed a plain gold ring on Margaret's finger saying, "In giving this ring, in the name of the Lord I espouse this woman as my wife." Margaret responded, "In taking this ring, in the name of the Lord I receive this man as my husband." Squire Farley took a step forward, and in a solemn tone said, "By the power vested in me as a justice of the peace for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, I pronounce you husband and wife." Martin again took Margaret's hand, and in peculiarly touching accents said, "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder." Squire Farley then shook hands with both, congratulated them, and kissed the bride. Mrs. Norval with tears in her eyes, and smiles on her cheeks followed. Miss Selina rushed up to kiss and shake hands in a little ecstacy. In a whisper that penetrated the remotest corner of the spacious room she said, "I thought it would be horrid, but it has been beautiful, if it is Come Outer fashion." Walter motioned to Stephen Leon, they and their wives went next, then Col. and Mrs. Archer and Mrs. Jennie Irwin, Guy and Mary, Mr. Jos. Dummer Archer and Mrs. Langdon; they were followed by the rest of the company. The congratulations over, refreshments were handed, and a merry time ensued, everyone declaring themselves charmed with this unique wedding. Margaret resigned the Eustis mansion to Miss Selina for the summer, and went with her husband to his farm, proposing to spend their winters in town.

Guy had yielded his desire for marriage in the autumn to Mary's wish to remain with her father through the winter. "Let him become accustomed to New England life, and settled in his new home," she said, "then I will come to you with the birds of spring." She set the first Thursday in April for her wedding day. Mrs. Langdon offered to give up her establishment to the young couple, and go to her father's. Mary would not listen to the proposition, declaring she intended to show the world that one son's wife could live with his mother in love and union.

The Rev. Mr. Ford's father, a wealthy Boston merchant, having become old and feeble, was desirous for his son's company and assistance. The clergyman resigned the pastorate of the First Church the year previous, and went to Dorchester where his father owned a fine situation. Many of Mr. Ford's Sunday school scholars, now young men, had settled in Boston. They rallied round their favorite minister, formed a society, and built a church, which was then just completed. There was no settled pastor at the First Church. Mary proposed to her lover that Mr. Lewis should perform the marriage ceremony. "It would please your grandfather," she said. Guy hesitated to re-

ply, Mary looked concerned. "What do you wish?" she asked.

"I do not know as you will acquiesce in my wish," he returned. "If so, do not fear to speak, be perfectly frank. I have a dear friend, a college class mate, who has just been ordained over a New Church society in Bridgewater. When we were in college I jestingly told him if he became a clergyman he should receive my marriage fee. It was only fun, but he has remembered it, and jocosely writes me he expects I shall fulfil my promise. It is my sincere desire to have the New Church service used, it meets my idea of what should constitute a marriage ceremony. Here is a liturgy. Read and tell me exactly what you think. Remember there is to be no suppression of any feeling of opposition to please me."

Mary took the book, slowly and carefully read the marriage service. When she had finished she looked up with a smile and said, "I am happy to say that as usual my wishes coincide with yours. Tell your friend to come, it will give me pleasure to welcome him."

With a kiss Guy replied, "My dear Mollie, I trust there will always be this unison in our thoughts respecting these sacred subjects."

Mary smiled and said, "I comprehend the revelations of Swedenborg better than formerly. Calcutta was a queer place to lead me into the New Church, but one of our dearest friends there is a receiver of the doctrines, and owns most of his works. Having so much leisure, from curiosity I began to look them over, and becoming interested, I read quite a number."

Guy laughed. "I should never have thought of finding the writings of Swedenborg in Calcutta. I am glad you were interested, Mollie. I will write to the Rev. Mr. Stanley tomorrow.

Mary laughingly declared that she was left so alone in old maidenism she had not a bridesmade left. Her cousin Archie had long had the promise of being groomsman. Lucinda Mears was visiting her sister. Since Elizabeth Archer's wedding she and Archie had been very intimate, and Mary invited her to become her attendant, and she came to assist in the bridal preparations. Miss Minot and Mrs. Walter Eustis were with Mary the week of her wedding. The important day dawned warm and bright. The ceremony took place at five in the evening. Only the nearest relatives of the couple, and a few friends were present, among whom were the Rev. Messrs. Ford and Lewis with their wives, Mrs. Mears, Mrs. Haze and her daughters and Miss Atherton. Nancy was seated by Mrs. Blake. With strict injunctions to keep quiet. Mrs. Fernald in her black silk, bustled around telling everyone that there could not be a wedding nor funeral without her. The bridal group stood under a floral arch which Emma had arranged with great taste. Mary looked lovely in an exquisitely wrought India muslin, a rich veil and orange blossoms. A small diamond broach was her only ornament. Lucinda Mears, a pretty, petite girl with dark blue eyes, and glossy brown ringlets, wore a dress similar to the bride's, and looked very charming. Archie's dark eyes declared his admiration as he led her into the parlor, and put her in her place. Guy took his beside Archie, then Mr. Archer led in Mary, and placed

her by his side. Mr. Stanley in a most impressive manner read the marriage service. Amid tears and smiles the congratulations were given. Nancy did remarkably well, only giving one suppressed giggle. Mrs. Fernald flourished the black bordered handkerchief Mrs. Langdon had given her on her Boston visit, and hoped Mary would be as happy with Guy as she had been with her John, without the dreadful grief of being left a dislocated widder. All the brides had received many costly presents, but Mary Minot's exceeded in number and value. They were placed on the library table, and when the congratulations were over, the room was opened for their inspection.

Supper was served—a luxurious entertainment in Miss Judith Ayer's best style. After the repast Mary put on her travelling dress to take the eight o'clock train for a tour to Baltimore, where Guy had relatives. Amid smiling adieus the bride and groom took the carriage for the depot, Nancy and Mrs. Fernald each throwing a shoe after them for luck. A fortnight was passed with Guy's cousins, visits being made to Washington and Philadelphia. On the journey back another week was spent in New York and Brooklyn. After their return a series of bridal entertainments were given by relatives and friends. June came before Mr. and Mrs. Langdon settled to home duties and pleasures. Deacen Blake displayed great fondness for his granddaughter, and she was untiring in her attention to the crippled old man. Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Langdon often wondered what they should do without Guy's wife, she was always so ready to assist with head and hands in every domestic emergency. Nancy went about in a perfect ecstacy. Mary laughingly declared "she did not know what would become of her—she feared she would be translated."

Mr. Archer was so lonely he went to Meredith and borrowed Lucinda Mears. Her mother was reluctant to part with both her daughters, but she had Willie, and rejoiced that Lucinda should have such an opportunity to acquire the accomplishments she so anxiously craved. Something in Miss Atherton's manner, on her introduction to him at Mary Minot's wedding, attracted Stephen Leon Eustis's attention. He found himself watching her with a strange interest through the evening. The next morning at breakfast at Miss Selina's he inquired "who is this Miss Atherton and how is she connected with the family?" Miss Selina laughed and asked, "What gave you the impression that she is connected with our family?" "I do not exactly know," he hesitatingly replied. "Something in your's and Margaret's mein, I presume. Who is she?" Miss Selina touchingly related her history. The gentleman and his wife were deeply affected. "I am glad to learn this," Stephen said. "I must see this lady directly." "I will call on her with you this morning, or perhaps it will be better if you wish to converse with her alone to invite her to spend the day here," Miss Selina returned. "Send for her," the gentleman replied. "Lizzie and I thought of going to Archer Place—we will defer the visit till to-morrow. I am certain Miss Atherton can give me the information respecting my father that I have so long desired to possess." "Yes, and it will be a truthful report.

You can depend on Elsie Atherton's word. I think she understood your father's erratic, yet still noble nature, better than any one else. She loved him with her whole heart—they ought to have been married, but Elsie grew so terribly pious," Miss Selina said with a laugh. "She did right," Stephen returned. "No good, pure woman, if she knew his character, ought ever to ally herself with a man of the description I have received of my father. My poor mother suffered much and probably her life was shortened in consequence and I was thrown upon the mercy of the world. Fortunately I passed into the hands of an uncle who has been a father in every respect."

"Miss Atherton will depict the bright side of your father's character," Miss Selina said with a smile. "That is why I wish to talk with her," the gentleman returned. Naturally I have only heard the dark side from my mother's family."

Miss Atherton was happy to accept Miss Selina's invitation, little imagining why it was given. She came at eleven o'clock. The time before dinner passed most pleasantly. After the meal was over, Miss and Mrs. Eustis went to their chambers, leaving Stephen alone with the guest. They had a long conversation. It was nearly five o'clock when the gentleman called to his wife to come below. As she descended the stairs he took her hand and leading her to Miss Atherton said, "Lizzie, I give you a second mother." Miss Atherton was greatly agitated. Mrs. Eustis threw her arms around her and caressed her tenderly. From that hour the lone lady received the most affectionate attention from both Mr. and Mrs. Eustis, They were as son and daugter to her, and she was surrounded with every comfort and many luxuries.

After her return from Calcutta Mary thought a great deal of Henry Mears's lonely condition. In her happiness her thoughts often turned to him with a pitying, sisterly love. Henry had given her handsome bridal presents and sent others to Jennie, Emma, and Elizabeth Archer. He was also unusually munficent to his family. Mary's feelings grew so aroused that she determined to reveal to him a secret she felt that she possessed. One of her dearest friends in Calcutta was the Lady Georgianna Rives, the daughter of an English officer of high rank. Henry paid this lady much attention, and Mary was certain she held him in high estimation. Henry was not one to be blind to this, and he had sufficient self-esteem to sustain him in any position,—besides he was a favorite with the ladies,—always received with smiling favor by the most aristocratic mothers and daughters. Still Mary thought he might hesitate to make any serious advances to one in Lady Georgianna's position. Though she detested match-making, with Guy's concurrencc, she determined to give Henry a hint respecting the partiality with which he was regarded by the lady and her family. "If you would prefer an American bride," she wrote, "come home. Father says he can arrange things so as to give you a year here. Your little favorite, Jennie Ross, has become a lovely young lady, and talks a great deal of you, and Mrs. Irving has a beautiful and loveable niece residing with her whom her aunt declares has

fallen in love with your picture. There are many others from which to choose. Of course, Henry, this is in strict confidence. I never would have ventured upon such a delicate subject had I not held your happiness and welfare so much at heart." Mary often thought of this missive after it was despatched, and awaited an answer with anxiety. It came in due time. "A letter from Calcutta for Mrs. Guy Langdon," her husband said one morning as he tossed it into her lap. Turning away he left her to read it alone. Mary tremulously tore open the envelope, and with a palpitating heart cast her eyes over the first lines, but her agitation ceased as she read, and at its close it brought a feeling of anger wholly unusual to her placid disposition. Henry wrote, "Many thanks for your affectionate interest, my dear sister Mary, but really I am doing very well, and do not feel the need of a wife just at present. In case I should the lady Georgianna would grace the position; but according to the English fashion her family would expect one of my means to endow her with a larger settlement than I feel willing to make. If I came home and won a bride, the moment she became my wife she would own one-third of my property. I prefer to hold the whole. Do not fret yourself about my happiness. I am perfectly content in my present situation."

Mary called to her husband, and handed him the letter. He took it with a surprised look at her irate face. A smile rose as he read, then he gave a long, low whistle, and at its close burst into a hearty laugh.

"Did you think anyone could entertain such sentiments. Could you have believed that Henry Mears had grown so selfish and miserly!" Mary excitedly exclaimed.

"No," Guy replied. "He has gone beyond anything I should have expected, even from him, and I have always thought he was sufficiently greedy. So wife, you own one third of my property. I never thought of it before," he added with a laugh.

"I never did. Do you feel poor?" Mary asked with a smile.

"Not exactly, I have some compensation, I am your heir," her husband jocously returned. "But really Mollie, this is no laughing matter. It is sad to see a man so enthralled by the love of money, particularly one whom we desire to regard as a dear friend."

"Certainly it is sad," Mary replied with emotion. "I have often been deeply grieved at Henry's covetousness. I never blamed him for wishing to become rich. It is his niggardly spirit I despise."

"You are right," Guy returned. "Wealth is to be desired and received with gratitude as a means of making one's self, one's family and the community better and happier, but when the mere gathering together of pelf becomes the chief end of existence, it were better for that man had he never been born."

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